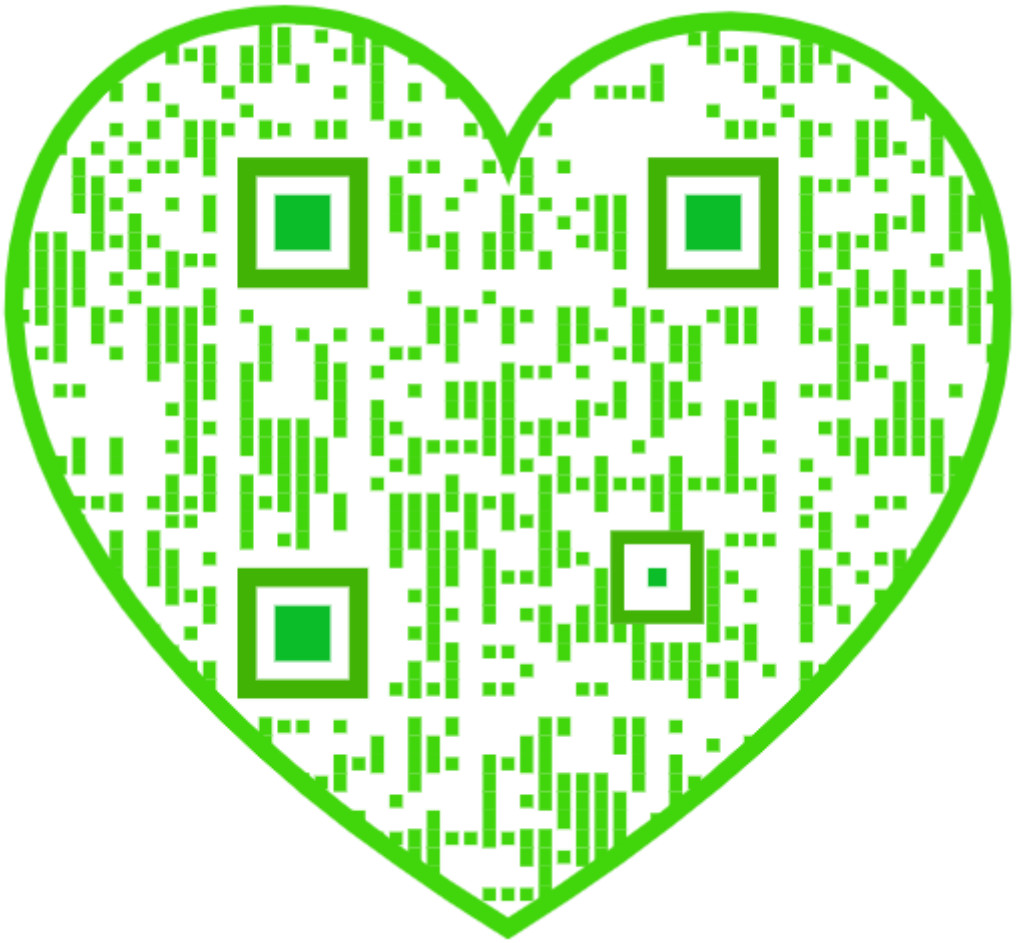

THE BADMINTON MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

VOL. II.

THE

BADMINTON MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

EDITED BY

ALFRED E. T. WATSON

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THE
BADMINTON MAGAZINE
January 1896

A RUN WITH THE CAPE FOXHOUNDS

BY MAJOR R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL

THE setting sun is slowly withdrawing his broad warm hand from off the land as we steam out by the evening train from the chill and darkling shadow of Table Mountain, and rattle off across the 'Flats' for the hunting-ground beyond.

Our Colonial railway system may not be so speedy as those at home, but it is infinitely more advanced in one particular: its hunting rates for horses, hounds, and men are of the very lowest. Therefore, with blessings on a directorate so sporting, we seldom fail to largely patronise the rail for hunting meets. But to-night we are not many in the train; besides the Master and myself (who act as whip) there are no members of the hunt aboard. To-morrow a new Governor is to arrive from England, and all the garrison must be there to see him safely in. But, in order that the farmers of the district may not miss their fun, a special dispensation from parade has been granted to the Master and myself, and thus we find ourselves travelling forth to take up our night's quarters at Maasfontein, in readiness for daybreak hunting ere the dew has left the grass and the sun has parched the scent.

In less than an hour we have reached the lonely little station, and, after disembarking hounds and horses, we jog away in the gathering darkness over the two miles that separate us from the village. Our baggage we carry with us, as the custom of the country is, in saddle-bags. In a hollow in the open downs we

come upon the village, and as we pass its single, long, tree-shaded street, the men and housewives peer out from their lamplit doors. We lodge both hounds and horses in the stables of the single-storied village inn; and here we find a number of our hunting farmers who have come over in their waggons for the meet: for every Dutchman's waggon forms his travelling home for markets, meets, or fairs. And, while we tackle supper, they sit around and smoke, and talk of what the sport will be.

What quaint old fellows are these rugged bearded Dutchmen! Slow, wellnigh to denseness, outwardly, yet in reality full of sporting instinct, and also quick enough to see and to resent any display of English hauteur or attempt to patronise. They have simply to be treated as equals and as friends; the true free-masonry of sport will do the rest. It is a pleasure to see how their dull faces can light up and their whole demeanour change as they begin to talk on sport. After giving a hopeful view of prospects for the morrow, the conversation turns on other lines, and soon we are thrilled with vivid tales of bygone days when lions and tuskers formed the quarry in these same districts, where now we scarce can find a jackal.

But these sportsmen are not late sitters, and just as one is beginning to think whether it is quite good enough to hear another lion story at the risk of being asphyxiated with the reek of gin and Boer tobacco, they rise, and, with their hoarse 'Goode-nachts,' they clatter out into the darkness towards their several travelling bedrooms. Nor do we long outsit them, for, as the pig-sticking song says,

> To-morrow, by dawn, we must be on our ground.

After a final sup of whisky from our private stock, and a glance round the stable and the temporary kennel in the wash-house, we turn into our beds in the one bare, empty room.

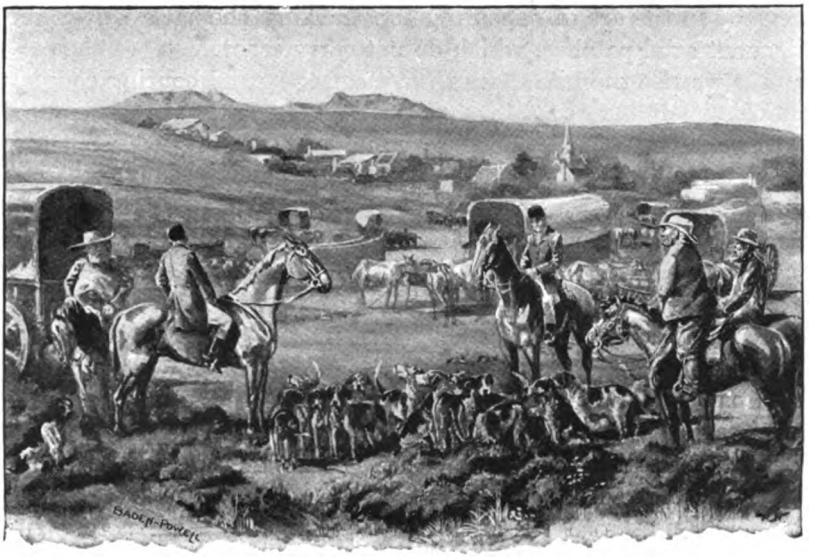
Our sleep is soon slept. The unrest natural to night before a hunting day, like John Peel's cry, soon 'calls me from my bed,' and I slip out and indulge in a glorious 'tub' in the horse-trough in front of the inn. It is just daybreak, or, as the Dutchmen term it, 'the light for seeing the horns of an ox'; a glow is in the sky behind the eastward hills, and on the village camp-ground the twinkling fires show that the farmers' 'boys' are preparing the morning coffee.

An hour later this same camp-ground, or 'uitspan,' as it is called, is the scene of our meet.

The farmers soon join us, mounted on their wiry, unkempt

little horses, their rusty bits and stirrups being as unlike the turn-out of the English hunting-field as are the riders' corduroy trousers, hobnailed boots, and wide flapping hats. But, dirty and ragged though they be, the horses are both clever and quick in bad ground, and wiry and enduring to an extent that would hardly be expected from their narrow chests and quarters; while the riders, stolid and grumpy as is their demeanour, will rouse up like schoolboys and go with the keenest when once there is a fox afoot.

Cups of coffee from the ox-dung camp-fires are passed around, and then the everlasting pipes come out and are filled by the



THE UITSPAN IS THE SCENE OF OUR MEET

simple method of plunging them into the capacious coat-pocket, which is kept filled with loose 'Boer' tobacco. The strong aroma hangs as heavily as its blue smoke on the raw morning air, and promises a fine scenting morning as we trot away from the uitspan towards our hunting-ground.

Our hounds would perhaps look strange at home—their best admirer could scarcely call them a level lot; but this need not be wondered at when it is remembered that we have to take what we can get from kind-hearted masters all over England. The fatal 'dog-sickness' of South Africa plays such havoc in the course of a season as to necessitate a fresh draft from home every

year. Shipping charges are very high, and the funds of the hunt are *per contra* very low, so it is not surprising that our pack is a somewhat mixed one. But, although 'a rum un to look at,' it is a 'good un to go,' and every hound in it, this fine hunting morning, looks hard and fit for anything.

At their head rides our Master, as fine a specimen of the British soldier-sportsman as you would meet in a day's march. (Poor Turner! he gave up the hounds not long after the day I am here describing, and he now lies buried on the banks of the Sabi, away there beyond Mashonaland.)

Beside myself rides George, our whip, a Cape lad of nondescript breed, but especially useful in our hunting-field from his proficiency in the art of 'spooring' or tracking the jackal over the frequent sand patches, which do not carry scent.

As we rise the hill above the village the neighbouring country unfolds itself before us in a succession of gentle undulations of grass and fallow land and occasional patches of low scrub and heather. There are no fences beyond occasional boundary banks, drainage ditches, and dry watercourses. Away to the east and north the downs run up into mountains, while to the westward lie the 'Flats,' sandy heath-covered plains, some eight miles in extent, with the grey-blue mass of Table Mountain rising stark and sheer from out the sea beyond them.

Look where you will—except for two or three widely distant clumps of trees, with their white farm-buildings among them—there is little to show that the country is a populous colony. Most of the farms and villages, being built near water, lie hidden in the folds of the ground.

The long, broad shadows cast by the rising sun across the dewy downs are slowly growing shorter as we jog along towards the dark heath-grown hillside that is our first cover. But ere we reach it a fresh delay occurs. Over the brow before us there rise first the white tilt and then the nodding horses of a 'Cape cart' trotting fast to meet us. Within it is De Villiers, or, as the rest pronounce it, 'Filjee,' a sporting-hearted farmer, who, although he does not ride himself, loves to see others do it boldly if not well, and to that end he never fails to bring a good supply of 'jumping powder' and other similar aids to horsemanship.

In the present case this diversion is particularly conducive to sport, as it serves to keep our usually over-energetic field well occupied while hounds are drawing cover. The Master waves them in, and George and I take up our places at opposite corners to view the fox away. From where I stand below the crest I see

but little of the cover and of hounds at work within it, but other entertainment comes to me. Anon there is the slightest rustle in the bush, and stealthily a hare slips out and squats quite motionless a few yards from me; she hearkens backward, her great dark eyes bright-glistening in the sunlight; then she turns and hunches in again, but a minute later the Master's cheering voice again sends her palpitating on to the open; a moment's pause, and then away she lilts adown the slope and scampers off to other hiding-places. Now creeping up towards me, close along the heather's edge, there comes a string of brown-grey partridges all scuttling fast in frightened hurry. I wonder who gives them their orders? They act upon them instantaneously. 'Halt!' they all crouch. 'Heads up!' 'Fly!' Whirr! and the whole brown covey are off together down across the ravine; then, with stiffened wings, they rise the other slope: a sudden wheel, then slide up and up the grassy shoulder without a single flutter till they overtop——

Hark—a whimper! No—yes—another! Followed by the anxious cry of others owning to it.

'Tally-ho! Gone away!' screeches George at the bottom corner.

MEMBERS OF OUR MOTLEY FIELD

With a horse like my old 'Toulon,' who knows his business, my shortest way is smack through the cover. So into it we go; plunging here, jumping there, through the heavy heath and scrub. As we come over the hill-top the fun is spread before us. Just in time we are to view him cross the ridge in front—a fine old

fox, looking somewhat like the little rover of Old England, but, being longer in the leg, he does not stretch himself so close along the ground.

Hounds in cheery chorus are stretching after him, gleaming white and mottled on the green grass slope. And George, not far behind them, in his pink and leathers, riding a bright bay gelding, completes a hunting picture of the brightest colouring, that in the instant photographs itself upon the mind.

And now the Master is through the brook-bog in the bottom, and in our turn we scramble through, bringing on the last tail hounds from out the cover. Then while we breast the slope a backward glance shows all our motley field are tearing down to follow us. Now we top the rise and find an open stretch before us; scent is good, and hounds are racing well together. 'Tis grand to gallop thus over such good ground, with hounds lying well away before us, and the field coming equally well behind; while the keen morning air, lightening up the lungs to the extremity of buoyancy, gives one a taste of life that is divine.

The going is chiefly rough, long grass, whose only fault is treachery, in the shape of 'ant-bear holes.' These are the burrows of the ant-eater, more commonly known as the ant-bear or ardvark ('earth-hog'). Luckily, they are not in this district so plentiful as in Natal and Zululand; and yet one hole is quite enough to spoil your hunting for the day, if not for ever. The ant-heaps, too, are obstacles, but honest ones, because they are not invisible. But on we fly, as though such things existed not, and the pace is good enough to take us clean away from all our following; but, luckily for them, before we've had two miles of this most glorious burst, a cowboy heads the fox. He turns his line and takes adown a valley to our left, and here he finds a thick and scrubby cover from which lead many blind ravines.

A check, while hounds endeavour to worry out the line, gives pause for the field to come bustling up. Then some dismount to ease their blowing nags, while others ride around to help, as they suppose, the nonplussed hounds. Their noisy babel, as they talk about the run and chaff late-comers, would annoy one were it not so ludicrous to see how much a gallop moves these Dutchmen from their cold stolidity.

Now one young hand, supposing all is over, off-saddles, as his custom is, and leaves his horse to roll; but at that moment hounds once more hit off the line, and helter-skelter, off we pelt, leaving this young man to gain experience. Onward down the long hillside we press, now bending right, now swinging left, but

ever edging on towards the 'Flats.' A ditch and boundary bank next cause some grief, and farther on an ugly dry ravine brings down the Master and turns a large proportion of the field to seek another way.

Hounds now are tailing off a bit. Young Ranger leads the rest, as is his wont, by quite a hundred yards: he's far too fast, but we

GEORGE ACTING AS LEADING HOUND

cannot well afford to trim our pack, else might we well dispense with Colleen, too—a small dark bitch, whose only place is at the Master's heels; and even when he's down, she waits to see him safely up again.

Our fox now runs us through a farmstead, where, among the cattle-kraals, we get some stone-wall lepping. At length we reach the tract of heath and dunes that forms the 'Flats,' and

scent falls light and catchy. Slow hunting here becomes the order of the day, with now and then a sudden burst along some grassy bottom. The field, though much reduced in numbers, is more than ever keen, and follows close—too close—upon the hounds.

'Now, Wanderer, my lad, what is it? Lame?' No, worse! Aye, poor old hound, he leaves the line, with drooping head and stern, and walks aside, just glancing up, as if to say, 'Don't mind me, old friend, go on and see it out'; and he flings himself, quite helpless, down behind a bush. A little Kaffir tending cows close by agrees to nurse him, and, if he lives, to bring him home; but the hunt will never see old Wanderer again. Dog-sickness always for its victims seems to take the best.

With sorrow at my heart, I push along to overtake the bobbing crowd in front, and find them checked beside a stretch of open sand. Here all scent fails, and George, on foot, is taking up the spoor, hounds following in an interested group. Upon the sand the tracks show where the fox has stopped to listen and then has doubled on his trail. Into the bush once more, and—Tally-ho!—he jumps up right before us. What a screech of men and hounds! Old Piet Nielmann rushes past me, lambasting his fully-blown horse with a heavy sjambok, till a sturdy tussock stretches both the rider and his horse upon the sand. The crowd go racing on. Over yonder rise our fox is viewed; a minute later we are there, and see the fun below. He doubles in some grass, and round the beauties come, just like a flock of pigeons wheeling—a crash, a snarl, and they roll him over in the bottom. Whowhoop!

And while he is broken up in the good old way, the knot of panting men and horses is gradually added to by stragglers coming up to join the chatter and the talk about the run.

Then pipes are lit, and, in the best of moods, we make our way once more towards the upland, where the farm of 'Filjee' stands out white upon the hillside, bare except for this one group of trees and buildings. On drawing near we find a plain-faced single-storied house, with windows blinded by a formal row of pollard-trees set close in front. Upon the stoep or terrace-step, De Villiers and his frau receive us. Within the steamy room (whose windows never open) we find a plentiful repast laid out, of beef, black bread, and succotash, backed by an imposing display of bottles holding 'square-face' gin, pontac, and van-der-Hum. But little time is lost in reconnoitring this formidable array, and our hungry sportsmen spring to the attack as hounds from leash. Once at it,

they are fixed. Still, we know the scent which has favoured us so far may not last all day, so, after a welcome snack and a toast to our sporting entertainer, a few of us move out to go afield again. But not so the majority: with them the lunch is half the hunt; they feel they've had their run, and now enjoy its complement.

So as we jog away to covers higher in the hills, we find our field reduced to three, and those three not likely, with their overweighted mounts, to carry on for long if the run has any pace. As we cross a spruit running out of a little bushy glen, hounds suddenly break and feather on a trail, and, bustling up the ravine, they pick up a gradually improving scent. Forrard! forrard! On to a long swelling down we go, over the level for a space, and then a heavy breather up to the top; those whose mounts are well shouldered have the best of it striding down the further slope. Through a network of dry watercourses, where the scent falls light, they hit it off on a grand level plateau beyond. Then we get a real good ding-dong gallop that soon polishes off our little field, and leaves us three alone to follow hounds, while praying that we too may not get left. The line has led us straight, without a swerve, towards a conical hill, whose pointed heath-clad top has often served us for a landmark; and hounds are tailing out a bit on the lower slopes as the line takes us round its base. Now Ranger, who is far ahead, swerves suddenly, then circles round, the others cast about. A check at last! the first in thirty minutes. Ranter has it! but for a moment only; he brings it up a watercourse, and there's the earth before us in an overhanging bank.

It should be an easy one to dig, 'had we but weapons handy.' And so they are. Over the next rise there peep some trees—the trees of Swartzkop Farm. George canters off, and soon is back with pick and spade. We link our three horses all together with their reins, and, while George and I proceed to dig, the Master holds the pack away.

Quick work we are making with the bank when, without a moment's warning, through a cloud of dust between us, there springs out the great red 'Jack,' and flies away before the very noses of the pack. For one short instant they scarce realise the case, but then they swoop upon the line with a screaming chorus that would wake the dead. Indeed, it wakes something more important than the dead: it causes our horses to throw up their heads, and, without a moment's hesitation, to start in pursuit, in no little gaiety of heart at finding themselves without the usual burden of

their riders. Helplessly we, in our turn, start to follow; but they are streaming away over the shoulder before us, while we, pounding in our top-boots through heavy grass and heather, find ourselves well pumped within a hundred yards. The hounds are gone, the horses top the sky-line, still tied head to head, but galloping with all their might; they disappear, and after them,

THEY STREAM AWAY BEFORE US

more faithful to the Master's horse than Master, there goes Colleen. They're gone! We pause, and, blowing hard, we make a few appropriate remarks. And then we turn to climb the peak in hopes, at least, of seeing how the hunt may end. We struggle up and clamber, none the better for our boots and spurs and feverish haste. Anon we pause for breath, when lo, *behind* us, the fox is pounding heavily up the hill! He has completely circled round it, and again is making for the earths that lie beside us. But close upon his brush there follows Ranger, ever to the fore, with all the ruck not many yards behind. Now Ranger's almost on him; he turns upon his foe.

Each rears on end with an angry worry at the other's throat, but in a second more the white and mottled avalanche is on them, and it is a struggling mass of tugging, growling hounds that we spring into with 'Whowhoop!'

THE TAPINYANI CONCESSION: A KALAHARI TALE

H. A. BRYDEN

At the hour of noon the straggling main street of Vryburg, the village capital of British Bechuanaland, lay bare and shadeless beneath the merciless glare of a February sun. The few straggling saplings in front of the corrugated iron shanty known as the Criterion Hotel, and a forlorn blue-gum-tree here and there in other parts of the place, served but to accentuate the utter nakedness and lack of shade. Notwithstanding the sun's fierce assault, the air was crisp and nimble, for the plains here lie high—nearly 4,000 feet above sea-level; there had been recent rain, and the sea of grass stretching everywhere beyond the village had now assumed a garb of fresh green in lieu of the wearisome pall of pale yellow which for months had masked the red soil. Two Boer horses standing with drooping heads, patiently expectant of their masters, now shopping inside a store on either side of the broad street, and a span of oxen, lying and standing on the left hand, waiting for a load to the waggon behind them, were the only indications of life in the centre of the Bechuanaland capital. Beyond and behind these, however, north and south, the two hotels—canteens one might rather call them—at either end of the street showed by noisy laughter and a gentle flow of humanity that there the place was alive, and, as was its wont, cheerful.

The click of billiard balls from either inn gave further tone to the somewhat scant air of civilisation.

Lounging in a corner of the Criterion bar were two men equipped in veldt dress of cord breeches and coats, pigskin gaiters,

brown boots, spurs, flannel shirts, and broad-brimmed felt hats. They were youngish men—both on the better side of thirty—and looked bronzed, full of health, and hard as nails. Both had come out to the country with Methuen's Horse, and, after serving in Warren's expedition, had drifted into the Bechuanaland Border Police, from which they had some time since retired. The elder, darker, and taller, Hume Wheler, after a fairly successful public school and university career, and a short and briefless period at the Bar, had found the active and open-air life of the South African interior far more to his liking than two years of weary expectancy in gloomy chambers. In reality a man of action, the languid and somewhat cynical air which he affected in times of quiet greatly belied him. His friend, Joe Granton, shorter and more strongly knit than his fellow, wore habitually a far more cheerful aspect. His broad bright countenance, clear blue eyes, fair brown hair and moustache, and transparent openness, combined to render him quickly welcome wherever he appeared. Joe had migrated to South Africa after five years' experience of a City office. London-bred though he was, his yearnings were irresistibly athletic, and, after mastering the early troubles of horsemanship, he had settled down to veldt life, with its roughs and tumbles, with a zest that never faded.

These two men had been fast friends for years, and were now engaged in an enterprise which, although nominally enwrapped in some air of mystery, was a pretty open secret in Vryburg. The rage for concession-hunting was just now in full blast throughout South Africa. The two comrades, in partnership with two or three other Bechuanalanders, were just on the eve of an expedition into the far recesses of the Kalahari Desert, with the object of securing a concession from a native chief over a vast tract of country in that waterless and unknown wilderness.

As the two adventurers smoked their pipes and now and again refreshed themselves from long tumblers of whisky-and-soda, their eyes wandered with some impatience towards the open doorway. Their expectancy was at length rewarded. A short strong figure of a man, middle-aged, brown-bearded, grey-eyed, appeared in the sun blaze outside, and entered the cool shade of the canteen. Tom Lane, the third and most important member of the expedition, was a well-known character in the far interior. Hunter, trader, cattle-dealer, border-fighter, Tom's experience of the country was unique. Tough as steel, a wonderful veldt-man; none knew the dim and untravelled recesses of the Kalahari as did he. He had penetrated twice before to the kraal of Tapinyani,

the Bakalahari chief whose concession they were now hoping to obtain, and the prime weight and direction of the trek thus fell naturally upon his broad and reliable shoulders.

'Well, Tom!' exclaimed Hume Wheler, waking a little from his languor, 'here you are at last. Have you fixed up the drivers and men? What'll you drink? Whisky-and-soda, or beer?'

'Thanks! I'll have a bottle of beer,' responded Lane cheerfully. 'Well, I've had a lot of trouble, but I've got all the boys in, and we'll start to-night about twelve, as soon as the moon's up. I see you've got all your kits on the waggon and the stores in. The last of the mealies for the nags came down just as I left; Klaas will see them stowed. The tent I've fastened on to the buck rail. By the way, Manning wants us all to sup at his house this evening, before saying good-bye. He's got the concession papers fixed up by the lawyers, for Tapinyani to sign—if the old buster *will* sign—and Miss Manning particularly hopes you'll both come.'

'That's all right, Tom,' rejoined Joe Granton, 'we'll turn up at seven o'clock. Miss Manning said something about it yesterday when I met her. I've got to write some letters after lunch, but you fellows will find me, if you want me, in my bedroom all the afternoon. Well, here's success to the Tapinyani Concession! Santeit! and another thousand a year to us all!'

The three men smiled mutually, clinked their glasses, and drank deep draughts to their undertaking.

That evening the three were gathered at the house of Mr. Manning, another member of the concession syndicate, who lived at the top of the town. It was nearly ten o'clock; the last of the business had been discussed, the concession documents handed over, and Kate Manning, the only daughter of the house, was singing some English songs. Now Kate was a very good-looking, dark-haired, dark-eyed girl, who, although she lived with her father in this remote frontier town, had been educated in Europe, had a very charming manner, and was in no mind to suffer herself to rust dully through existence like some Boer 'meisje.' She took the keenest interest in the expedition, and had known the active members of it for some years past—since she was a child, in fact. There was a friendly rivalry between Wheler and Granton in securing her commands and favours, but hitherto the girl, though she liked the two pleasant, well-set-up fellows well enough, had shown no decided preference for either. Even within the secret chamber of her own heart the balance stood very evenly. Hume Wheler was handsome, refined, a capital talker; Joe

Granton's perennial cheerfulness and unselfish and transparent character counted for much.

The dark-eyed girl, as she finished her song, suddenly turned round upon her audience and exclaimed:

'Oh! before you start, there's one little commission I had almost forgotten. You know, Mr. Wheler, you brought some wildebeests' tails down from 'Mangwato when you were last up country. Well, they make excellent fly-whisks, but I want something even bigger. There are plenty of giraffe where you're going, I hear. I want, above all things, a big bull giraffe's tail. It will make a splendid whisk for Piet, when he stands behind the chairs at dinner in hot weather. Now, Mr. Granton—now, Mr. Wheler! whichever of you first captures and brings me home that treasure shall—shall earn my undying gratitude.'

'By all means, Miss Kate,' answered Wheler gaily. 'I haven't yet shot a "camel"[1]—never had the luck to come across one. But you may consider the tail yours; it shall be laid gracefully at your feet.'

'Yes,' chimed in Joe Granton, in a much more serious manner, 'you shall have the tail, if we have to ride a "camel" right through to Damaraland to secure it.'

'Don't you trust to Joe,' laughingly interrupted Wheler. 'He can't hit a haystack, much less a "camel" going full split. *I'll* bring in the tail, and secure that inestimable treasure—Miss Manning's undying gratitude.'

'I'm not sure that I shall not have to trust to my old friend, Mr. Lane, after all,' returned the handsome girl merrily. 'I know *he* can kill "camel," at any rate. However, you have my best wishes in your first hunt. And, Mr. Granton, please don't forget the blue jay feathers; I want them badly.'

The conversation now took another turn.

'I forgot to tell you, Tom,' said Mr. Manning, addressing Lane, 'Puff-adder Brown's about again. What's he up to just now, think you? No good, I'll bet. Kate was out for a ride in the veldt this morning before breakfast, and met him as she came home by the Mafeking Road. The infernal rascal had the impudence to speak to her, too, and ask after me in a sneering way. He owes me one over that cattle-running job five years ago, when I wiped his eye and saved old Van Zyl's oxen for him.'

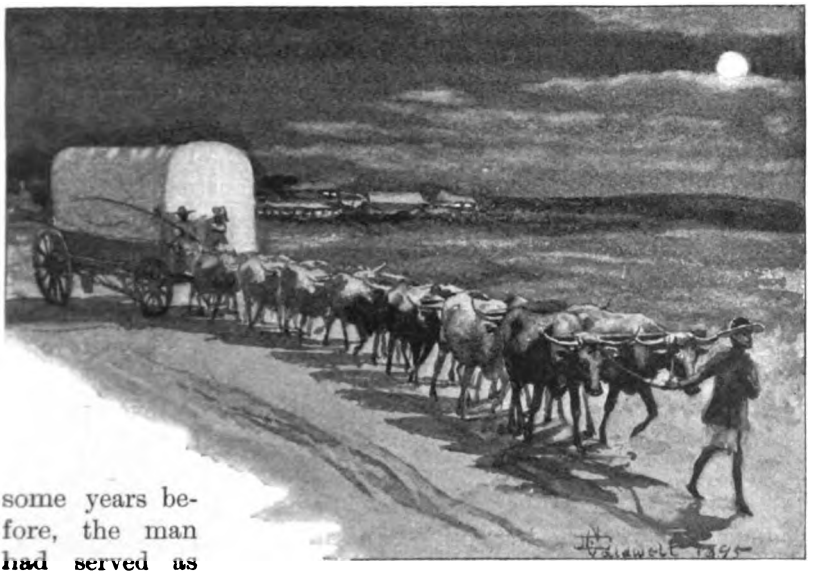
'Puff-adder Brown, eh?' answered Tom Lane, with a lift of the eyebrows. 'Where can he have sprung from, and what's he

[1] Giraffes are invariably called 'camel' by all interior hunters in South Africa.

after? I wonder he has the cheek to show his face in Vryburg. I thought he was away in Waterberg somewhere.'

'I can enlighten you,' broke in Joe Granton. 'I heard this afternoon. Puff-adder Brown has an extra light spring-waggon outspanned with fourteen good oxen at Jackal's Pan. He rode into the town late last night to see a pal, and there's something or other in the wind. What that is, I don't know. It can't be cattle-lifting nowadays; those Stellaland diversions are over. Perhaps it's a new trading trip. Waterberg's played out, I fancy, and the Dutchmen don't much fancy Puff-adder.'

Puff-adder Brown, it may be remarked, was a notorious border character, who as a trader, cattle-stealer, horse-lifter, freebooter, and general ruffian was well known. In the Bechuana troubles,



some years before, the man had served as volunteer alternately on either side, sometimes throwing in his lot with the Dutch, at others siding with the natives. In either case, cattle and plunder had been his prime object. In the quieter times following the British occupation he seldom showed much in Vryburg or Mafeking, judging rightly that his presence was objectionable to most decent men. The man was strong and unscrupulous, a bully and violent where he dared; and his nickname, 'Puff-adder,' had been bestowed upon him from a curious swelling of the neck observable in him in moments of anger.

In half an hour more the last good-byes were said, the farewell stirrup-cups partaken of, the horses were at the door, the three adventurers rode forth into the clear starlight, and were soon at the outspan, where their waggon stood ready. A little later the oxen were in their yokes, and the trek began.

For the next month the expedition moved steadily north-west into the Kalahari, trekking with infinite toil from one scant pit of water to another. During the first week small temporary pans of water left by the rains had saved a good deal of hardship, but after that time it was only with the greatest difficulty that a sufficient supply for the oxen and horses could be hit upon in three or four days of travel. The country, too, was not an easy one. Sometimes they laboured amid heavy calcareous sand, through thick forests of mopani, where the axe had to be constantly at work to make a passage; at others, thorny bush obstinately barred the way. Anon they moved across great dazzling plains of long grass, now turning once more to a blinding yellow beneath a too ardent sun. The pleasant groves of dark-green giraffe-acacia, masking a reddish sandy soil, offered welcome relief now and again; but even here a road had sometimes to be cut, and the toil was long and exhausting.

One evening, just at sundown, at the end of a month, the waggon reached the remains of a shallow pool of rain-water, much fouled by game, and rapidly vanishing by evaporation. The oxen had trekked almost incessantly for two days and nights, and were gaunt and wild with thirst. The noisome mixture of mud and water stank abominably, but the two barrels were empty, and had to be recruited against the journey ahead of them. These filled, the oxen and horses were allowed to drink moderately, leaving a bare supply for the morning, before they should move forward again. Hume Wheler and Joe Granton had come in with the waggon. Lane had ridden forward forty-eight hours since with a Bushman, picked up at the last water, with the object of finding a desert fountain far distant in the wilderness, where the next supply of water was to be obtained. Upon the strength of this fountain hinged the safety of the expedition in the last trek of nearly a week—waterless except for this supply—before Tapinyani's kraal should be reached.

After a poor supper of tough tinned 'bully beef'—they had had no time to shoot game—and a mere sip at the poisonous and well-nigh undrinkable coffee, brewed from the foul water of the pool, Hume Wheler lay by the fire smoking in moody contemplation. The day had been desperately hot and the work very hard, and

even now, as night with her train of stars stepped forth upon the heaven, the air was close and still. Joe Granton had climbed up to the waggon for more tobacco. His cheerful nature was little downcast, even by the trials and worries of the past days. As he filled his pipe some pleasant remembrance passed through his brain, and in a mellow voice he sang:

> How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
> And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
> Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
> And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
> The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
> The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well.

As the notes died slowly away upon the still air, Wheler looked up from the fire and said in a sharp voice,

'What, in heaven's name, Joe, possesses you to sing about moss-grown wells and cool English water, and that sort of thing? It's bad enough to be enduring the tortures of the damned in this cursed desert, with a thirst on one big enough to drain Windermere, without being reminded of such things. Don't, old man, don't!'

'All right, old chap,' cheerily answered Granton, 'I'll drop the "Moss-covered Bucket" and its unpleasant suggestions. I'll get out my banjo and come down.'

Extricating the banjo, he descended and sat at his friend's side. They sat smoking by the firelight, exchanging but few words, while Joe twanged softly at his strings.

In half an hour Stephan, the Hottentot driver, came over from the other fire where the native servants sat.

'I tink, Baas,' he said, 'that Baas Lane will soon be here. I hear something just now.'

Surely enough in three minutes Tom Lane's whistle was heard, and, directly after, a Bushman walking by his side, he rode his nearly foundered horse into the strong firelight.

After exchanging greetings, he directed a boy to give the horse some water.

'He's about cooked, poor beast!' he said. 'I don't think he'd have stood up another six hours. Got any coffee?'

Joe handed him a beakerful. He drank it down with a wry face.

'That's pretty bad,' he remarked, 'but it might be worse. I'll have another. I've touched no drink for eighteen hours, and it was blazing hot to-day. I've got bad news, boys, and I'm afraid we're in a tight place.'

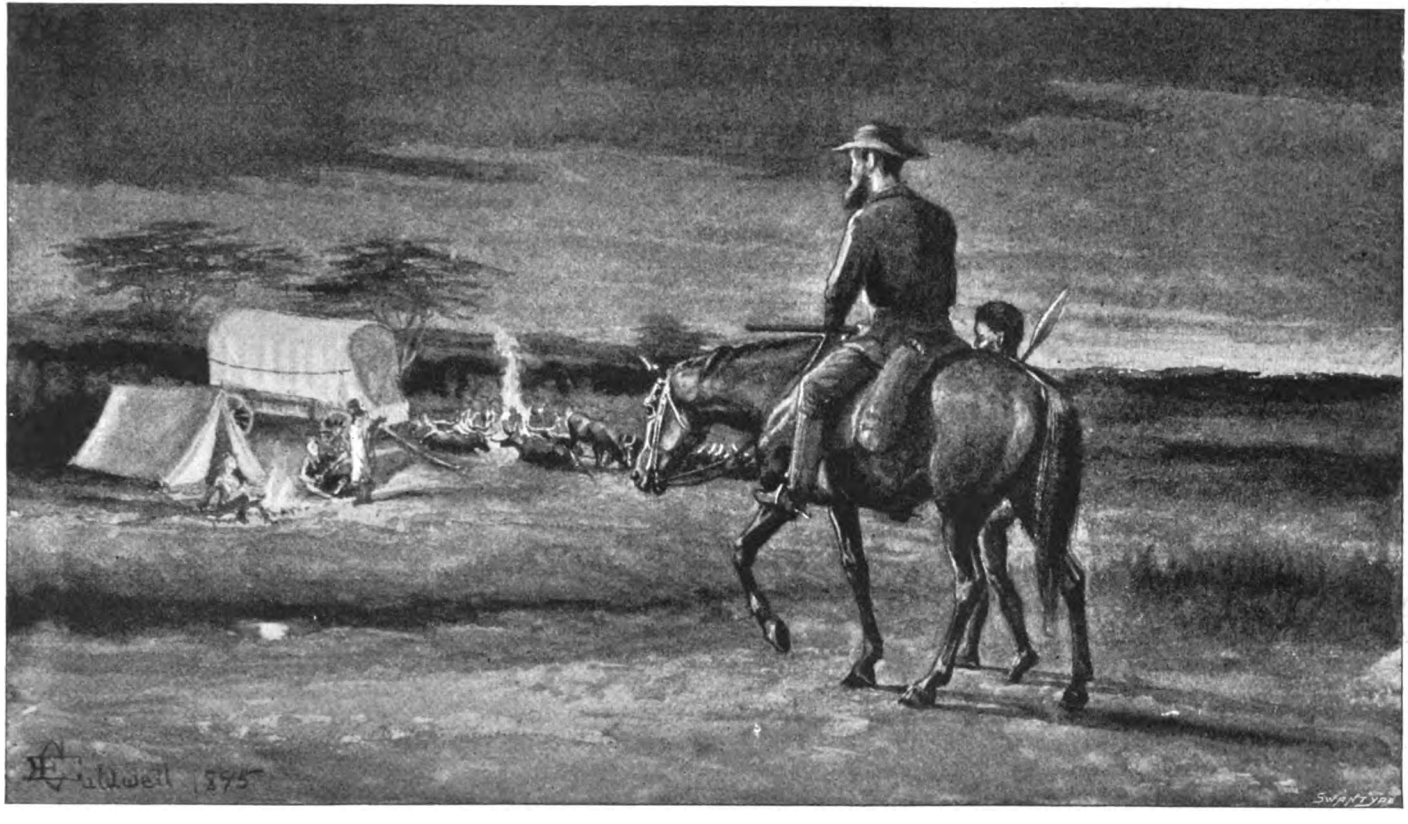
'Why, what devil's hole are we in now?' queried Wheler. 'I thought we were about through the last of our troubles.'

'I'm afraid not, Hume,' replied Lane; 'that infernal scoundrel Puff-adder Brown has been ahead of us. Somehow I half suspected some game of the kind. I got it all from a Bakalahari near the water in front. Brown, it seems, with his light waggon, trekked across from Kanya by way of Lubli Pits, and has just pipped us. To make matters secure, he has poisoned the water-pit I've just come from with euphorbia branches. I and my nag had a narrow squeak. We were just going to drink last evening when we got there, when this Bushman here—a decent Masarwa he is too—stopped me and pointed out the euphorbia. Then I discovered the murderous trick this scoundrel has played us. If he had poisoned the lot of us, I suppose he would have cared not a tinker's curse; and, in this desert, who would have been the wiser? The water-pit stands in a stony bit of country, and there happens to be a lot of euphorbia growing about, so his job was an easy one. However, we'll be even with him yet. He's not far in front, and we may spoil his little game, if we have luck and stick to the ship.'

By the camp fire that evening the plan of operations was settled. Nearly six days of absolutely waterless travel, if the waggons could by any possibility be dragged, lay between the trekkers and Tapinyani's kraal.

No oxen could pull the waggon waterless over such a journey. It was decided, therefore, after finally watering the animals next morning, to trek steadily for two days, unyoke the oxen, leave the waggon standing in the desert in charge of two of the native boys (to whom would be left a barrel of water—enough with care to last them nearly a week), and drive on the oxen as rapidly as possible to Tapinyani's. Without the encumbrance of the waggon, the last part of the journey might be accomplished in two days or rather less. Watered, rested, and refreshed at Tapinyani's kraal, the oxen could then be driven back to fetch in the waggon. This part of the undertaking was to be entrusted to Stephan, the Hottentot driver. Stephan had been picked for the expedition as a thoroughly reliable native, and having traversed the Kalahari before, would be equal to the emergency. Meanwhile the three white men, riding their freshest horses and leading their spare ones, were to push forward, in the confident hope of reaching Tapinyani's kraal in a forced march of thirty-six hours.

At four o'clock upon the second afternoon following this camp-fire council, the three Englishmen rode and led their tired and



HE RODE HIS NEARLY FOUNDERED HORSE IN TO THE STRONG FIRELIGHT

thirsting horses into the outskirts of Tapinyani's kraal, that singular native village planted by the only considerable permanent water in the immense waste of the central Kalahari. Tom Lane knew the place, and they passed straight through the straggling collection of beehive-like circular grass-thatched huts, until they reached the large kotla, or enclosure, in the centre of the town, where Tapinyani's own residence stood. Skirting the tall fence of posts and brushwood, they passed by an open entrance into the smooth enclosure of red sand, and then as they reined in their nags a curious and to them intensely interesting scene met their gaze.

Just in front of the chief's hut was gathered a collection of natives, some nearly naked, save for the middle patch of hide common to Kalahari folk, others clothed about the shoulders in cloaks or karosses made from the skins of hartebeest and other animals. In the centre of his headmen and councillors, seated on a low waggon-chair of rude make, the gift of some wandering trader, was Tapinyani himself, a spare, middle-aged native of Bechuana type, clad in a handsome kaross of the red African lynx. In his hands Tapinyani held a sheet of large foolscap paper, concerning which he seemed to be closely questioning the tall white man standing at his side. This white man, a broad-shouldered, heavily-built man, somewhat fleshy of figure, notable for his florid face and huge black beard, was none other than Puff-adder Brown himself. Bulking in size and stature far above the slim-built Bakalahari people around him, the man stood there in his flannel shirt-sleeves, his great, black, sunburnt arms bared to the blazing sunshine and crossed upon his chest, his heavy face shadowed by a huge broad-brimmed felt hat, easily dominating the simple assemblage of desert folk. Near to his elbow, in trade clothes, stood his waggon-driver, a dissipated-looking Basuto.

'By George! we are just in time,' said Lane, as he dismounted with alacrity from his horse and turned the bridle over its head. 'Come on, you fellows!'

His companions needed no second word to dismount, and in another second or two they were marching side by side with Lane across the kotla to Tapinyani. Each man carried a sporting rifle, into which, in view of emergency, a cartridge had already been thrust. They were quickly across the forty paces of red sand, and now stood before the astonished group.

'Greeting, Tapinyani!' said Lane, speaking in Sechuana to the chief, as he moved up near to him. 'I hope all is well with

you and your people. What do you do here with this man '— indicating Brown—'and what is the paper you have in your hands?'

The chief explained that the paper was a grant of a piece of land which the trader wanted for the purposes of running cattle on.

'How much land?' asked Lan

'Enough to feed two hundred head of cattle and some goats,' replied the chief.

'And how much are you to receive for this?'

'Six guns, ammunition, and some brandy,' was the answer. 'I am glad you have come,' pursued Tapinyani; 'I know you well, and you can advise me in this matter.'

He handed the paper to Lane, who, holding up his hand to check a protest on Puff-adder Brown's part, ran his eye rapidly over the document.

'Just as I thought,' remarked Lane, addressing Tapinyani. 'By this paper, if you sign it, you hand over practically the whole of your country, its timber, and any minerals there may be in it, to this man. The thing's an impudent fraud, and I advise you to have nothing to do with it.'

He spoke still in Sechuana, so that all the natives standing round understood him well; Puff-adder Brown, too, who was well versed in native dialects, perfectly comprehended his words.

Under the changed aspect of affairs the man had seemed half-irresolute. He had not expected this sudden appearance, after the precautions he had taken, especially at the poisoned pool. But while Lane and the chief had rapidly exchanged words, his gorge had been steadily rising, his face took on a deeper and a darker red, and the great veins of his huge neck swelled in an extraordinary way. Well had he been christened Puff-adder Brown.

'Wait a bit, chief,' he blurted out in the native tongue. 'These men are liars, every one of them. Don't believe them, the swines! There is nothing in that paper you need be afraid to sign. Why, they are after a concession of land themselves!'

'Tapinyani,' rejoined Lane, 'let me tell you something more about this man. He is a liar and a scamp, and worse. He cheated your friend, the Chief Secheli, years ago. He fought against Mankoroane, and stole a lot of his cattle, and would have stolen his country if the English had not interfered. Take the word of an old friend, and have nothing to do with that paper.'

Puff-adder Brown made a motion as if to strike at the speaker,

but Tapinyani just at this instant opening his mouth, he stayed his hand.

'I will not sign the paper to-day,' said the chief; 'I will think the matter over again. I will speak with my headmen, and we can meet again to-morrow.'

Puff-adder's face was ablaze with passion. He saw that his plans were now utterly wrecked, and he glared round upon the assembly as if seeking some object upon which to vent his rage. Probably Lane would have felt his first attack; but, as it happened, Joe Granton, his countenance spread in a broad grin of delight, stood nearest. Upon the instant the enraged man raised his arm, and dealt Joe a heavy back-handed blow in the mouth.

But it so happened that in Joe Puff-adder Brown had attacked the most doughty opponent just now to be found near the tropic of Capricorn. Londoner though he was, Joe was a well-trained athlete, strong as a horse, and in hard condition. During his five years' career in the City he had been a great boxer; for two years he had been middle-weight amateur champion. He had forgotten nothing of his smartness; and now, with that blow tingling in every nerve of his body, and the blood trickling from his nether lip, he turned instantly upon the big trader. Almost before the man knew it, he had received Joe's vicious doubled fist upon his right eye, with a drive that sent stars and comets whirling before his vision. It was to be a fight, and the two men now faced each other and sparred for an opening.

'Keep back! Keep back!' cried Lane in Sechuana.

The astonished Bakalahari people spread out, or rather retreated, into a wide circle, and the battle began.

Now, despite that ugly knock over the eye, Puff-adder Brown rather fancied himself in this affair of fists. He was big and bulky, three good inches taller than his opponent; he could deal a sledge-hammer stroke now and again, such as had seldom failed to knock out quarrelsome Boer adversaries, and he was very mad.

He went for Joe Granton, therefore, with some alacrity, and lashed out heavily with his long arms and enormous fists. But, whether parrying, or at long bowls or half-arm fighting, Joe was altogether too good for his adversary. Time after time he planted his blows with those ominous dull thuds upon the trader's fleshy face; now and again he drove his fists into the big man's ribs with strokes that made him wince again. In the second bout, it is true, Joe was badly floored by a slinging round-arm drive; but he was quickly on his legs again, and, after a little sparring for

wind, none the worse. Few of the Puff-adder's infuriated hits, indeed, touched the mark. In seven minutes the big filibuster was a sight to behold. Blood streamed from his nose; his eyes were heavily visited; bumps and cuts showed freely upon his streaming countenance; his wind was going.

'Now, old chap,' whispered Hume Wheler to his friend, during a short pause for breath by the combatants, 'you've done magnificently. You've got him on toast! Go in and win. It's all up with the Puff-adder!'

There was only one more round. Brown was a beaten man; his muscles and wind were gone, and he had been severely punished. He at once closed. In some heavy half-arm fighting Joe, still quite fresh, put in some telling work. His fists rattled upon his opponent's face and about his ribs. Finally, getting in a terrific rib-binder, he deprived his adversary of what little breath remained to him. The man staggered forward with his head down. Joe delivered one last terrible upper-cut, and six feet of battered flesh lay in the dust at his feet, senseless, bleeding, and hopelessly defeated.

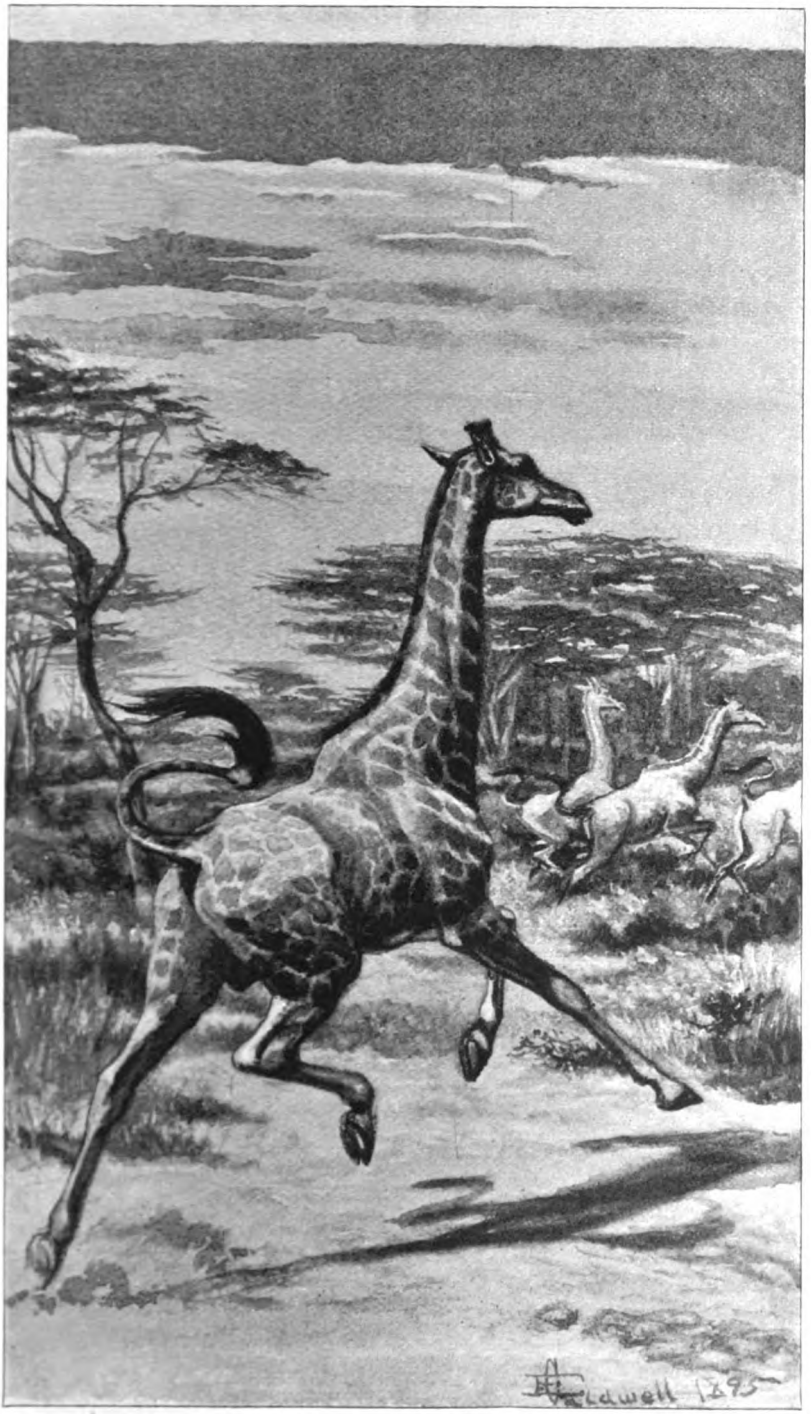
Meanwhile the natives had been looking upon a contest the like of which they had never before seen. Their 'Ughs!' and ejaculations indicated pretty correctly their astonishment. Chief Tapinyani seemed rather pleased than otherwise. For a mild Bakalahari he was a bit of a fighting-man himself, with his native weapons. Under Lane's directions Puff-adder Brown was carried to his own waggon, and there revived with cold water, washed, and put to rights. After he had, by aid of strong applications of brandy-and-water, somewhat recovered his shattered senses, Lane gave him a little sound advice. He warned him to clear out of the place by next day. He told him that, after the vile poisoning incident at the fountain—an attempt which might very well have murdered a whole expedition—any return to British Bechuanaland would result in his certain arrest. And he finally gave him to understand that any act of treachery or revenge would be carefully watched and instantly repelled by force. His advice was taken to heart. During the night the discomfited filibuster trekked from the place, and took himself off to a part of the distant interior where to broken and dangerous scoundrels a career is still open.

During the next few days the waggon and oxen were got safely to the town, and some progress was made in preliminary negotiations for a concession to Lane and his party. Finally, at the end of a week, after the endless discussion and argument so

dear to the native African, Tapinyani set his royal mark, duly attested and approved by the headmen and elders of his tribe, to a grant of 500,000 acres of pastoral land, part of that huge and unexplored tract of country over which he hunted and nominally held sway. The considerations for this grant were a yearly payment of 100*l.*, a dozen Martini-Henry rifles, with suitable ammunition, a 'salted' horse worth 90*l.*, six bottles of French brandy, a suit of store clothes, a case of eau-de-Cologne, and a quantity of beads and trinkets. These terms may, to the uninitiated mind, seem not highly advantageous to the native side; yet, measured by the consideration in other and far vaster South African concessions in recent years, and remembering that the land granted was at present waterless, remote, and almost totally unexplored, they were fair and equitable.

This business settled, Tapinyani now turned his thoughts to the trial of his new horse and rifles. He had once possessed an old, broken-down nag, bought from a swindling Namaqua Hottentot, and he knew a little of guns and gunning; but he was unskilled in the use of either. His people badly wanted giraffe hides for making sandals and for bartering. The animals were plentiful in the open forests a day or two north of the town; they must have a big hunt forthwith. Accordingly, the horses having, meanwhile, under the influence of Kaffir corn, plenty of water, and a good rest, recovered some of their lost condition, a day or two later the hunting party sallied forth. Keen Masarwa Bushmen, half famished, and dying for a gorge of flesh, trotted before the horsemen as spoorers; while well in the rear a little cloud of Tapinyani's people hovered in the like hope of meat and hides. For a whole day the party rode northward into the desert; they found no giraffe, but spoor was plentiful, and they camped by a tiny limestone fountain with high hopes for the morrow. At earliest streak of dawn they were up and preparing for the chase. Tapinyani was stiff and sore from unaccustomed horse exercise, yet he had plenty of pluck, and, clad in his brand-new, canary-yellow suit of cords, climbed gaily to the saddle.

In an hour they were on fresh spoor of 'camel.' A troop had fed quite recently through the giraffe acacia groves, and the whispering Bushmen began to run hot upon the trail. Just as the great red disc of sun shot up clear above the rim of earth, they emerged upon a broad expanse of plain, yellow with long waving grass. Save for an odd camelthorn-tree here and there, it was open for some three miles, until checked again by a dark



THE GIRAFFE ARE ONLY TWO HUNDRED YARDS FROM THEIR FASTNESS

green belt of forest. Half a mile away in their front, slouching leisurely across the flat with giant strides, moved a troop of seven tall giraffe; a huge dark-coloured old bull, towering above the rest, three or four big cows, and some two-year-old calves. Well might the hearts of the two young Englishmen beat faster, and their palates grow dry and parched. Neither had seen giraffes in the wild state before, and here at last was a colossal old bull, whose tail, if it could be secured, would amply satisfy Kate Manning's commands. Hume Wheler meant killing that giraffe, more, probably, from a feeling of natural rivalry than anything else.

Joe Granton had at heart a much deeper interest in the chase. He was, in truth, in very serious earnest about Kate Manning; the coveted trophy might mean all the world for him.

The four men set their horses going at a sharp gallop, and had run two hundred yards before the tall game had spied them. Here, unluckily, Tapinyani's horse put its foot in a hole, came down with a crash, and sent its rider flying yards upon the veldt. His loaded rifle, carried, native-fashion, at full cock, exploded, and the startled giraffes, glancing round, saw danger, and instantly broke into their ludicrous rolling gallop. Up and down their long necks flailed through the air, in strange machine-like unison with their gait; quickly they were in full flight, going great guns for the shelter of the forest ahead of them. Now the three Englishmen rammed in spurs, set their teeth, and raced their nags at their hardest. To kill 'camel' there is only one method. You must run up to them (if you can) at top speed in the first two or three miles of chase, else they will outstay you and escape. Force the giraffe beyond his pace and he is yours.

But in this instance the dappled giants had too long a start. The ponies were not at their best, and the forest sanctuary lay now only two miles beyond the quarry. Ride as they would, the hunters could not make up their leeway in the distance. Once in the woodlands the giraffes would have much the best of it. The two clouds of dust raised by pursued and pursuers rose thick upon the clear morning air, and steadily neared the forest fringe. Now the giraffe are only two hundred yards from their fastness, the lighter cows, running ahead, rather less. The horsemen are still nearly three hundred yards in rear of the nearest of the troop.

'Jump off, lads, and shoot,' roars Tom Lane, as he reins up his nag suddenly, springs off, and puts up his rifle. The other two men instantly follow his example. Two barrels are

fired by Lane, but the distance is great; that desperate gallop has made him shaky, and his bullets go wide.

Hume Wheler, quicker down from his horse than his friend, fires hastily at the old bull lagging last; he, too, misses clean, and shoves another cartridge into his single sporting Martini. But now even the big bull is close upon the forest, into whose depths the rest of the troop are disappearing, and he, too, is within easy hail of safety. Before Hume can fire again, Joe Granton has put up his sight for three hundred and fifty yards and aimed full; he draws a deep breath, pulls trigger, and in the next instant the great dark-chestnut bull falls prone to the earth and lies there very still. Never again shall he stalk the pleasant Kalahari forests—never again stretch upward that long slender neck to pluck the young acacia leafage!

'So help me, Joe, you've killed him!' gasps Hume Wheler.

'Bravo!' chimes in Tom Lane, wiping his brow. 'Whether you fluked him or not, it was a wonderful shot. You've got Kate Manning's tail right enough.'

Now Joe, it must be frankly admitted, was not a good shot; either of his friends could give him points in the ordinary way. Here, as he told himself, was an extraordinary stroke of luck. Speechless with delight, flushed of face, and streaming with sweat, his eyes still fixed upon the piece of grass where the bull had gone down, he mounted his horse and galloped up. The others followed in more leisurely fashion. Joe was quickly by the side of the great dark-chestnut dappled giant. Taking off and waving his hat, he turned his face to his friends and gave a loud hurrah. Then, first whipping out his hunting knife and cutting off the long tail by the root, he sat himself down upon the dead beast's shoulder to await their coming. At that instant a strange resurrection happened. Whether roused to life again by the sharp severing of its tail, or by a last desperate stirring of nature, the giraffe—not yet dead after all—rose suddenly from its prone position, and staggered to its stilt-like legs, with Joe clinging in utter bewilderment to its long neck. For another instant the great creature beat the air in its real death agony, staggered, staggered again, and then, with a crash that shook the earth, fell really dead. In that terrible fall Joe Granton was hurled upon his head; and now, as his comrades rode anxiously up, he lay there apparently as void of life as his gigantic quarry. In his hand he still clutched desperately that tail upon which he had so firmly set his mind.

From the shock of that fall Joe Granton sustained serious

concussion of the brain, and had to be carried with much care and difficulty back to Tapinyani's town. Hume Wheler, with infinite solicitude and unselfishness, superintended this operation, while Lane stayed out another two days in the veldt and shot

CLINGING IN UTTER BEWILDERMENT TO ITS LONG NECK

three giraffe for the chief and his people. Hume Wheler himself had the satisfaction of bringing down his first and a good many more 'camels' at a subsequent period.

A fortnight's careful nursing at Tapinyani's restored Joe Granton to something like his normal health. In due time the

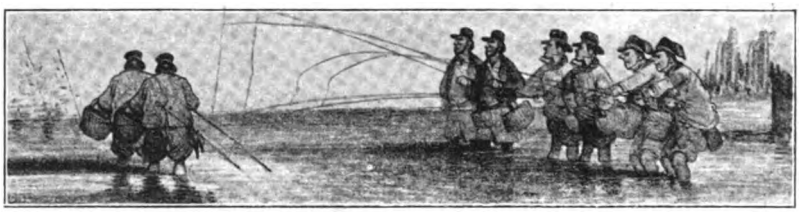
expedition returned, after a tedious and even dangerous trek, to Vryburg.

Whether it was, in truth, the coveted giraffe's tail that settled the business; whether it was the dangerous accident Joe had suffered in her behalf; or whether Kate Manning had not for some time before had a tender corner in her heart for Joe Granton, is scarcely of consequence. Certain it is that not very long after the presentation of the precious trophy, a question which Joe put to Kate was answered in a way that made him extravagantly happy.

The members of the Tapinyani Syndicate sold their concession very well during a boom in the South African market, and Joe Granton's share of the transaction enabled him to set up cattle-ranching in handsome fashion. He and his wife live very happily on a large farm given to them as a portion by Mr. Manning. Here they have made a charming home of their own. The great black switch-tail of the bull giraffe hangs on the dining-room wall, plain evidence of the curious romance in which it had been involved.

Hume Wheler, who with Tom Lane occasionally drops in upon them during his periodical trips from the interior, often chaffs his old friends upon that celebrated trophy.

'Ah! Mrs. Joe,' he says on one of these occasions, as he takes one of their two youngsters upon his knee, and with a shake of the head and a glance of good-natured cynicism looks up at the tail, 'your husband captured you by a magnificent accident. There never was a bigger fluke in this world than when the old fraud knocked over that big "camel."'



A DISAPPOINTMENT

BY G. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES

'BE sensible, sir. You have got a brace of pike weighing 40 lbs., a fourteen, two tens and a nine, and put back twelve; that's eighteen pike in a day's fishing, and yet you say you are disappointed. Now I don't understand that.'

The speaker was a ragged old bait-catcher who got his living by catching roach with rod and line in the winter months. He was a wonderful adept at this, thinking nothing of catching ten or twelve score bait with paste on the coldest and shortest of winter days. His hunting ground is the Bure at Wroxham, and he is a familiar figure to anglers haunting that classic spot. We had met him on our return from a fishing excursion, the story of which shall be told to explain why we deemed the catch alluded to a disappointment.

We had given the bait-catcher a pike for his sick wife, and he said, 'Now as soon as I get my grub made me to-night, I shall flay (skin) this pike and clean him and rub a little salt along his backbone; then I shall let him hang for a day, and then wash him in cold water, and arter that he'll eat that nice you wouldn't believe it.'

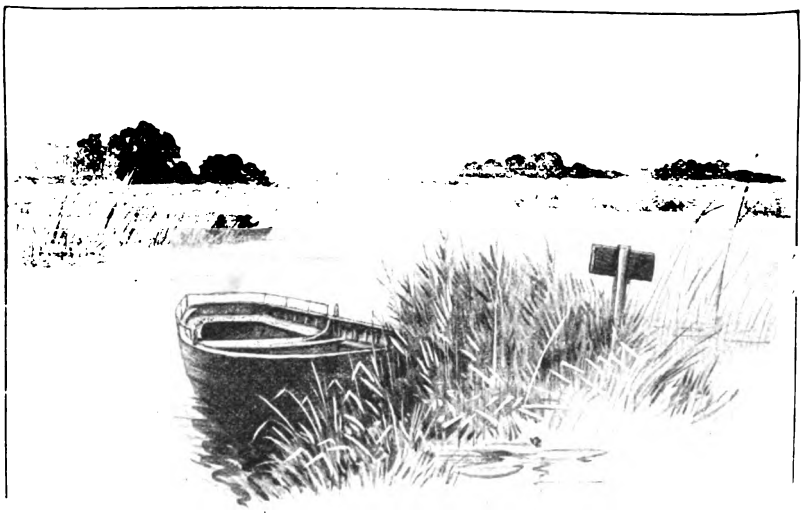
Try the recipe, reader; the flaying is essential.

'I once caught a pike,' continued he, 'in Wroxham Broad that weighed 17½ lbs., but he was a slink fish and hadn't got no shape in his belly. He laid on the table at Jimpson's, and people remarked how slink he was, so I slipt out into the yard where Jimpson keeps his empty bottles, and I picks up a big champagne bottle and shoves it down neck first into the belly of the pike, and that plumped him out beautiful, so that everybody admired him, and I soon sold the fish.'

The circumstances of our 'disappointment' were as follow:—

PLUMPING OUT A SLINK FISH

We had arranged for a couple of days' fishing, one delightfully mild week in January, the first to be at mine own place of Burnt Fen, and the next at a highly preserved Broad within easy driving distance. Our minds were set upon large fish only, to which end we invested in several score of the largest roach we could obtain, and had reserved two small jack of a pound each in order to tempt the big ones. In each lake is a noted fish. My own I know the weight of pretty well. There were two. One was caught upon a ligger by a poaching rascal the very day before I hired the water. It weighed 36 lbs., and was sent to London to be sold to the Jews instead of being preserved. The other is at least of



WROXHAM

equal size, and is seen every season by one of us, and frequently by the reed-cutters, who disturb it from its lair deep among fastnesses of reeds. Underneath the marginal growth there are deep-water caves which shelter this and other great fish. Now and then it comes out to feed, and is seen chasing other pike which leap out of the water in mad affright, as do the small fry, or with a huge bream across its mouth. When it moves from its lair it makes a great wave in front of it where the water is not more than three feet deep, but in the deeper water its path is not easily followed. It has at least four haunts, else there are four equally great fish, which is not likely. Twice it had seized a small jack which a friend was playing; once we could have shot it

basking, but chivalry forbad such a mode of capture. It is an enormously long fish with a gigantic head and a narrow black body. It appears to be a very old fish, and possibly may be decreasing in weight rather than increasing. Some day perhaps we shall find it dead and rat-eaten by the shore, or wallowing gaunt and dying on the surface, as was lately discovered a similar great fish at Wroxham, its jaws decorated with many rusty sets of tackle. Many of these great fish which we have seen in preserved lakes, driven out from their weedy shelters, are covered with white fungus, either in patches or all over. We have dropped baits a few inches before their noses. Unscrupulous acquaintances have endeavoured to 'chuck them under the chins,' or in other words snatch them with weighted hooks, but in vain. The last year or two we have endeavoured to get rid of the Burnt Fen fish (because he must thin down the stock of smaller pike) with liggers baited with small pike, gulls, ducks, peewits, and big roach and bream, but hitherto without success. From being constantly visible he is only seen now once or twice in a season. What his weight may be I will not venture to guess, but I think he would top the record.

In the second piece of water to which we were going there are many good fish, and one in particular which must be over 30 lbs. Determined to at least have a good try for these pike, we took only the largest bait, and resolved not to waste time by spinning and catching small fish, of which we had had rather a surfeit lately. For instance, three or four days previously, my son and I had at least fifty runs, out of which we could not avoid landing thirty-one jack, retaining but six, the rest being four- or five-pound fish only. A peculiarity about that day was that it was after a brilliant moonlight night, when theoretically the pike should not run, because it is said they feed greedily on moonlit nights, and are sluggish the day following. Another peculiarity of that day was that another party of two persons were on the same water live baiting and did not get a single run. It was in January, and they fished the deep water while we spun over the shallows and mud depths.

Well, it was an equally brilliant moonlight night, and as we prowled round the Broad with a gun, on the off-chance of an otter or a duck, we concluded that after our last experience the moon did not matter, and having set the two jack on liggers we retired to our cottage in high hopes. This cottage is one of the brightest and cleanest places imaginable. The sitting-room has whitewashed walls, adorned with angling prints and water-colours, the wood-

work is painted the blue of Norway Fjords, there are easy chairs for tired sportsmen, and guns and rods are artistically disposed. A blazing wood fire keeps out the winter cold, and the *susurrus* of the wind in the reeds on a wild night makes the interior cosy indeed by contrast. Then we always take a rifle to the bedrooms with us, as from the windows we usually get a shot in the morning at a coot or duck on a small Broad at 125 yards' range (the exact range to each part is marked on the Ordnance map). At that range one gets a good deal of sport for each coot accounted for, so that it is a humane form of sport. But, resting the rook rifle on the window sill (the cold wind blowing through one's pyjamas and hurrying the shot), we are never more than six inches out. A coot, large as the bird is, is a small mark when sitting low on the water.

In the morning there were so many pigeons flying over the wood which skirts one end of the large Broad that we were tempted to spend much time in shooting at them. As an instance of what shot pigeons will carry away, I shot at one at a long range, and it flew away as if unhurt. Being conscious that I had held straight, I watched it fly to another wood two hundred yards away, where it perched on a tall tree. In a few minutes it fluttered to the ground dead, and we secured it. It had four No. 5 shot in it, one quite through the breast, and another through the beak by the eyes.

Well, we fished and we fished and we fished; and we caught nothing but a few small ones. 'It is the moonlight night that is the cause' said we. The day was bright, sunny, and warm, with a strong north-westerly wind blowing, which made casting impossible except to leeward; but there was a splendid ripple, and the water was clear and in good order. But the pike would not take, although there are swarms of them there. That night was as clear and bright as many a winter day, with the moon at the full, and we determined to try an experiment to see if pike would feed by moonlight. So we set six trimmers baited with lively roach. In the morning not one of them had been touched. This to my mind, effectually disposes of the theory that it is because pike feed by moonlight they will not feed the succeeding day.

The keeper had not seen any pike moving, but he had shot a Butter bump (bittern), and seen three wild swans passing over, which were of more interest to him than the pike. The gun is always of more interest to a keeper than the rod. I am very fond of a stroll through a wood of a moonlit or starlit night. One sees but little, but one hears a good deal; the rustle of stoat or

rabbit in the bracken, the whistling of a widgeon's flight, the hoarse cry of coot or grebe, and the cackle of duck, and many mysterious sounds which one cannot locate. For many nights we have watched for an otter with the rifle, but without success. (Yet the keeper shot one in his garden close by the cottage in broad daylight.) One night the keeper said, 'I

'DON'T TELL MY MISSUS'

should like to see if I could hold that little toy straight. May I take a shot at that cock-pheasant roosting on that high bough?'

He did so, and down tumbled one of his own hens. It was the belief that it was one of his hens roosting in the tree—I had seen one go there in the dusk—that made me give him leave to shoot.

'Look here, sir,' he said, 'don't tell my missus about this, and I will give the hen to the ferrets.'

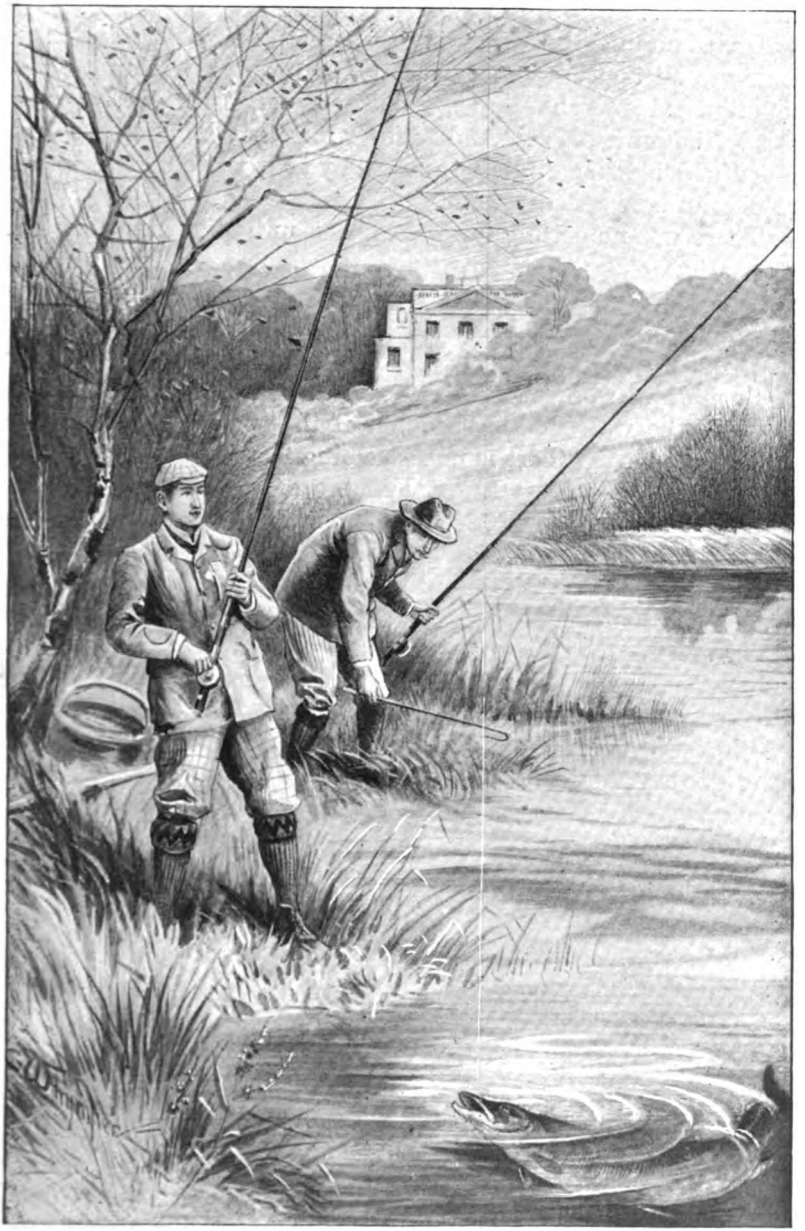
Rising in the night, I looked out upon a scene so brightly lit that each reed swayed distinct, and I could have shot (at) a coot on the water, but feared the report would alarm the household. 'No chance of a fish,' I said to myself, as I turned in again disconsolately.

The morning broke bright and beautiful, and after a parting shot at the pigeons, we packed ourselves and the many impedimenta which accompany the pike-fisher, on the keeper's cart and started. Passing through the narrow streets of an old-world village, its houses with high-peaked and thickly thatched roofs, we entered a wood where no timber had been felled for generations—where trees grew gnarled and ancient, and died, and were bound with ivy—where thick firs sheltered troops of pigeons, which flew down in batches at intervals to feed on the acorns strewn beneath the time-worn oaks. Then suddenly on the verge of the wood we came to a lake with garden-like borders, and a mansion on the crest of the hill overlooking it. The clear water was rippled by a nice breeze, and we hurried to be the first to cast our bait upon the waters. My son was the first in, and his float made no stay upon the surface, but sank with the splash. At first I thought the large bait had pulled it under, but the angler struck, and was evidently fast in a good fish. Carefully and skilfully he played it, giving out line to each determined rush, and reeling up again as the pike weakened and came within reach of the gaff and was hauled ashore. The spring balance showed that it weighed 17 lbs.—an auspicious commencement. The bait-catcher guessed the weight of this fish at 20 lbs., and exaggerated the weights of the others in proportion.

In a few minutes I had landed another of 10 lbs., and ere half an hour had passed I had landed a second seventeen-pounder, an exact match to the first one. This looked as if the day's sport was to be a record one, and the thirty-five-pounder was within measurable distance.

But ere the morning was half over the sun was blotted out by driving mist, which presently turned to rain, and the fish left off running—that is, the big ones did. A seven- or eight-pounder occasionally carried down the float, and it is true that by the end of the day we had six selected fish, which, with ourselves, made a heavy load for the little pony cart. But the big one took us not, nor we him; hence we were disappointed.

As the rain poured, the gloaming came on early, and the pigeons came to the woods to roost in vast flocks with a thunderous noise of wings, then broke up into small parties wheeling



HAULED ASHORE

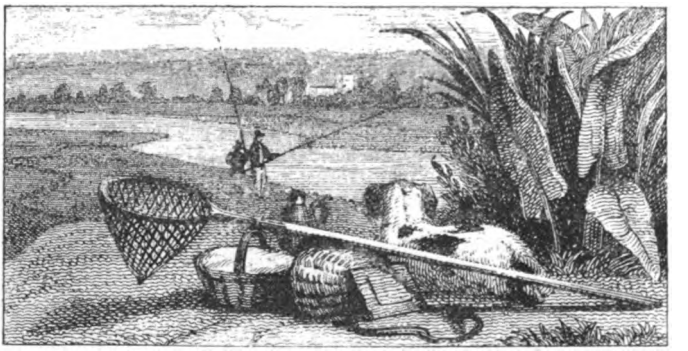
high overhead, and finally settled, head to wind, on the tallest and thickest trees.

It was strange that while two of us had all the runs, the third, fishing to all appearance just as we two did, had scarce a fish. So disgusted was he that he made no effort to join a second visit to the same place. And well for him that he did not, for it rained and blew as strongly and coldly as it well knew how, and we did not take a sizeable fish.

There was no getting from the place until the arrival of the cart at five o'clock, and we spent the last three hours in the corner of a draughty and leaky summer-house, trying to dodge the wind and the rain, with occasional sallies into the tempest to see if our floats were still on the surface.

Such days are best forgotten. If the sport is good, one cares not what the weather may be; but if the sport and the weather are both bad, why, there is no redeeming feature in the show.

With regard to the Burnt Fen big one, we now regret our misplaced chivalry in not shooting it when we had the chance, and we have since tried even netting to compass its destruction; but its reedy fastnesses are impregnable, and as the Broad is only twenty acres in extent, the presence of this cannibal is a misfortune. Probably the surest way will be to set a perfect tyro to fish for it. According to our Norfolk experiences, it is the man who has never fished before, and whose line has to be cast out for him, who catches the big pike, while old hands like myself never get beyond a twenty-five-pounder.



CURLING

BY E. H. LAWSON WILLIAMS

Sound, sound the music, sound it,
Let hills and rocks rebound it,
In praise of Scotia's game.
Used as a sport it pleases,
The mind to joy it raises,
And throws off all diseases—
How wonderful thy fame!—ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE first nine weeks of the year 1895 will ever be memorable as the great ice period of modern times, until, at any rate, if so it chance, some other period of sixty days and more of hard weather exceed it (see fig. 1). Not since 1795 had there been such severe and continuous frost. Curlers, to a man, had a glorious season, and, armed with the 'channel-stane' and the 'besom,' old scores were settled, old rivalries decided. Countless were the Bonspiels played, and even the great match between Scotland and England came off, without interruption, near Carlisle.

I do not propose to give here a detailed history of the 'roaring' game, as that would be of interest to curlers only, but a few remarks on its antiquity and parentage would not be out of place. Firstly, as to parentage. The earliest words in use at the pastime lend the idea that it was first brought over and introduced by the Flemings. Scotchmen, however, contend, and will stoutly maintain, that it is their 'ain game,' that it has developed to its present pitch of perfection in Scotland, and that it is played in no other country except where introduced by emigrants from the 'land o' brown heath and shaggy wood.' Next, as to antiquity. No facts exist which determine precisely how long it is since curling was first played. Anyhow, it is an undoubted fact that it can be traced back for 400 years, and it has been the national game of Scotland since the middle of the last century.

The number of recognised clubs at present in existence is as follows. There are in

Scotland	512
England	38
Ireland	1
Canada	17
Newfoundland	2
New Zealand	6
Nova Scotia	6
Russia	1
Switzerland	2
United States	2
Total	587

What more need be said to prove the popularity and prospects of the 'slippery' game? When recently extolling the virtues of

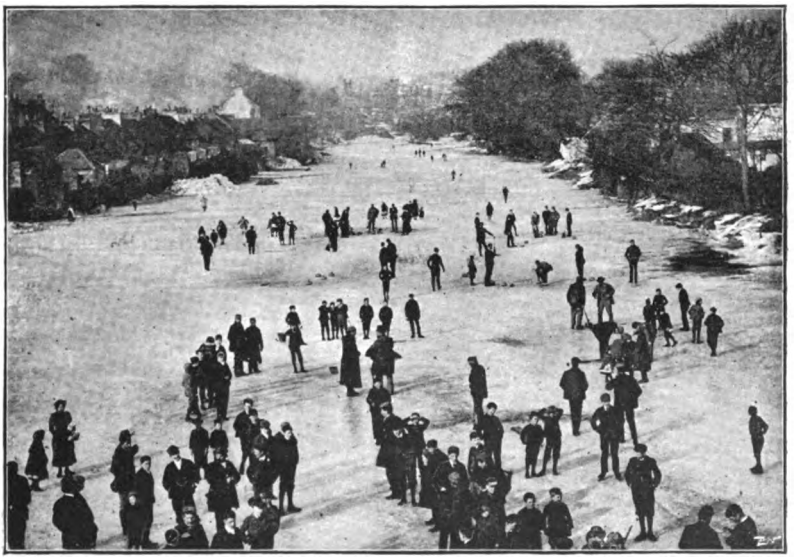


FIG. 1

this—my favourite—sport and exercise to an unbelieving Englishman, I exclaimed as a finishing touch, 'But surely there must be something in a game over which a whole country goes mad!' Alas! I met with the dry retort, 'It depends on the country!' I trust that readers will peruse these columns with a broader

mind, heeding the precedent of the golfing sceptic who went to scoff and stopped to play.

Now for a description of the game and its intricacies. First, as to the curler's equipments. These are but few—viz. a pair of stones and a 'kowe.' The latter is simply a bunch of broom (usually found growing on the loch-side) tightly tied together; of recent years housemaids' besoms have come greatly into use, though they are loudly condemned by the older hands as 'feckless innovations.' The use to which the 'kowe,' or broom, is put will be shortly explained, the stones demanding and deserving a more lengthy description, as they are the soul of the game, and dear to the curler as are his 'ain bairns.' In the national tongue they are known as 'channel-stanes'; this either because they were originally gathered from the channels of the streams, or perhaps on account of their travelling, when delivered in play, along a seeming channel in the ice. In the infancy of the game these were simply rough, unhewn blocks of any size and any weight. Then, indeed, the weakest went to the wall, for strength and daring were necessary to a would-be 'Knight of the Broom,' as witness a verse of a very old curling song:

A stalwart chiel, to redd the ice,
  Drives roaring down like thunder;
Wi' awfu' crash the double guards
  At ance are burst asunder;
Rip-rapping on frae random wicks,
  The winner gets a yether;
Then round the tee we flock wi' glee
  In cauld, cauld, frosty weather.

In those times the 'burn' and 'auld dyke' furnished the instruments of strife, and thew and sinew won the day. In more modern days, however, the stones were gradually improved. First, handles were fixed to them, then they were hewn and polished till by gradual stages we arrive at the perfection of to-day, with which a skilful player, aided by no great biceps, can hold his own and administer a licking to the Samson of his club. Ailsas, Crawfordjohns, Burnock-waters, Crieffs—such are the names of the different kinds of stones, called after the localities where they are quarried. The respective merits of each of these varieties need not be discussed; suffice it to say that the Ailsas are the most popular and the most numerous, quite one-half of the curling-stones in use in Scotland bearing that name; therefore they are worthy of special mention. Where do they come from?

At a distance of some nine miles from Girvan, on the Ayrshire coast, rises from the sea a rocky and precipitous crag known as Ailsa Craig, supposed to be the plug in the throat of a great volcano. This is the quarry. A canny Scot pays 30*l.* of rent yearly for the monopoly of the supply of stone. The seam is blasted, the boulders hewn into squares, next chipped into roundness, and then shipped from the island to be carried by rail to the manufactories, where they are chiselled, moulded, and ground into shape. Each stone is bored right through; this is for the iron pin to the end of which the handle is screwed. There is no top or bottom to a stone, for it is intended to be played on either 'sole,' the one when the ice is hard and keen, the other when a temporary thaw sets in or snow may happen to fall. The shoulder of the 'channel-stane,' round its circumference, is left roughly cut so as to withstand blows from its fellows. It is laid down by law that no stone shall be of greater weight than 50 lbs. imperial, or of greater circumference than 36 inches. The cost is from 30*s.* to 50*s.* per pair. After this 'study in stones' let us hie to the game itself, and examine its minutiæ. As soon as the ice will carry, the 'Brethren of the Broom' appear on the scene. It is a very fever, is curling. The doctor deserts his patients, the minister his flock, the tradesman his counter, and the farmer his herds—all to revel in the glories of the game and vie with each other in deeds of skill and good-natured badinage. Curling is, indeed, a grand leveller of classes; on the ice all men are equal, the laird and the poacher alike, and all class distinctions are for the time forgotten. The first day or two are generally devoted to friendly games, just to get 'the hand in.' However, directly the icy board is declared to be strong enough for the purpose, out comes the club in all its glory to play for the rink and single-handed medals. Meantime challenges are sent and received from all the neighbouring clubs for matches, or 'Bonspiels,' as they are called, and the 'roaring' game is then in full swing.

I shall now endeavour to portray the features of the sport. Let us presume that an inter-club match is being played. Each club is divided into teams of four, called 'rinks'; the number of these rinks will depend on the strength of the club, ten may be taken as an average—this giving forty players on either side. Each rink has a captain, termed the 'skip,' who is chosen by ballot at the annual meeting, and left to fill up the company at his discretion, though it may be remarked that curlers are so conservative that the rinks and skips become almost stereotyped. The other three men in each rink are known as lead, second-lead,

and sub-skip. Now the forty doughty warriors from each club are ranged together on the loch-side, 'stanes an' besoms an' a',' ready for the strife. Lots are drawn to determine the order of battle—thus No. 1 rink from A club plays No. 1 rink from B club. The ice is marked out as in the accompanying diagram (see fig. 2):

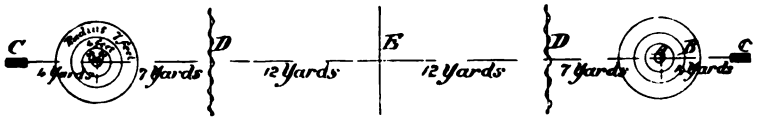


FIG. 2

A, the tee or patlid; B, the house; C, the crampit; D, the hogscore; E, the middle line.

This is also called the 'rink.' As each team of four with their allotted opponents require such a battle-ground, ten of these have to be made in a row to accommodate the eighty players (see fig. 3). Then the game begins in earnest. It is *not* played in

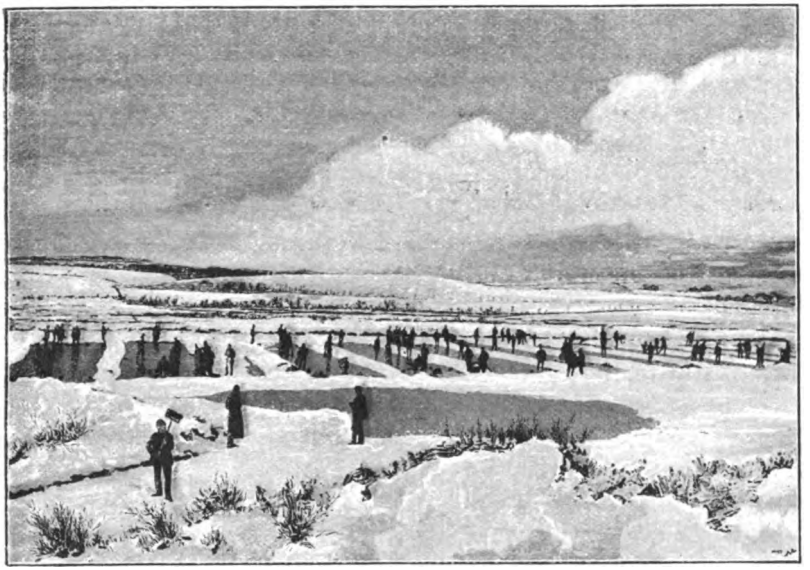


FIG. 3

skates. To prevent slipping when delivering (playing) the stone, in some parts of the country a hack is made in the ice, in this the curler firmly plants his foot; elsewhere a 'crampit' is used. This is a narrow board with iron teeth which are stamped

home into the ice; on this the player can stand and deliver his Ailsa without any fear of falling so as to injure his limbs or damage his natural beauty (see fig. 4). Let us follow the fortunes for one 'end' of rinks No. 1 of the rival clubs. The skips toss to decide

FIG. 4

who shall set the ball a-rolling. A wins, and elects to play the last stone; therefore B must 'lead the ice.' Skip B steps on to the 'tee' at one end, his lead—stone in hand—stands on the crampit at the other awaiting his directions; the other two players are on either side of the rink, ready to sweep with their brooms if their leader so commands. The opposing four look on in ominous silence. 'Here's the tee,' cries the skip (see fig. 5). The player takes aim, raises his body, swings his arm, and with a muttered 'Luck be wi' ye,' delivers his stone booming down the ice—the sweepers, ready and eager, are with it. 'Soop, lads, soop!' comes in a yell from the skip; then 'Up besoms!' and the dying stone stops dead on the 'verra patlid'—i.e. the centre of the 'house.' The player is greeted with shouts of 'You for a curler!' and 'Keep mind o' that yin!' The ice now belongs to skip B and his merry men. Indicating the stone just played, he says to *his* lead (now on the crampit), 'Do ye see

that?' Down the rink comes the ready affirmative. 'Then,' says the skip, 'just dee at the face of him.' Again the ice rings with the music of the channel-stane and the shouts of the sweepers, and amid the wildest cheering the 'patlid' receives a new tenant, the *struck* stone retiring gracefully through the 'house' and thus out of the game. The first player next attempts the same feat as his rival, and should he miss his aim, the latter will at once be ordered to 'put on a guard'—i.e. lay a stone down in front of the 'winner,' so that the next player cannot see it, and will have to waste a stone in order to 'open it up.' The leads having both played their two stones, the second-leads take their places, and so on, until finally the skips finish the 'head,' the sub-skips then directing. The stone nearest the 'tee' at the conclusion is the 'winner,' and it may happen that the same side 'lie' two or three shots at the finish (as in the game of bowls). To play an end takes about ten minutes, but as there is a 'house' at either extremity of the rink no time is lost, and up and

FIG. 5

down the ice the channel-stanes go roaring on. For three hours the game is spiritedly contested, and at the call of 'time' the score of each rink—so many shots up, or so many shots down—is noted (see fig. 6), an aggregate taken, and the balance struck to decide which club has won all over. Three ringing cheers

(who can cheer like a curler?) are given by each side for their opponents, and thus ends the Bonspiel. But is this all? No! It is perhaps the matter-of-fact side of the sport, but who can describe the scene of riot and uproar, the spirit of good-fellowship and *camaraderie* that pervades the game? From first to last

FIG. 6

each man vies with his neighbour in good-humoured jest or harmless banter, quarrelling and disputing are conspicuous by their absence. Flushed with the excitement of the struggle, and braced by the keenness of the frosty air, all troubles are forgotten, all worries laid aside. Who can ruminate on bad times and coming rent-days when the welkin rings for miles around with the roar and boom of the stones, and scores of voices are raised together in discordant, though soul-stirring yells, now of delight, and again of seeming agony?

Hae ye trouble? Hae ye sorrow?
Are ye pinched wi' worldly care?
Redd the roarin'-rink to-morrow,
Peuch! they'll fash ye never mair.

The inner man, too, is never forgotten, for every curler has hidden somewhere in his pocket a flask or bottle of the 'Auld Kirk,' and

no Bonspiel is replete without the steaming Irish stew doled out in great platefuls at the club house.

When no club or parish match is to be played, the day is occupied with private games (see fig. 7). In these the Knights of the Broom set a worthy example to exponents of other pastimes, for the stake is always something that will enrich the poor and needy: sometimes a boll of meal, sometimes a ton of coal, or, again, it might be a hundred loaves; these the losing skip has to place at the disposal of his victorious rival for distribution amongst those who suffer from want and cold. Many are the blessings thus heaped upon the curler by those whom long frost has reduced to a state of semi- or complete starvation.

A few remarks as to the intricacies of curling. Perhaps no other game requires so much precision of play, coolness of head, and such a steady nerve. A stone to be in play must be over the

FIG. 7

'hogscore' (see fig. 2), and yet not through the 'house.' To do this alone requires great nicety of judgment, especially with keen-running stones on hard black ice. Again, many are the tricky shots that players are asked to do. Of these the 'inwick' is perhaps the easiest of explanation. Suppose the 'winner' is well guarded and unapproachable by playing straight at it—should

another stone lie in front and at the same time a little to one side the curler will try to play the cannon as in billiards, and should he succeed he will lie 'first shot' himself, guarded by the 'stane dyke' that his enemies have built to their own destruction. According to Captain Paterson, players there are

> Who can with subtle wrist,
> Give to their stane the true Kilmarnock twist.

This is a very useful accomplishment, as a spin is put on the stone when delivering such as bowlers impart to a cricket-ball. By this means guards can be circumvented, and any bias in the ice (it does not always run true) be nullified. This twist or 'turn of the handle,' however, takes years of practice and perseverance before it can be mastered; sufficient is it for the young curler if he can 'sole well, shoot straight, and sweep clean.' Sweeping, indeed, wins many a hard-fought battle. The ice is no place for the young masher with cigar in mouth and hands in his pockets. The old with the young, the peer with the peasant, must at the word of command use their 'kowes' as if their very lives were in the balance, else they may meet with the stern rebuke: 'If ye canna play, ye can surely soop!'

Curlers are as Freemasons bonded together in one great brotherhood. They have their 'word' and their 'grip'—passports to the freedom of the ice wherever they may chance to be.

The mother of the recognised clubs, to which they are all affiliated, is the Royal Caledonian Club, whose head-quarters are in Edinburgh. It was founded in 1838 for the purpose of adopting a uniform set of regulations, assimilating the technical terms, and forming a court of reference, &c. The patron is his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Prince of Scotland. His Grace the Duke of Athole is president. In connection with the formation of this club an interesting anecdote is told in 'The History of Curling.'

'In 1842, when her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Consort visited Scotland, they were entertained by the Earl of Mansfield at the Palace of Scone. The Earl was at that time president of the Grand Club. While all classes were busy giving expression to their loyalty and attachment to the throne, the curlers requested Lord Mansfield to present Prince Albert with a pair of curling-stones, and at the same time to recommend the Grand Caledonian Curling Club to the favourable notice of his Royal Highness.

'The stones transmitted to the Palace of Scone were made of the finest Ailsa granite, the handles being of silver, and bearing

an appropriate inscription. In presence of the Queen, her Majesty's Ministers, and the guests assembled in the palace, the Earl of Mansfield duly presented them to Prince Albert, who was pleased to accept them, and to thank the curlers for "this mark of their respectful attention." The Prince at the same time, "in his own modest and winning manner," as Lord Mansfield afterwards wrote, at once assented to the suggestion that he should be patron of the club. Her Majesty the Queen made particular inquiries of the Earl regarding the game of curling. To illustrate the explanations he gave in reply, Lord Mansfield had the polished oaken floor of the room converted into a rink, and initiated her Majesty and his Royal Highness into all the mysteries of the game. The stones were sent "roaring" along the smooth surface, and her Majesty "tried her hand" at throwing them, but they proved too heavy for her delicate arm. Both the Queen and the Prince expressed surprise when informed as to the usual length of a rink, and appeared to imagine that it must require a very great degree of strength to propel the stones to such a distance.'

By letter from Whitehall, dated August 12, 1843, her Majesty graciously permitted the club to assume the title 'Royal' instead of the adjective 'Grand.'

More than half of the Scottish clubs have ladies of rank and position as patronesses—a fact which shows how popular the game is amongst the fair sex. Some fifty years ago we read of matches having been played between rinks of young Amazons, and during recent winters the 'New Woman' has come forth in all her glory, broom in hand, to throw the channel-stane; but in my opinion she looks better *off* the crampit, and should only take part in those games which show off to perfection the grace of her proportions and the charm of her figure; swinging even a 36-lb. Ailsa is not one of these. Long, however, may the fair ladies of the land look upon the game with favour, and accept the invitations to the annual curlers' balls!

A special note must be made of the fact that there are no curling professionals. The game does not require them; indeed, it is far better without them. Gate-money, too, is unknown on the ice. A free welcome is given to all who care to watch the sport either from a spirit of curiosity or a desire to cheer on and encourage their particular friends or the upholders of the honours of their club.

The question has been asked, How does the poor man, the labouring man, manage to revel in the joys of curling? Where can he find the wherewithal to provide himself with such ex-

pensive stones? The answer is, that in most clubs there are many members who can afford to buy and keep in stock several pairs of stones. These they are only too willing to lend to their poorer neighbours and friends, thus furnishing a worthy example to exponents of other games, especially golf players, who, I believe, have the reputation of being selfish in this respect.

Referring back to the number of clubs as enumerated, it is hard to realise why there should only be thirty-eight in England. It cannot be the want of ice, for it is a notorious fact that of late winters southern Britain has experienced quite as protracted frosts as those which have visited the lowlands of Scotland. The reason can only be—ignorance of the joys and the health-giving properties of the game. It has been with a view to remedy this deficiency that I have striven to lay before my English brethren this short account of curling, and I am not without hope that in a very few years' time the game will have 'caught on' and spread throughout the whole kingdom. Then will the awakened Englishman join with his 'brither Scot' in singing—

Now fill a bumper to the brim,
  And drink wi' three times three, man,
May curlers on life's slippery rink
  Frae cruel rubs be free, man.

THE REAL BULL-FIGHT

BY OTIS MYGATT

To most Englishmen who are only acquainted with bull-fighting as it is carried on in Spain, it will seem a desecration of that good word 'sport' so justly sacred to all Anglo-Saxon hearts to see it used in connection with such fights; for bull-fighting and horse-butchering have become synonymous terms, and needless cruelty to animals in general and horses in particular is abhorrent to us as a race. Let me state here, however, that the killing of horses has practically nothing to do with bull-fighting pure and simple. This feature is a disgusting addition introduced comparatively of late in the Spanish shows. Bull-fighting is a very old institution, originated by the Moors in their early occupation of Spain, although it does not seem to have existed among the Moors in Africa. For centuries it prevailed in its original state of bull-baiting and bull-killing.

The degenerate mind of a decaying nation invented and introduced the unnecessary butchery of harmless horses. Love of bloodshed, combined with the safety of the onlooker, which implies animalism and cowardice and loss of respect for the weaker sex, have always been the infallible signs of impending dissolution in a once great nation. I have seen some of the best bull-fights of which Spain boasts, where from fifteen to eighteen horses were maimed, disembowelled, and killed in one afternoon's butchery. I have grown sick and faint at sights that to me were atrocious, but to the native onlookers were merely interesting and exciting; and I must say that for bull-fighting as practised in Spain I have the utmost loathing and contempt, although I cannot deny the great courage, agility, and skill shown. What I wish to claim, however, is, that, because Spain has, by introducing

wholesale horse-slaughtering, turned bull-fighting into a butchery, we should not be blinded to the fact that bull-fighting before this century was, and is even now in Peru, a pastime that closely approaches sport—that is to say, as much as anything can be called a sport where the quarry to be killed has not some chance of escape, and the exercise is done by proxy as it were. With the killing of horses omitted, the chief objection to bull-fighting is in a way removed. This is what is done in Peru; and it is my intention to give a general account of real bull-fighting as practised in that country, as opposed to the customary accounts of horse-slaughtering in Spain. The illustrations from instantaneous photographs taken by me in Peru will show that what is a disgusting butchery in Spain, in Peru becomes an interesting exhibition of daring skill and wonderful agility, and with no more actual cruelty to the animals concerned than is apt to be their lot whenever hunted or shot for pleasure. The illustrations prove conclusively the danger run by the men, and their almost incredible rapidity of movement.

Lima, the capital of Peru, is situated about eight miles inland from its harbour Callao. From the sea to Lima, the land rises as a flat inclined plane, to the height of five hundred feet; so that on any clear day the gleaming white domes and towers of the city's numerous churches can be clearly defined through the transparent atmosphere against the foot-hills of the Andes, which rise immediately back of the town. With its hundred thousand inhabitants the city itself consists chiefly of two-story white-washed houses, built to resist the earthquakes. Many of the dwellings show signs of former great wealth and prosperity; but since the war with Chili, Lima has had to depend on its ancient reputation of having been once the Paris of America. The celebrated Oroya Railway starts from here, and, climbing the Andes, in ninety miles reaches the extraordinary altitude of 15,600 feet—this, the highest point, strange to say, is in the centre of a tunnel. Some mining interest compelled me much against my will to spend two years in Lima. The only amusements being trips on this wonderful railway, and going to bull-fights, I had plenty of opportunities to study both. I acknowledge, to my shame perhaps, that I got a great deal of pleasure out of these fights in Peru. I had fortunately brought with me a full-plate camera, and having plenty of leisure time, decided to try to obtain a full set of instantaneous views, illustrating a typical Peruvian bull-fight from beginning to end. This proved a much harder job than I anticipated. The bull Plaza at Lima

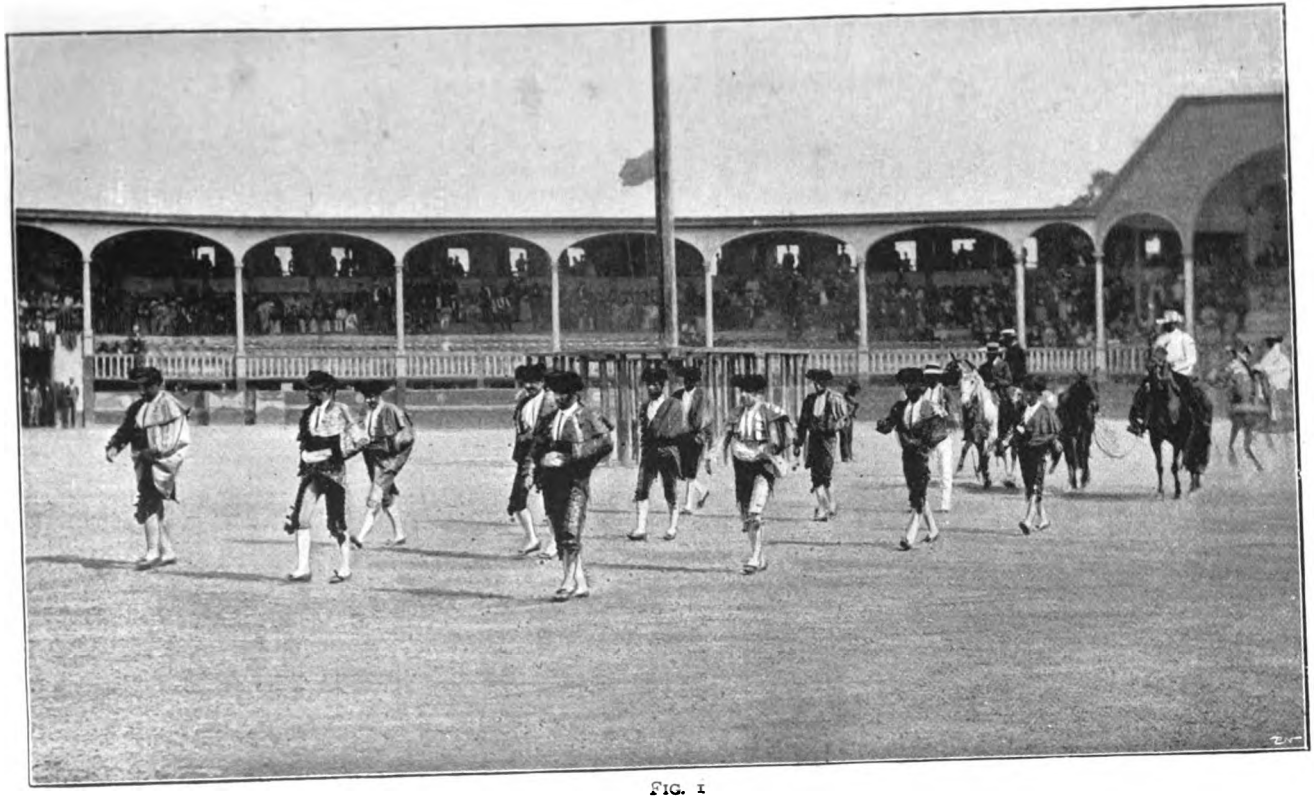


FIG. 1

has an exceptionally large ring, and seats about 10,000 spectators. The arena proper, where the fight takes place, is almost a hundred yards in diameter, and necessitates a refuge in the centre for the men, formed of a circle of high posts, through which a man can pass and escape from the bull. Instead of the circular barrier

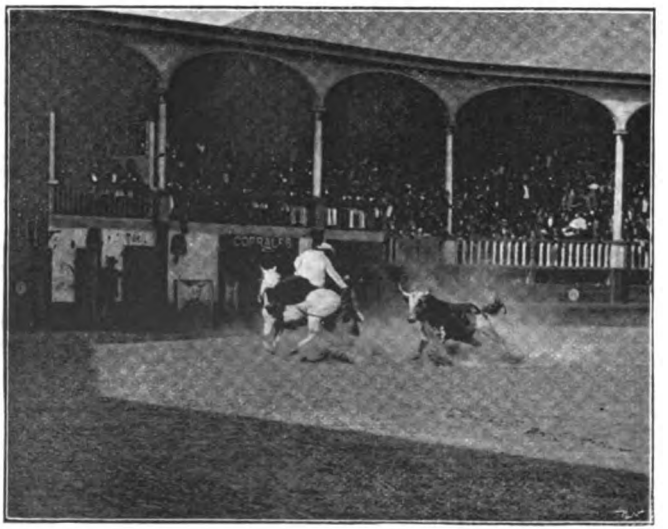


FIG. 2

with an outside walk, which is a feature of Spanish bull-rings, and over which the hard-pressed toreador springs, the Lima ring ends abruptly with a circular wooden wall, about seven feet high, from which little refuges project at intervals. From the top of this wall begin the ascending tiers of seats, ending with a circle of boxes on top. An unusual feature of this ring is the circle of boxes, situated on a level with the ground of the ring, from which the fights can be seen through an opening in the wall, about eighteen inches high, stretching the full length of the box. Of course this is the best place to see the fight from, as one is on a level with the performers. The bull often comes alongside, and can then be patted encouragingly, or prodded with a stick, as he happens to deserve.

Some thirty fights found me with my camera in one of these boxes, a most active spectator. An English friend of mine, also an energetic amateur photographer, who, by a strange coincidence, had a camera from the same London maker as myself, usually joined me, and we vied with one another in trying to get

a full set of views. When I say that personally I wasted some hundred and fifty plates in getting the fifteen views here given, it will be seen that we met with considerable difficulty in achieving our aim. The fights, which take place on Sundays and special feast days, never began until about 3.30, so that the sun was already low for instantaneous work; then the bull always insisted on kicking up a cloud of dust just as we were ready to perpetuate him on a negative; or else he would always choose to die on the opposite side of the ring, some three hundred feet away, which rendered him microscopic in size on the plate. Somehow the brutes would not be photographed. Several times when charging the espada the bulls would come straight for us, finishing up with a crash against the sides of our box, which tended to upset our amateur equilibrium. Other animals, evidently catching sight of our cameras, and presumably incensed at our impudence, actually put their heads into the box, in one case throwing me and my camera on to the floor—an episode that was hardly calculated to simplify an already sufficiently complicated job, nor did it improve the state of my nerves, which, between trying to follow the fight and attending to my camera, were already in rather an upset condition.

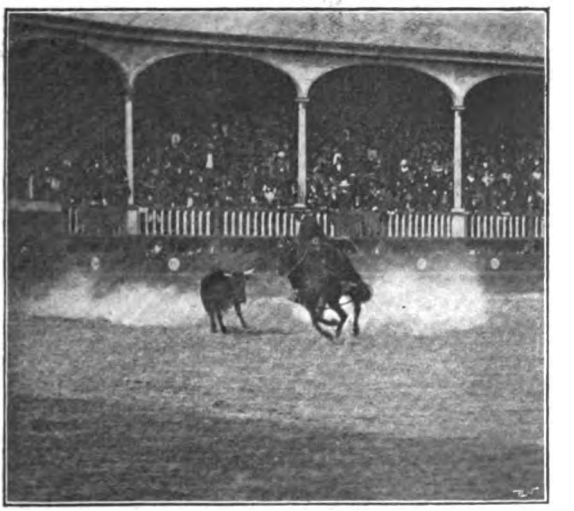


FIG. 3

As focussing was out of the question, owing to the constant change of position of the bull, we had to make guesses at it. Our method of working was to have everything ready, and then with the left hand we took aim at the bull in his erratic rushes, while, with our right, we continually adapted the focus as nearly as possible to his apparent distance. When to this combination is added the intense excitement of the fight, it is not strange that

we got sadly mixed at times. I remember one occasion in particular: the bull, for a wonder, had chosen the space immediately in front of our box to charge the espada. They were about forty feet away, just the right distance to make a splendid photograph. The blazing sun shone full on them. Everything was just right for the first time for several weeks; my friend and I were both ready and fairly collected. Breathlessly we waited the espada's stroke; this time we were sure of success. The bull charged, and just as we were about to snap the shutter, the espada tripped and fell backwards, and in a second the bull was upon him and pinned him to the ground. 'Great Heavens, he is killed!' exclaimed my friend, and our hands fell to our sides, as if paralysed. A hoarse cry of horror came from the thousands of onlookers, whilst the companions of the fallen espada rushed to his rescue, waving their capas at the enraged animal. By this time we were hanging half-way out of the box, watching the still form of the apparently lifeless espada, when the bull made a rush at one of his new tormentors, and, to our utter amazement, the supposed dead man rose to his feet with a curse of rage, none the worse for his fall, and evidently suffering only in his vanity.

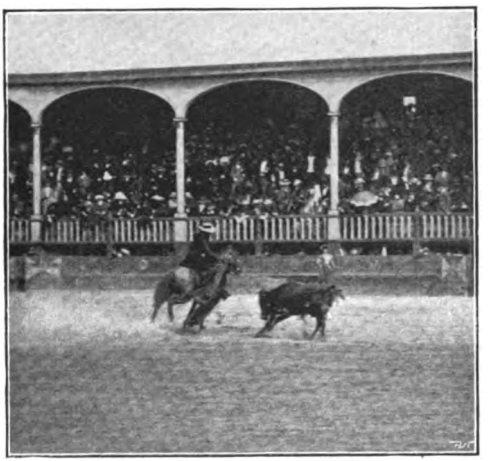


FIG. 4

Meanwhile we had lost the opportunity of a lifetime, and for the rest of the day photography was at a discount. The long curved horns of the bull had passed on either side of the man's body without even ripping up his clothes. Many a plate, on being developed, showed nothing but the curly tail of a bull, disappearing off its edge. The views we finally succeeded in getting, however, will do to prove at what close quarters these fights are carried on, and some of them show that only a few inches often separate the bull's horns from the man's body; and yet in thirty fights I only saw one man hurt. The marvellous rapidity of movement and the expertness of these bull-fighters may make

the game seem an easy one, but all the same I should not advise any sneerer to try his luck in the ring.

I will now proceed to give an account of a typical bull-fight in Peru, and I hope, with the aid of the illustrations, to be able to prove the many hair-breadth escapes the men go through, and also show that from beginning to end there is no butchery, unless the final killing of the bull be called so. It may be taken for granted that the sun is blazing down on the ring, for a cloud is a very rare article in Lima during the winter months; every seat is occupied, which means that ten thousand people are eagerly awaiting the beginning of the sport. The presiding official of the fights has just arrived with some friends in the municipal box; a few soldiers stand behind them, to give additional dignity. Several other soldiers, armed with rifles, may be seen standing guard on the circular roof of the bull-ring. They are posted there partly to keep order, but chiefly to remind the spectators that their native fondness for revolutions must not be indulged in on this occasion.

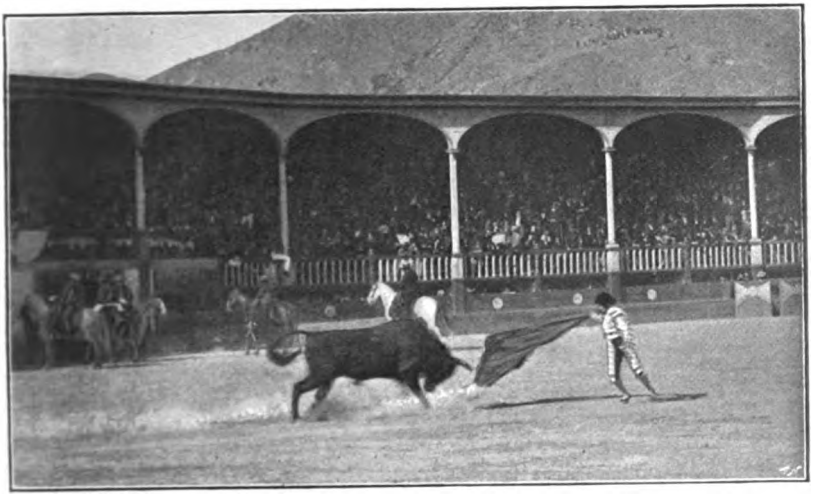


FIG. 5

Seated among the spectators there is also a battalion of soldiers, placed there for the same purpose; a shot from the guards on the roof would be the signal for the prompt arrival of reinforcements from the neighbouring barracks. There is a sudden turning of bodies and craning of necks among the spectators in one direction, caused by the arrival of the President of the Republic, who has just entered his private box, with a few generals and colonels,

and some more soldiers. The tooting of a bugle is heard from the municipal box, the gates into the ring are thrown open, and in stalks the quadrilla, or entire company of fighters. First walk the espadas, then the banderilleros, all in gorgeous array, brilliant with colours, covered with spangles and embroideries that glitter in the sun (fig. 1). They pass the municipal box, and the President's box, before which they uncover themselves. They walk with the left hand on the hip, their brilliant capas hanging over the arm; the right arm swings freely while their bodies move

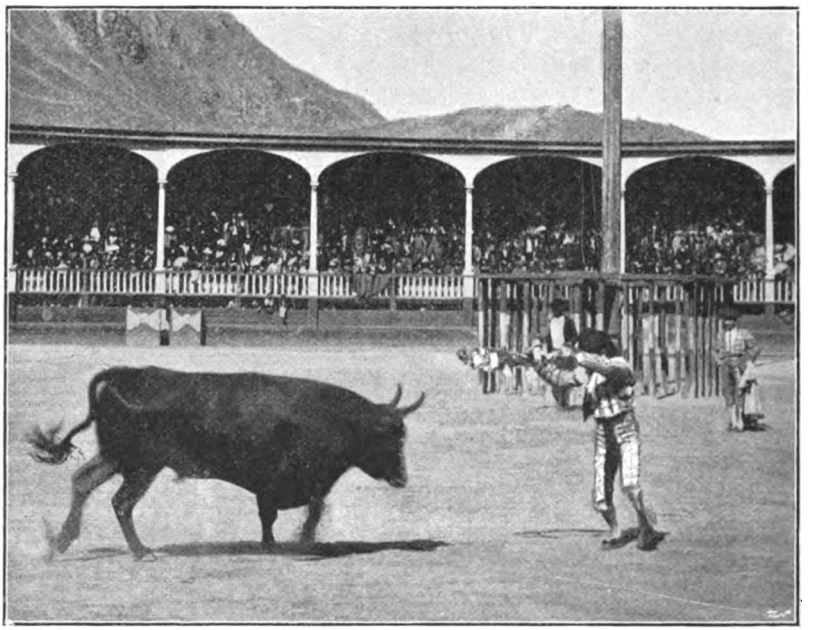


FIG. 6

with that engaging swagger peculiar to this class of men. Following them come the capas de a cavallo, or men on horseback with cloaks, and closing the procession come the four-in-hand of mules used for dragging the dead bulls out of the ring. After walking once round the ring, amid the cheers of the spectators, the procession breaks up. The capeadores, or mounted men, move up so as to face the corrales, from which the bull is let into the ring, for it is their duty to receive the first charge of the bull; the other fighters place themselves suitably about the ring.

All is ready now for the fight as once more the bugle is

heard. The gate slides on its hinges and out dashes a vicious-looking bull, black as night (fig. 2). The bull stops for a moment as if dazed by the sudden glare of sunshine, then makes a dash at the horseman, irritated by the waving of his red cloak. On the appearance of the bull, a sort of hoarse roar goes up from the spectators caused by the thousands of individual opinions on the bull's points, which are freely exchanged in excited voices by the interested Peruvians. Most of the spectators are experts in opinion at least, and loudly voice their conclusions—hurling at

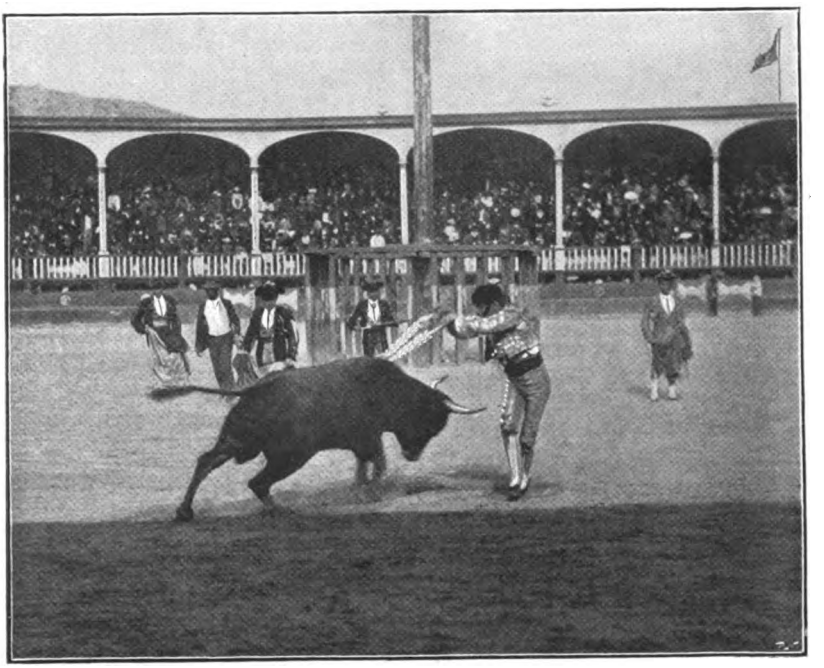


FIG. 7

the animal itself insults or commendation according to their feelings. The bull in the meanwhile is devoting himself strictly to business, and having closed in on the horse, lowers his head and endeavours to impale him on his horns; he meets no greater resistance than the air, however, for, with a touch on the bridle, a slight pressure of the knee and leaning of the body, the expert rider has placed his quick little mustang out of harm's way. Once more the bull charges; the horseman, waving his capa and dodging with his horse, plays with the fierce animal as if it were

all a joke on his part. The bull rushes and rages; again and again his horns graze the sides and hindquarters of the horse, who seems to enter into the sport (fig. 3). To anyone fond of horsemanship, this part of the show is a great treat, the cool-headedness and judgment displayed by the rider, the quick and sure-footed mustang, must win his admiration. Delightfully exhilarating and exciting to watch, there is not a drop of blood shed on either side. How different from the fights in Spain, where the horse, poor clumsy victim, is led up to be slaughtered, forced on to the bull's horns, gored, torn and ripped open, and allowed to run round dripping blood and entrails! There it is a horrible, disgusting and inexcusable butchery—here everything is skill and nerve, while the horses seem to enjoy it as much as the rider (fig. 4). If a horseman were to allow his mount to be injured in the ring at Lima, he would be for ever disgraced, if not immediately mobbed.

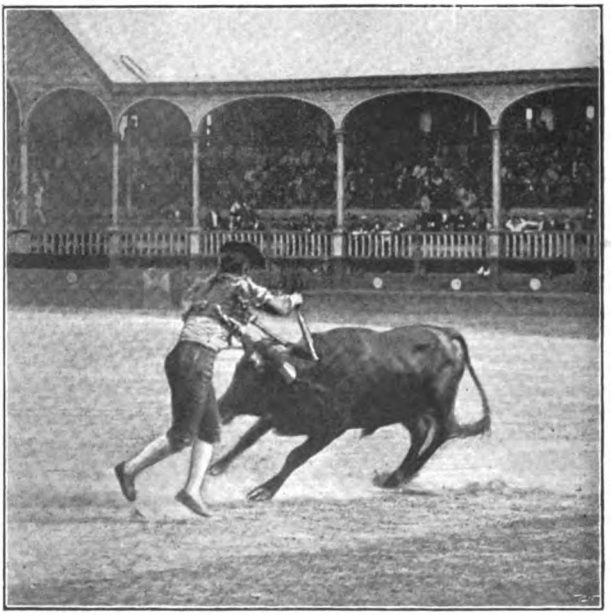


FIG. 8

Puzzled by his useless efforts, the bull stops still for a moment, and stares stupidly about. The capeador calmly trots his horse up to the bull, and, when within a few feet, jeeringly waves his capa before its very nose. With a short angry snort, the animal lowers his head, throwing himself forward, but, meeting

no resistance, falls on his knees, while the capeador, who is now at his side, leans over and pats him tauntingly on the back with his hand. And so the manœuvring goes on until the sound of the bugle calls for the next figure in the game. The capeadores now retire, while the espadas and the banderilleros with their capas

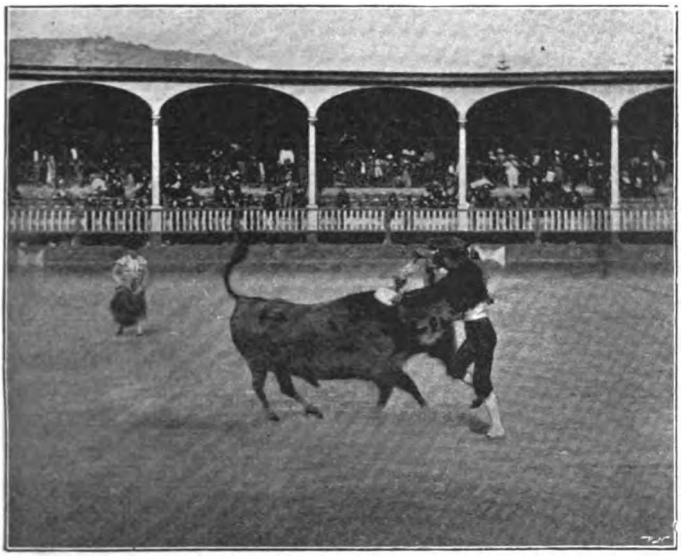


FIG. 9

step forward, and begin playing the bull on foot (fig. 5). This part of the show gives a great many opportunities for exhibiting agility and daring in many different ways. A man will stand and let the bull charge up within a few feet before moving a muscle, and then step to one side, or, seated in a chair, he will meet the charge without rising, as he guides the bull to one side with a quick swing of the capa. He will run to meet the bull, tap him between the horns with his hand, and then glide out of his way. Sometimes using a long pole, a toreador will vault right over the bull, acting generally more like a cat than a man, apparently possessing the faculty of moving in the air without such superfluous support as the solid earth. Like the nimble flea, who is also a Peruvian colonist, the toreador seems never to be there when he is caught. As a rule, the espada who is to kill the bull takes the chief part in this portion of the show, always to his own satisfaction, and generally to the admiration of the audience, In this way he quickly learns the peculiarities of the animal.

So far not a drop of blood has appeared on the programme. Another toot of the bugle, and then two of the banderilleros, laying aside their capas, and each holding two banderillas, advance on the bull. These banderillas are sticks about two feet long, ornamented with paper frills, like the bone of a cutlet, and tipped with a sharp iron barb. Waving them above his head, the banderillero endeavours to attract the attention of the bull. When he sees that he is noticed, he stands still, with both heels together, erect and his body leaning slightly back, holding the banderillas well out sideways, in one of the most graceful of the many poses assumed by these fighters, who are always playing to the gallery. At this stage of the game, the bull is generally exasperated by the various

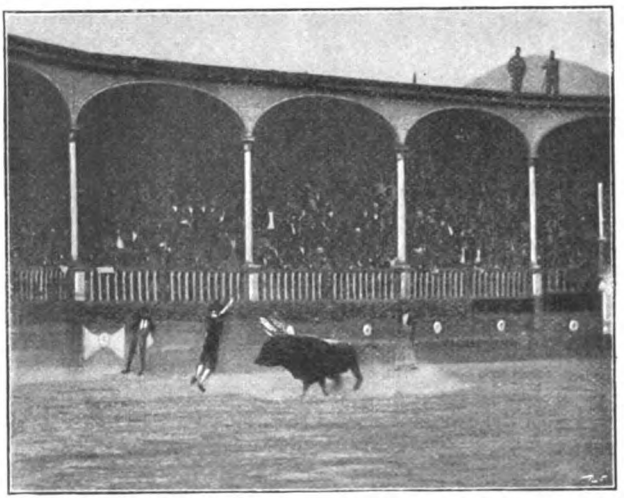


FIG. 10

teasings that have preceded, and without much begging merrily charges the man who waves the banderillas so enticingly at him (fig. 6)—(owing to the nature of instantaneous photography, the bulls in the illustrations do not always suggest speed, although on a full charge). As the bull approaches, the man's feet part slightly, and every muscle strains for a sudden spring, although his actual position hardly changes. When the bull is quite near, the man points the two banderillas towards him, and, leaning over the head of the bull—whose horns are not a foot from his body, plunges the banderillas into the creature's hide, one on each side of his spine, immediately at the back of his neck. One may well exclaim in disbelief that a man in such a position, with a bull

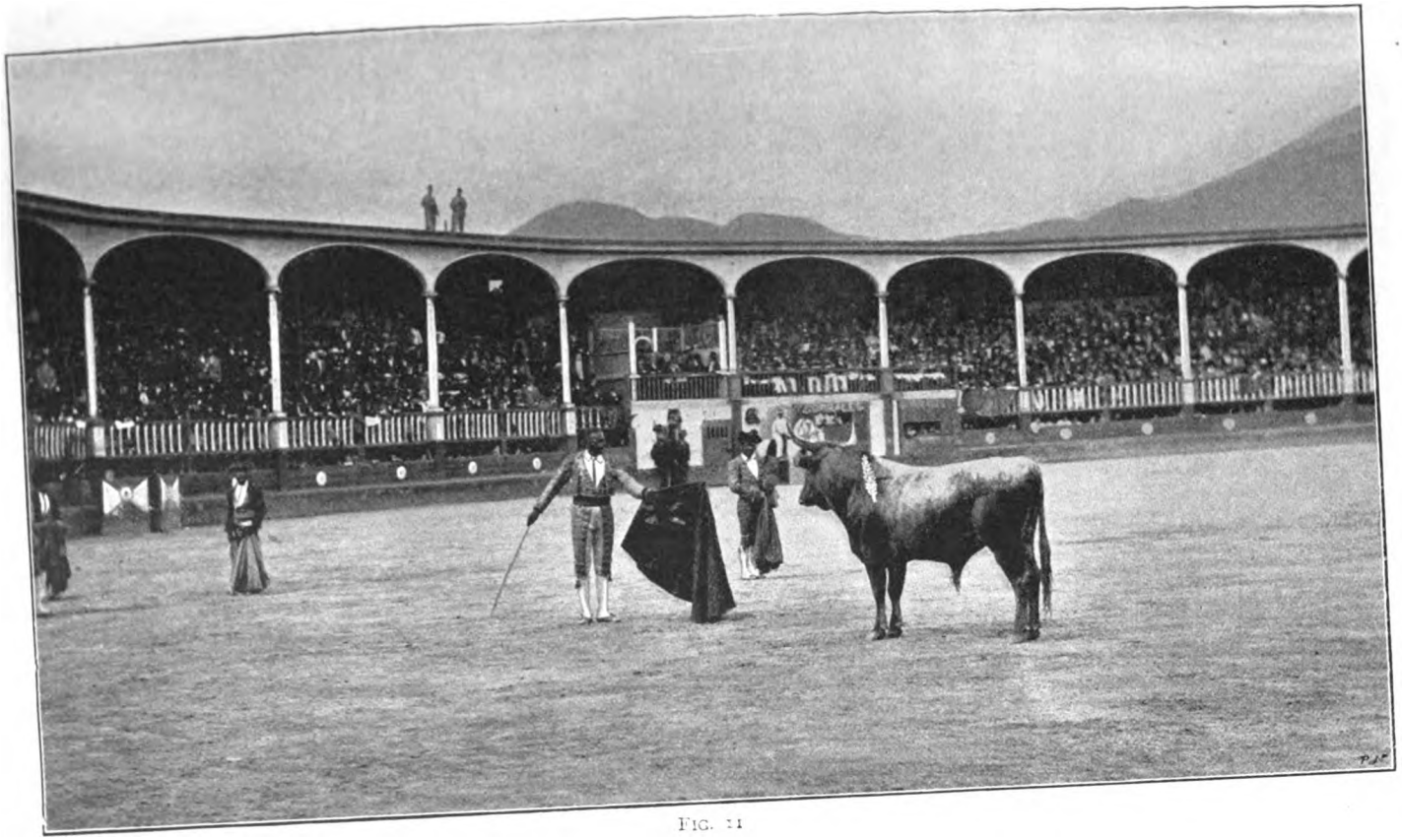


FIG. 11

charging, could never escape. I can only refer to the instantaneous photograph (fig. 7) in proof of what I state.

The right horn of the bull is apparently not six inches from the man's leg; the indistinctness of the bull's forelegs shows the speed of his charging; the clear outline of the banderillero shows he is not running. Apparently he is standing on tip-toe, carefully picking out the proper spot for putting in the banderillas, and from the picture we should judge that at the moment he was imbued with the idea that the bull could pass through him without causing him any great personal inconvenience. And yet the man certainly did step aside, and without receiving a scratch. The faculty these men have for rapidly moving their bodies aside without any apparent leverage is quite marvellous. Another way of putting in the banderillas is to run at the bull as he charges (fig. 8). This feat seems even more difficult to execute, but I am told it is easier to do than to wait for the bull and step aside. Fig. 9, I remember, represented a tight squeak for the man who had to deal with a particularly canny bull. Fig. 10 is interesting, as it apparently shows a banderillero with wings. The gentleman in question was, however, only a simple mortal, who, having put in the banderillas, found it necessary for the safety of his skin to take a rather loftier spring than usual. How simultaneous the putting in of the banderillas and the jumping aside are this picture shows; for the banderillas have not had time to fall to their hanging position, but stand on end, exactly as at the moment they left the banderillero's hands. To me this placing of the banderillas in the bull is by far the most remarkable part of the whole show, as it is a continuous display of graceful positions, rapid movements, and exciting escapes. I suppose many people consider this business cruel. Of course I know the bull does not like it—he is not supposed to, as they want to get him thoroughly excited for the espada's work—but, so far as suffering goes, since the barbs do not penetrate very far, I imagine the bull actually experiences more annoyance and irritation than pain.

Another toot of the bugle, and the banderilleros yield their position to the espada. That gentleman has been enjoying a sort of recess, and now steps forward holding in his left hand a bright red capa and a sword. With the eyes of some eight thousand people rivetted upon him, and no doubt feeling as if the eyes of the whole world were so, he walks with a most impressive swagger towards the Municipality's box, in which sits the Presidente de Comision de Espectaculos. The amount of unlimited conceit and self-satisfaction that one of these little chaps can put

on has always excited my unbounded admiration. Arriving before the box, the espada makes a set speech by which he dedicates the bull to the various personages present, beginning with the President and finishing with the audience generally. This final dedication is accompanied by a sort of swinging circular bow, by which all the spectators are saluted with one sweep of the body. This preliminary spectacular show finished to the satisfaction of the public and our pretentious and swaggering little friend, he devotes himself to business and advances on the bull.

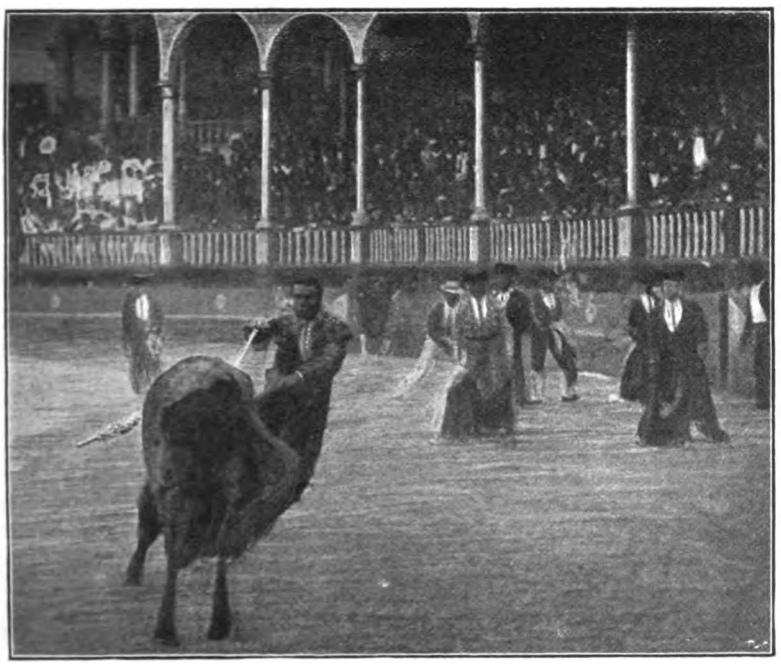


FIG. 12

I once saw the effect of this impassioned dedicatory speech sadly spoiled by the bull, who evidently took offence at the espada's swagger, and proceeded to chase him away in the middle of his eloquence, just as he had assumed his pet position.

These bull-fighters are a type as distinct in their way as the English prize-fighters of the last century. They devote their lives to their profession, and at an early age begin their training in schools devoted to the art. In figure they are usually small, but very gracefully proportioned and symmetrical. How they

preserve their strength, nerve, and agility is a mystery. In Lima the company always occupies a wing of the principal hotel, where they spend their nights in gambling, smoking, and drinking. During the afternoon they are to be seen strutting about the popular promenades attended by a crowd of deferential admirers, and attired with almost schoolboy vanity in short, tight-fitting jackets of fantastic pattern that show off their lithe figures. They are full of superstitions. If a buzzard flies across the ring while they are engaged with a bull, they look upon it as a frightful omen, and become most conspicuously cautious. Sometimes an accident destroys their nerve entirely. One of the most skilful and daring matadors in Lima, a Spaniard called 'Cuatro Dedos'—'Four Fingers'—had to retire from the ring permanently after having been trampled by a bull. His injuries were insignificant, but his self-confidence had vanished.

To return to the fight, however. A bull that makes a fair and square charge at the espada proves the easiest victim, although he acts and looks the fiercest; for he comes straight, and his antagonist, gauging speed and direction, can generally end his career with a well-directed stroke, which either pierces the heart or cuts the spinal column. In this latter case the bull falls dead on the spot as if struck by lightning, and never moves.

A wise bull, who knows a thing or two, will generally charge towards the espada, and when within a few feet stop short and size up the situation. Such bulls are not favourites with the espada, for it is difficult to guess the moment when the animal will dash at him, and whether he should dodge to the right or left. A bull charging has a certain momentum that prevents him swerving to the right or left; but this is not the case with the wily individuals who, stopping short, thereupon try to seize the espada unprepared in a sudden rush.

Fig. 11 illustrates just such a case. It is also the most successful view I succeeded in getting. The bull and espada are posed in the centre of the picture. Grouped around stand the other men with their capas, ready in case of any accident to distract the bull's attention from the fallen espada by waving their cloaks. Behind, again, can be seen the 'corrales,' or door leading from the bull 'corral,' by which the animals first enter the ring. Above is the box of the municipality of Lima, in which sits the President of the Bull-fight Committee; to the right and left the thousands of a crowded arena; on the roof the soldiers with their rifles are ready in case of a row or riot; for

a Peruvian crowd at a bull-fight is a large and most excited mob, and often, when dissatisfied with the bulls of the show given, will get even with the 'empresa' by smashing up things generally. I remember the Lima ring after such an event. All the seats and benches were torn to pieces and cast into the centre, which looked like a lumber yard struck by a cyclone after the mob had somewhat restored their outraged feelings by severe exercise.

Fig. 12 exhibits the espada at the moment when, having waved the bull to one side with the capa in his left hand, he is about to

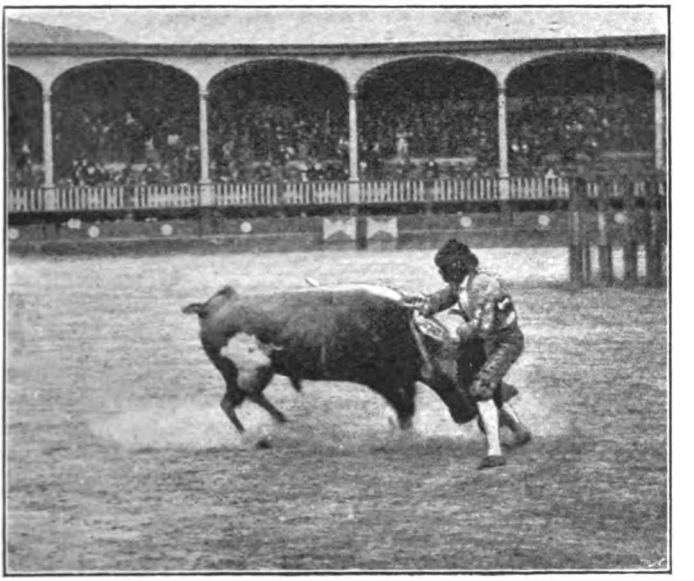


FIG. 13

thrust in the sword. This picture exhibits a poor stroke however, for the bull has swerved too much to the right, and the point of the sword is about to pass in on the wrong side of the spine, where it will pierce the bull's lung, but not reach his heart, and so necessitate a second or third stroke. Behind appear the watchful companions of the espada, always ready to interfere at any critical moment.

Fig. 13 shows how the espada, immediately after putting in the sword to the hilt, has stepped to the left. The hilt of the sword may be seen immediately under the espada's right arm. Although on the proper side of the spine, it is not quite far enough

back to reach the heart, and the wound is probably not fatal. When it is considered that the espada to deal his fatal blow must face the bull and reach over his head to the right, and yet himself escape to the left, after putting in the sword to the hilt, one

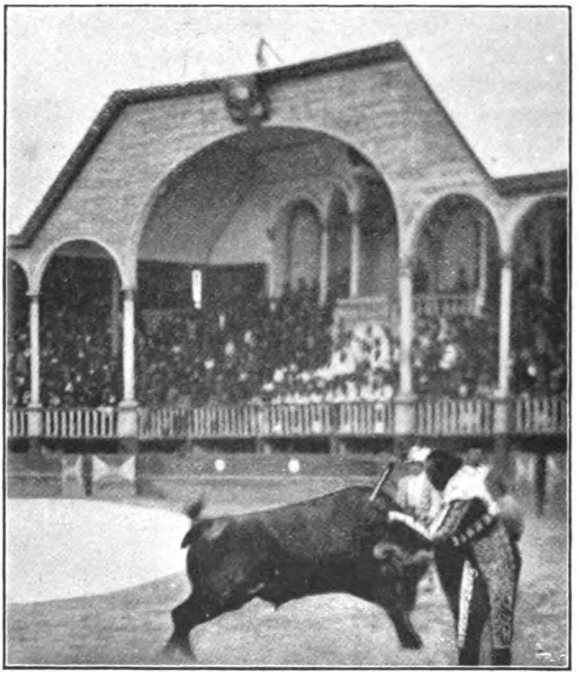


FIG. 14

realises the amount of coolness, skill and agility that is necessary to pierce a bull to the heart, escape his horns, and get off to left, all inside of about two seconds.

Fig. 14 is taken at the second the espada's hand left the hilt of the sword. In the background can be seen the private box of the President of Peru.

Fig. 15 may be labelled 'finis'; the body of the slain bull is being dragged out of the ring by four mules.

Readers are probably sated with descriptions of bull-fights; but, although I have read a good many articles on the subject, the illustrations have always been such as to mislead the majority of readers who have not been so fortunate, or unfortunate, as to have seen the actual event. It is with the idea of remedying this defect that I offer the present article for what it is worth, and to show,

if possible, that bull-fighting, with the unnecessary element of horse-killing removed, is by no means so cruel a sport as it is generally represented to be. All unnecessary killing is butchery in one sense; so with all sport it is simply a question of how the killing may be humanely carried out. Undoubtedly to come under the right meaning of the word 'sport,' there should always be, as an excuse for killing any animal, a very large percentage of health-giving exercise to the sportsman, and a reasonable chance of escape to the quarry. Bull-fighting, even without horse-killing, certainly cannot claim either of these justifications. It may be laid down as a true axiom that where the killing of an animal takes place without the necessary adjunct of physical invigoration, the act is bound to result in a certain moral degeneration. But when we talk of cruelty, we refer to the sufferings of the animal in dying.

The bull certainly has no chance of escape; but perhaps he is only the luckier for it, and I cannot see how a wounded stag or bird, that gets away and drags out its existence through long hours of suffering, can be considered more fortunate than the bull that is killed in a few minutes. In discussing cruelty to animals, we should try to study their feelings and not our own. I do not think that the bull, if the choice were left to him, would prefer the death of the fox in the open field to his own in the ring. Nor

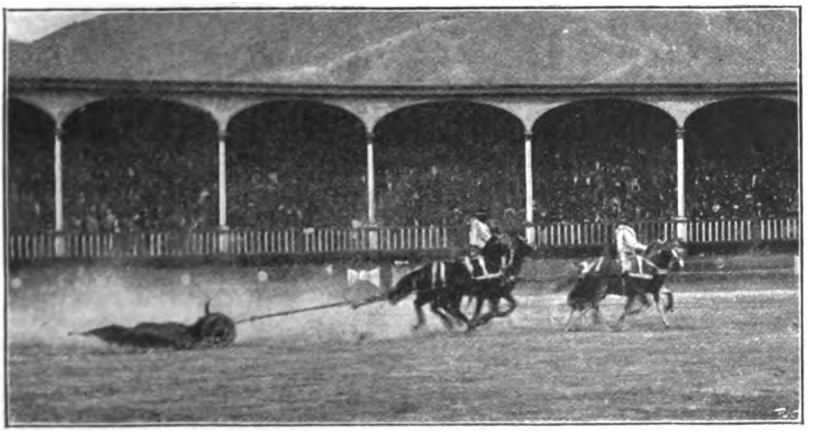


FIG. 15

do I think he would envy the freedom of a wounded animal able to drag out his life through a little more suffering. I am afraid that, after all, when we consider one method of killing an animal more justifiable than another, it is simply because it suits our

feelings more, and the ideas we have become accustomed to from childhood, not necessarily because the victim actually suffers less. In studying such affairs, it is very hard to rise above the race prejudices, or to escape from the bias caused by being brought up to certain sports. I am of course now merely looking at the matter in the light of cruelty to animals. It is evidently quite immaterial to the victim whether his death is brought about by a salaried toreador or by a sportsman in search of invigorating exercise. If I were to judge the subject of bull-fighting from the point of view of fair play or justifiableness, I should have to condemn the pastime at once; but it is the cruelty to the bulls that is generally mentioned as such an iniquity, and so I feel justified in affirming that, if we could put aside all prejudice and bias of mind, we should have to acknowledge that killing a bull, as done in bull-fights in Peru, is not a bit more cruel to the animal than any other form of killing, carried out though it be in a far more sportsmanlike way. Fox-hunting, pig-sticking, and all forms of field shooting involve a large amount of gloriously exhilarating and health-giving exercise, that results in manly qualities, and so we justify the killing, which is not, after all, the main object in view. Of bull-fighting, as carried on in Peru, it may be said that for the actual performers it approaches a sport, whilst for the onlookers, who have simply paid to watch the killing of an animal, it must always be a more or less debasing and demoralising pastime.

HARRIERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN

BY THE EARL OF SUFFOLK AND BERKSHIRE

CONNOISSEURSHIP in good living often, nay generally, accompanies refined appreciation of other arts; and the Athenians of old, who in the days of Athens' glory were undoubtedly the most cultivated people on the face of the earth, were so fond of the hare as an article of food, that the Greek word for hare's flesh was used synonymously to express 'dainty diet.' We are told on good authority that when the Peloponnesian war had done for the Attic race what our Ground Game Act has accomplished in many parts of England, the privation of their favourite dish was severely felt by all classes: the destruction of the Piræus wall was a national disgrace—that of the hare a national calamity. For hunting however it is best not to have the game too thick upon the ground, and Xenophon—the earliest authority on the sport, who is believed to have written his treatise after the Retreat of the Ten Thousand—does not imply that there was any chance of a blank day in the neighbourhood; and as there can have been no close time, for he speaks of hunting all the year round, there must at one period have been an immense head of hares in Attica. As he was one of the few men of sound common sense amongst that polished and wayward democracy, so it is not surprising to find that he was, according to his lights, a really good sportsman. That the prime object of a pack of harriers should be to drive the hare into fixed nets does not at first strike one as a very sportsmanlike proceeding; but *autres temps autres mœurs*. It was the fashion of his day; and as he enunciates that 'in tracking the hare no delay should be made, for it is sportsmanlike, as well as a proof of fondness for exertion, to use every means to capture the animal speedily,'

he was evidently a twenty-minutes-without-a-check-up-wind man; but after this short, sharp, and decisive declaration, one hardly knows how to interpret the sentence: 'It is so pleasing an animal, that no one who sees it, whether when it is tracked and discovered, or when it is pursued, or caught, would not forget whatever other object he admired.' Is this sentimental fondness, and did Xenophon really think Puss more admirable than his lady-love, or is it merely the old Greek version of the chorus:

'There's nothing can compare
With hunting of the hare'?

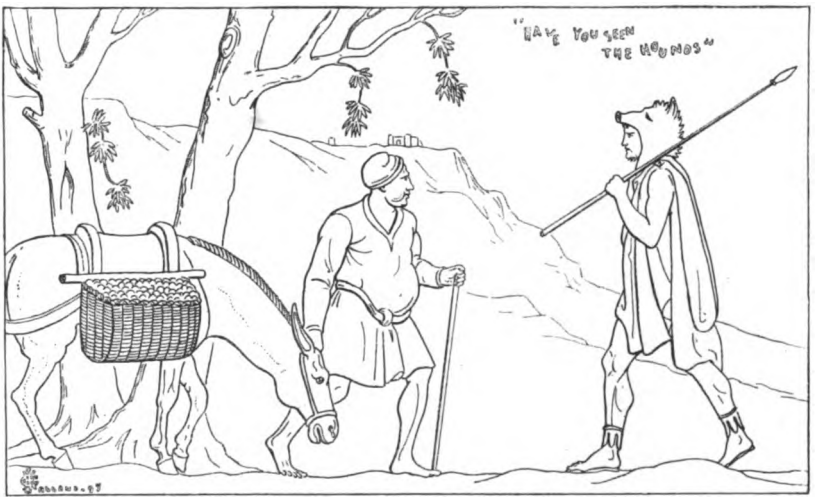
It may be that the ring-tailed, blue-eyed variety of which he speaks possessed fascinations of which we in these days of less remarkable *fauna* can form no idea. But, after all, what is most interesting to us in this old hunting book is to note the points on which our own practice resembles that of the ancients, and wherein the modern man in the green coat is like-minded with the 'well-greaved' Greek, as to the management of a pack of harriers.

It seems curious at first sight that, as we use both the true harrier (or the nearest approach we can get to it) and the dwarf foxhound for the pursuit of the hare, so Xenophon held there were two sorts of hounds—'the Castorean' and 'the fox-breed'—suitable for this purpose, though as to the latter the coincidence is one in name only, since they are said to have been the produce of dogs and foxes—a cross the possibility of which in Great Britain is still disputed, and which is certainly very rare; while as to the Castorean we are told nothing at all, except that the breed was a favourite one with the demi-god Castor!

As to size, it is surprising to find large hounds preferred, considering that the chase was followed on foot, partly because the country was ill adapted for riding, partly because farmers only just tolerated the passage of pedestrians over their land (a difficulty which may likely enough beset us one of these days). We know also that Xenophon's pack went at no beagling pace, and that he was often thrown out is evident, for he naïvely tells us that it is allowable when run out of sight and hearing to ask any passer-by the well-known question, 'Have you seen the hounds?' No doubt he equally often received the charmingly vague replies with which we are all acquainted.

Of make and shape, in spite of a somewhat obscure phraseology, we gather that the Athenian was no bad judge. He certainly liked a straight hound with a fine stern, a good head, and neck, and would have nothing to do with one that was 'pinned'

or in at the elbows. As he disliked them 'whole-coloured,' which he declares to be the sign of a wild breed, we must suppose the reds, blacks, and whites of which he speaks were not uncommon —it would be difficult enough to find them now. His ideas as to the growth of hair are fantastic, but he is orthodox in his dislike for curly coats, and his love of a good 'cry' is quite in accordance with modern ideas. The faults for which he drafted—and he ought to have had considerable trouble in disposing of that draft— were manifold; with some of them we are to-day only too familiar. What M.H. has not in his time been pestered with culprits who 'pounce on false scents, and exulting in whatever they find, take



the lead at once, though conscious they are deceiving the rest'? Perhaps rather a long and pedantic description of what we call 'a d——d babbler,' but the idea is the same. The skirters and mute runners were of course condemned then as now; nor is the hound 'which starts in pursuit of the hare with great speed, but relaxes from want of spirit,' unknown in the nineteenth century, any more than is his fellow who 'runs on, and then misses the scent'; but it is decidedly satisfactory to reflect that there are not in these days 'many who, abandoning the pursuit, turn back from *dislike of the hare*, or from longing for the society of their master.' Surely, as a rule, they must have found him very bad company after they had played that trick two or three times. Nor are complaints often heard of hounds who 'faint away from pain in their feet.' None the less will every hare-hunter endorse the dictum

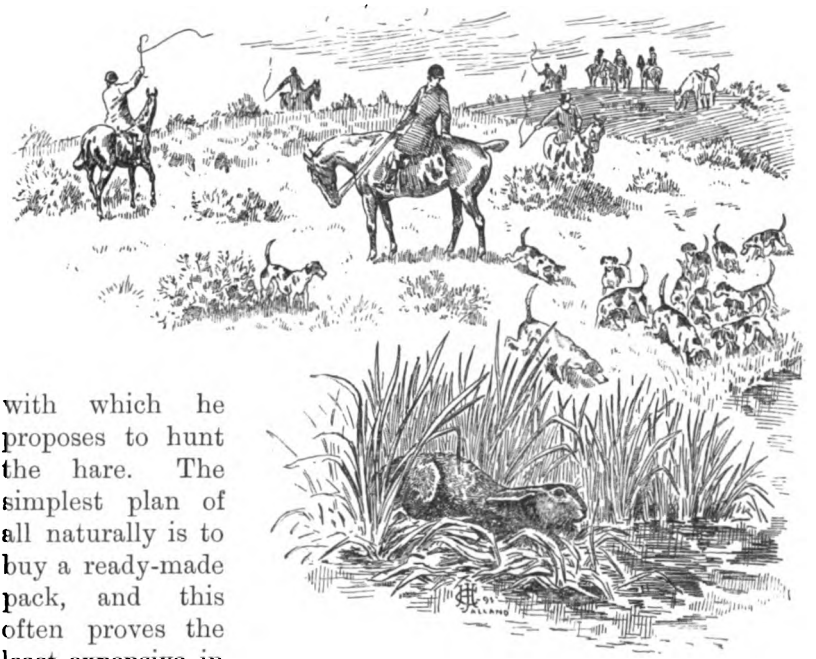
of Xenophon, that 'Such dogs may disgust people with hunting who have a strong fancy for it,' while hare- *and* fox-hunters will alike applaud the injunction, 'Foxes we should not allow the hounds to hunt, for it is a great means of spoiling them, and they lose their sense of duty.'

As the hounds were led to covert in leashes, the turn-out in the morning must have had a rather coursing-meeting appearance. They were early birds those old Greeks, and like our own forefathers, were wont to hunt up to her in her form, and get away close at her scut. Xenophon greatly appreciated the scream of delight from the merry ones as she broke into view, and like all huntsmen of all times, could not resist cheering the flying pack with 'Forrard on, hounds! forrard on!' when they were running their hardest. In the first ring—Attic hares were regular ringers—it is clear that he was always out of it; but if she was not at once killed or—oh, shame!—run into the nets, the science of the huntsman was often called into play, and the patent all-round-my-hat cast is advocated. Masters of harriers who have ere now been insulted and grieved, when walked out of scent on a cold evening, by the flippant advice of irreverent friends to 'put a stick in where you left off and come again to-morrow,' may take comfort on being told that the idea originated with so keen a hare-hunter as Xenophon, who says, speaking of the huntsman, that 'where the scent is obscure, he ought to take a stake as a mark for himself, and draw the dogs round by this, cheering and soothing them till they plainly recognise the track.' Alas! he does not mention the Greek equivalent for the universal '*Yoi-yeot*' wherewith we cheer and soothe our hounds as they strive to work out a puzzle.

The final exhortation to perseverance is as edifying and appropriate now as it was 2,300 years ago; for however tired the pack and however late the hour, this sportsman of old says in effect, you should try on to the last possible moment. With a hare you have always got a chance, as she may be sitting close to you just as you think about giving her up. Probably untroubled with large fields, he does not add the reflection which has cheered the soul of many a M.H.: 'At any rate, as everybody has gone home, if she does jump up, they won't be overridden.' Between ancient and modern rites connected with the chase one difference is specially worthy of notice. Xenophon, who was nothing if not a deeply religious man, enjoins his pupils, just before taking off the couples, to vow to Apollo and Diana the Huntress a share of what is captured. The hunter of to-day, though he may promise

nothing beforehand, is for the most part mindful to make offering to Bacchus in due proportion for the sport vouchsafed.

The difficulties attendant on the getting together and starting a pack of harriers vary according to the means at the disposal of the would-be Master, since it goes without saying that, in this as in every other undertaking, the richer he is the less trouble he will have, and also depends very much upon the sort of hound



SHE MAY BE SITTING CLOSE TO YOU

with which he proposes to hunt the hare. The simplest plan of all naturally is to buy a ready-made pack, and this often proves the least expensive in the long run; for, except when some unusually well-known and popular pack is broken up, there is little or no competition for harriers either at public or private sale. One of these unusual cases occurred indeed, a short time ago, when the pack which belonged to the late Comte de Paris, and many years previously to the Duc d'Aumale, was dispersed, and the prices per couple almost attained to foxhound importance; but as a rule they go cheaply enough. So if the aspirant can only make up his mind to enter upon the cares of office just at the exact moment when some impoverished or satiated sportsman is laying them aside, he may find himself at once in possession of a pack such as would have taken years to collect, and quite possibly be their owner before he has made even temporary arrangements

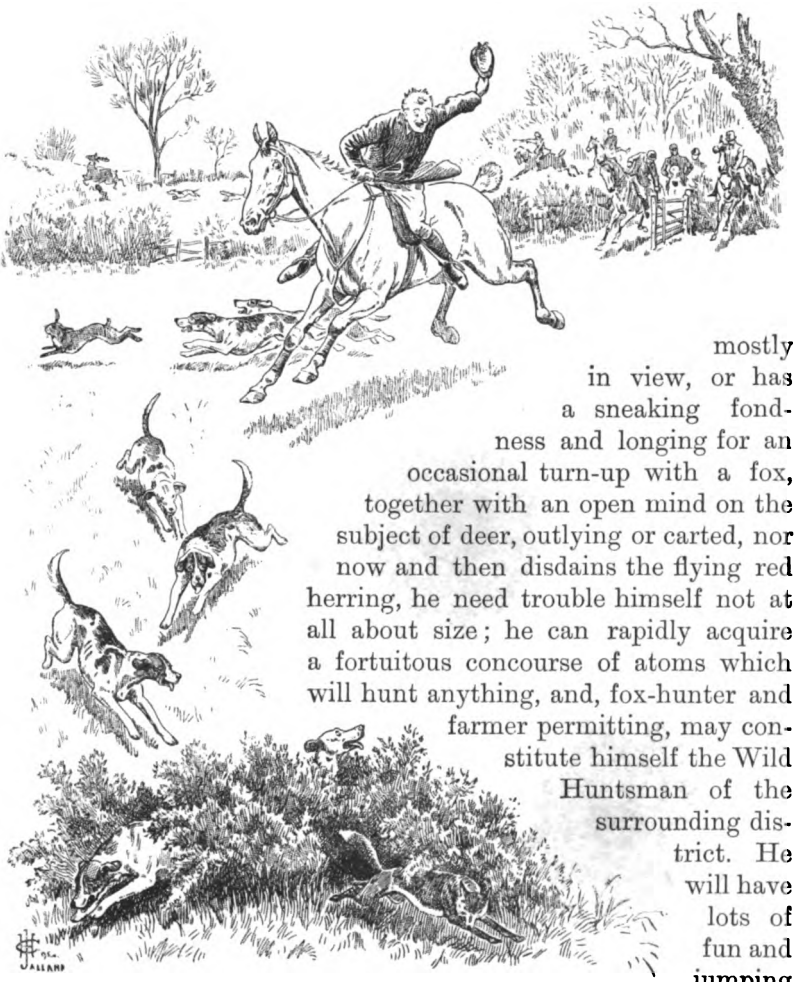
for their board and lodging—a Bugginson without a Jorrocks to fall back upon. Or, if there is no pack likely to come into the market, and he wishes to buy hounds in bulk, he may run down to Mr. Wilton's kennels at Hanwell, where he can be fitted out with as many couple as he pleases of the size he prefers. By the way, one cannot help wondering why a tradesman whose business does not more or less depend upon the custom of the lunatic asylum should ever establish himself at Hanwell. The place is so inseparably connected in men's minds with lunacy, that if you advise a man to go to Hanwell for any purpose, he thinks you are either insulting or chaffing him; and the first idea that would occur on the suggestion that he should buy hounds there would be that you were recommending him to a home for lost dogs.

But whoever will take the matter seriously will find that he might make many worse starts than by going to Mr. Wilton. The proof of this pudding also is in the eating; for if he did not give satisfaction to his numerous customers, his immense business —he sometimes has over a hundred couple at his place—could not have lasted all these years; he buys drafts or whole packs from every part of the United Kingdom; and last, but by no means least, he never buys an *old* hound, so that whatever he offers for sale possesses its canine vices or virtues in full vigour.

There is too a certain independence about going to a dog-dealer which must always have its charm. You avoid having to await your friends' convenience, and pretending to believe their pleasant fictions about the select lot they propose to place on your hands. The dealer can always be dealt with, and as he can have no personal experience of the merits of his wares, he either does not lie or does not expect to be believed.

Still this is a very unusual way of setting to work, and those who cannot afford to buy, or have not the opportunity of buying, a pack, must get together their 'cry of dogs' little by little—a process which, though it has its cares and anxieties, is by no means devoid of amusement. If then, the prospective master has made up his mind to use dwarf foxhounds, he had better at once take his pen and write quickly to half a score or so of M.F.H.'s, or their kennel huntsmen, asking for the refusal of the next draft of undersized hounds, specifying at the same time the height he would prefer. And here he will be confronted with the chief blot on the system of using foxhounds; it is so difficult to get them small enough that, rather than be bothered with a search for lilliputians, the buyer may be tempted to take

them up to 21 or 22 inches, whereas 19 inches should be the full standard for anyone who honestly means hunting hare and nothing else, and hunting her scientifically. But if he wants a succession of screaming bursts from ten to fifteen minutes,



A WILD HUNTSMAN

mostly in view, or has a sneaking fondness and longing for an occasional turn-up with a fox, together with an open mind on the subject of deer, outlying or carted, nor now and then disdains the flying red herring, he need trouble himself not at all about size; he can rapidly acquire a fortuitous concourse of atoms which will hunt anything, and, fox-hunter and farmer permitting, may constitute himself the Wild Huntsman of the surrounding district. He will have lots of fun and jumping for his money —will often have blood, including possibly that of a few lambs during the spring; his meets will be a centre of attraction for all the hard-riding horse-breakers and go-as-long-as-the-drink-is-in-them riff-raff of the neighbourhood, and by those followers he will be admired and extolled as a real sportsman, with no old-

fashioned slow nonsense about him. As the Frenchman said when admitting that he was chiefly beloved by what old writers call the *bona-robas*, 'C'est encore une position sociale.'

Another advantage the Master of the Happy-go-lucky Harriers will possess is that he will have no trouble in recruiting, and can easily fill up any gaps which process of time or his enterprising field may make in his pack. 'Hounds with a bit too much drive for me,' as their owners may euphemistically phrase it, will be at his disposal from all quarters; he need never harass his mind with the worry of breeding.

But if a man 'means harrier'—that is to say, if he means to hunt the hare only, and her chiefly by scent; if he wish to amuse himself and those who come out with him in orderly fashion, to be welcomed by the farmers over whose land he has the privilege of disporting himself, and not to be regarded by surrounding Masters of Foxhounds as a privateer only a shade removed from a pirate, it will behove him to go warily to work, and to start from a very modest beginning, or he will find himself in the position of those friends of Xenophon already alluded to, who became disgusted with the chase, though having a great natural aptitude for it. As aforesaid, there is always the resource of the foxhound kennel, and with due care he may get a few couples who do not top 19 inches; but he will do much better if, by hook or by crook, he can obtain a nucleus of from half a dozen to ten decent hounds from accredited harrier packs. Now, if asked to define what is meant by harrier, one can only say that he is a dog whose ancestry for some generations back have devoted their energies entirely to hare-hunting; there may at some time or other have been a distinct breed—we have all heard the legend about descent from the old Southern hound—but if every harrier could trace his pedigree, nine out of ten would most likely find that they came from foxhound forefathers, and the tenth would decline to reveal what had been the result of *his* researches. The queer coats and odd colours we see amongst harriers more than hint at such discredited lineage; and what so probable? Many a mixed lot of terriers and beagles originally intended for rabbit have by degrees been promoted to hare, and this promiscuous rabble, gradually weeded and improved, has in course of time developed into a regular harrier pack, with traces of the old leaven still here and there perceptible. Whatever its origin, however, it is from some harrier sources that the architect of his own pack should, if possible, get his foundation. It *is* to be done, though not easily, as private inquiry is necessary. Advertisement

simply means letters from every dog-stealer in the country. But the M.H., more even than the M.F.H., has often great difficulty in making both ends meet, and he is not always averse from supplementing his subscription, in the improbable event of his getting one, or from paying a meal bill by the sale of some of his merry ones. The late Mr. Everett, who hunted the B.V.H., one of the best packs in England, could always be approached in this way; the sport he showed was proof that he did not thus allow his own pack to deteriorate, and from personal knowledge, I can bear witness that the hounds he sold were what he described them to

A Gift Hound

be in his letter of advice. He gave good straightforward characters, which were justified on experience. This was all the more remarkable, inasmuch as he had the credit of being a particularly sharp hand at a deal—he may have been so in the matter of price, but he always sent fair value for the money, which is by no means the case with all men who sell their hounds; and the beginner will be lucky, indeed, if he does not at first get hold of some notable malefactors. But, above all, let him beware of accepting a present in this line. You may not look a gift horse in the mouth, but you should never look at a gift hound at all. Many men are

absurdly tender-hearted about putting useless dogs to death, and jump at any excuse for transferring that obligation to somebody else; they would almost prefer letting loose hydrophobia on the country to having the supreme penalty carried out in their own kennels—at any rate, they have no scruples at all in bestowing their rubbish wherever they find a place for it. An offer to give hounds away is tantamount to a declaration that they are worthless or worse, all protestations to the contrary notwithstanding; people don't give away *good* hounds, and don't sell their *best*—they would be fools if they did so.

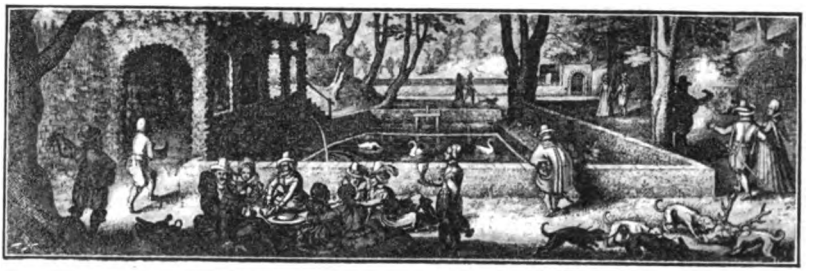
Situated as he is, the buyer has not much more choice than the proverbial beggar; but he can at least insist on the size he wants, which should be from 17 to 19 inches, though a few bitches at 16 will not spoil the appearance of the lot. In the matter of age also he can make his own terms; but he will be wise to admit a veteran or two: though they be somewhat wan and worn, they are sure to stick to business; if slow, are probably truthful, even if a trifle garrulous, and it is such a comfort at first start to feel there are one or two voices which may be safely cheered. A good hound, like a good horse, can never be of a bad colour; if a man has a fad on the subject, he must be content to gratify his whim gradually. Mr. Surtees, as one cannot help fancying, never wrote except about what he had actually seen; one of his works, 'Hawbuck Grange,' contains in the Goose and Dumpling Hunt chapter the best account of a pack of harriers and of a day with them that ever was penned. Even Whyte-Melville's master-hand failed him here, or rather the ruling passion ran away with him, and Tilbury Nogo has a blank day so far as hare is concerned, but winds up late with a tremendous run after a straight-going fox. The G. and D.H. are thus described: 'Nearly reddish whole-coloured hounds, inclining to a brownish grey along the back, they look like harriers, and were very much the colour of the hare herself.' 'Hawbuck Grange' was published in the forties, and this whole-coloured type is probably extinct. I certainly have never seen it; the Duke of Beaufort tells me that he remembers long ago seeing a nearly black pack which had a strong cross of bloodhound; but there can be no advantage; rather the reverse, in this sombre hue—it is so bad to see at any distance. Those tawny backs of the G. and D.'s must often have presented the same difficulty, especially as their field never rode near them, which perhaps was the reason why Mr. Trumper the huntsman found it necessary to carry a pocket telescope. A nice variety, too, looks smarter and more cheerful; but if there is one

colour to be preferred above others, commend me to the blue mottle; it seems to carry nose and trustworthiness with it, besides having the true harrier *cachet*. Motley may not be your *only* wear, yet it is well never to be without it. Nose is after all the prime requisite, and this must be obtained somehow; hence the advisability of not too readily rejecting hounds on the score of age. Dogs become deaf, blind, and in every way decrepit, but

MR. TRUMPER

the faculty of scent is the one power which they never lose in an appreciable degree; another advantage of these old ones is, that, having been at the game so long, they know a lot about a hare's dodges—*e.g.* they can form, and to those who understand express, a very decided opinion as to a hare having squatted—'They think she's down'—you will hear the master say, and 'they' are nearly always right.

Eight or ten couple do very well for a beginning, and the rudiments of a pack once scraped together on the lines indicated, the new M.H. will of course begin breeding on his own account as soon as practicable.



ICE-BOAT SAILING IN HOLLAND

BY MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE

Oh for the wild delights of skating, snow-shoeing, sleighing, and ice-boat sailing under summer suns in winter snows!

During the frost of last winter England gained some idea of the delights of ice-boat sailing; but even Ruislip is far too small and too closely shut in by trees for the boat to get a really good run; therefore one must go to the Hudson River or the Zuider Zee in order to really understand the pleasurable excitement and thrilling dangers of this form of amusement.

England, America, and Holland, each has its own particular kind of craft; and although perhaps the most clumsy boats are the Dutch, they are wonderful things for scudding over the icy surface, while the pace is quite sufficient to take away one's breath literally as well as metaphorically.

Holland in winter, Holland under snow and ice, is a very different Holland from the land of the summer tourist. The scenery of the Netherlands has a strange fascination of its own. It is not beautiful. How could miles and miles of the flattest of flat land, almost treeless, almost even hedgeless, be considered beautiful? The waterways have not the picturesque windings of a natural river; for they are cut perfectly straight, and dyked up on both sides with the strictest regularity. Nevertheless, there is something strangely fascinating about a Dutch landscape. The soft hazy effects, the eerielike grey films that rise from endless waterways, and the hundreds—aye, thousands—of windmills, of every form, shape, and size, with their rich brown colourings, add to

the charm of the queer little red-roofed homesteads. In winter all is dull and grey and weird. In summer the fields are of the brightest green, and form vivid backgrounds for the cattle grazing everywhere. But in winter the cattle are at home, therefore it is no longer necessary to pull up half the bridge spanning the little waterways between the fields, and persons need not even seek the bridges to enable them to cross, for the ice forms one great natural footway.

It was a bitterly cold winter's morning when we left the warm comforts of the Brack Doelens Hotel in Amsterdam to test the

A Dutch Beauty

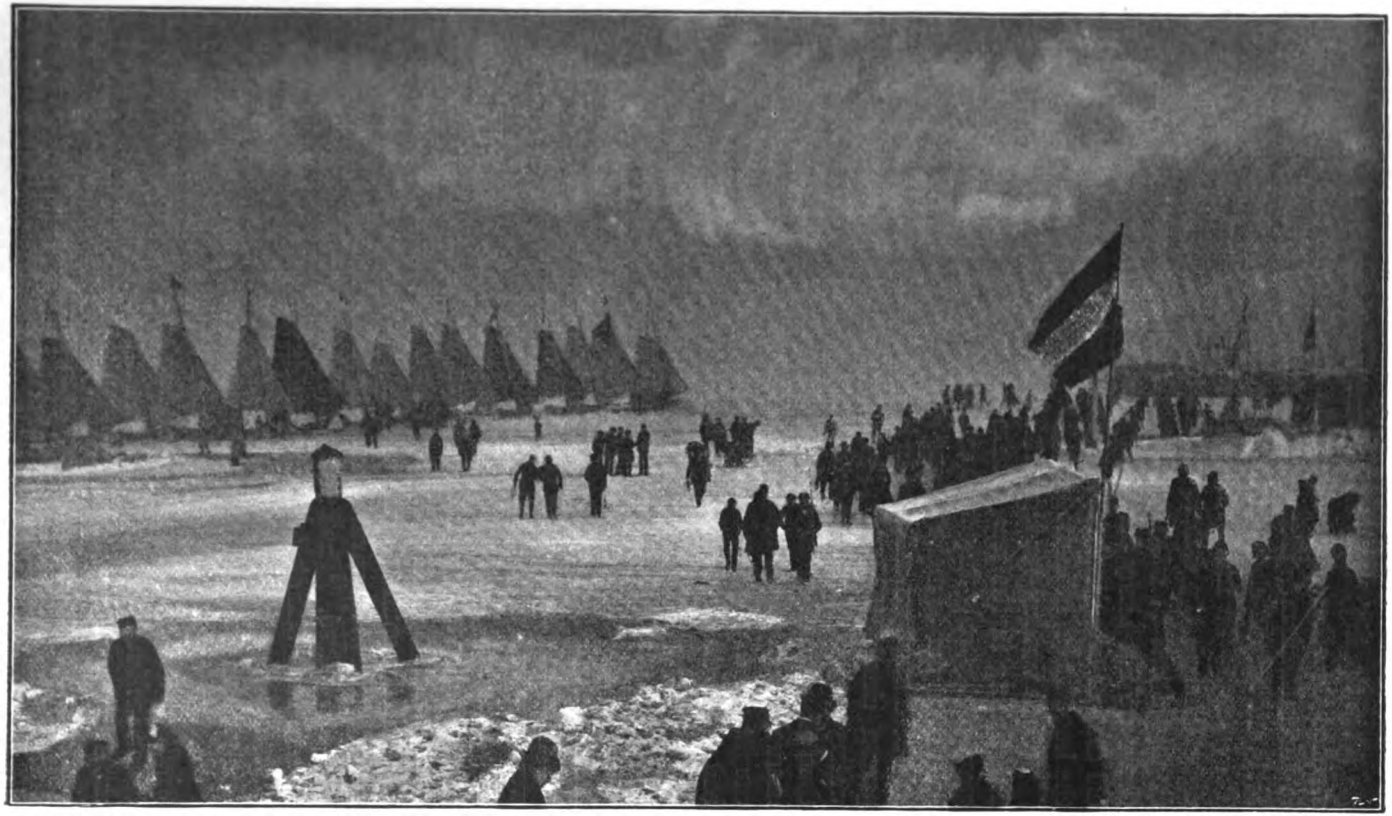
chilly delights of ice-boat sailing, a Dutch friend having kindly arranged all the plans for a flying journey at breathless speed over the frozen waters of the famous Zuider Zee.

We arrived at the Central Station by tram, the most usual means of conveyance in Dutch towns, and in the ordinary course of events would have been conveyed across 'Het Ij' by a steamer; but the intense cold had changed all that. The vast expanse of water was now a frozen mass, with the exception of a small passage-way cut down the centre, and kept open for the large steamers to go in and out, by the ice-breakers employed day and night.

Accompanied by a charming young Dutchman, well acquainted with the mode of procedure, we stepped down a slippery plank on to the ice itself. Here the men in waiting expected a tip—not that they did anything to earn one—but who does not expect a tip in Holland, where the tipping system is a veritable curse? For instance, when anyone arrives from the hotel in the station 'bus, for which a liberal charge is made, the hotel boots expects his douceur (No. 1). So far so good; but now the horrors begin. One man lifts the baggage from the 'bus, and carries it inside the station—even sees it labelled—but he does *not* carry it to the train; oh dear no, he is but an outside porter, and only in that capacity must be tipped (No. 2). The new porter who carries the luggage to the platform, and actually puts it into the train, expects his recompense as well (No. 3). More tips have yet to come however! If foot-warmers are required, the gentleman who brings them must not be forgotten (No. 4); and as no passengers open carriage doors for themselves on account of the rarity of raised platforms, the individual who kindly performs that duty, and looks at your ticket, bows and stands, and bows and bows again until he has been paid for his polite salutations (No. 5). So five tips are necessary before one can get into the train at all. At the other end of the journey the whole process is repeated!

But to return to the ice. We tipped the gentlemen to let us on, although it is usually a public waterway, and, once on the slippery surface, struggled to keep our feet. On our right was a large steamer; and to our amusement we found she was surrounded by men wielding very long thin-bladed saws, with which they were cutting large blocks of the frozen mass from her sides. The ice pressure is bad for vessels, and all along the quay numbers of men were employed in thus cutting blocks away. They were very warmly clad; many of them had fur caps with flaps over their ears, also warm comforters, and they wore the Icelandic double-thumbed gloves; for, like all people accustomed to great cold, the Dutch keep their extremities well covered, knowing the likelihood and dangers of frostbite. Curiously enough, however, many of them wore sabots on their feet, called 'klumpen'—a very expressive name, we thought, considering the 'clump, clump' they make—and these men declare that with their thick stockings they do not feel these wide wooden shoes at all cold.

Half-way across the ice was the open water passage, over which we were conveyed in a small ferryboat worked by means of chains by a handful of men at either side.



ICE-BOAT FAIR ON THE ZUIDER ZEE

More tipping; then on we went again, and in a few moments reached the other side, where the steam tram was to convey us to Monnikendam. These steam trams are literally trains, with first- and second-class carriages, and often a post carriage as well. They are to be found everywhere in Holland, where they go right through the streets of the towns at a good pace, merely ringing a bell to warn pedestrians of their approach. Luckily there are not many fiery chargers in private carriages, and the old dray or occasional cab horses do not seem to be disturbed by the huge black, headless monster.

While waiting for this iron horse to start we watched some men fishing in the ice. There was a ring of what looked like grave-stones, only they were composed of ice, which we learnt had been sawn out to make fishing holes, and each block so removed had been stood on end, beside its own particular hole, so that no person should inadvertently, in the fog or dusk, step into a watery grave. The men were landing the fish quite fast, faster than they would in an ordinary way, as the oviparous creatures naturally rose to these air holes to breathe, and were immediately caught by a wily hook. By some ingenious method the men had put down a net, fastened to a long pole, the ends of which were attached to ropes at two different holes, and when they pulled the net up they got quite a fine haul for their trouble.

At Edam we were to find our ice-boats (private ones) in readiness, and while our cicerone went to see if they had arrived, we went into the little inn to get some warm soup if possible, for we were very cold after our journey.

'Mine host' had none, but he had coffee. So coffee, with a most peculiar taste and well stewed, we drank in the little public room with its 'neatly sanded floor.' Coffee in Holland is the drink of the country, with a little gin thrown in, and, strangely enough, except in private houses or in the best hotels, the coffee is very bad indeed. The inhabitants have a curious way of making it, and then standing it for some hours over a spirit lamp, so that any new-comer can always have a 'kop'; but of course this process of stewing does not improve the flavour.

A few days' frost, accompanied by one of those severe east winds so well known in Holland, are quite sufficient to make six or ten inches of ice; for when once the ice begins to form it accumulates very rapidly; and then Holland is all agog with its skates, its little wooden box-like toboggans, or its ice-boats. The great place for ice-boat sailing is naturally the Zuider Zee, because it has an enormous expanse of water, and a large area is absolutely

necessary where ice-boats are employed; for though only small craft themselves, their immense winged skates take up a considerable amount of room, added to which a great deal of tacking is often necessary, so that the employment of ice-boats on a canal is practically impossible.

Although it was eleven o'clock when we reached Edam, and the ice-boats had been ordered to be in readiness at that time, the Dutch people do not hurry themselves, and the boats were not even out; so our friend suggested, on his return, our having a look at the town and luncheon before starting, and then we should not require to hurry back. We all agreed.

Edam is delightfully picturesque; and a jolly old clock tower, with the bells hung outside at the corners, as usual, played a pretty chime every quarter of an hour, after the usual Dutch fashion. The canals were all frozen solid, and it was no longer necessary to lift the bridges up and down for the barges to pass through, for the barges were now frozen in on both sides of the canals. These barges, by-the-bye, are strange-looking things; they have no keels, but only a curious fan-like wooden wing at the side, which, if there is any wind, they put in the water to steady them, and by its means are able to cross the Zuider Zee, and even manage to go as far as Denmark.

The hotel (wee inn would be more appropriate) owner offered us anything we liked for luncheon. He had everything, in fact; yet somehow the establishment seemed to belie his words. We had heard this sort of statement before in small hostelries containing nothing.

At last! Our ice-boats were ready; so we were informed by a smiling man-servant who appeared at the door, and, rapidly settling our bill, we slipped along over the icy road to the frozen waters of the Zuider Zee.

It was indeed a pretty picture that lay before us; several ice-boats with brown sails and white sails, or the even more charming rich red so common in Holland, were scudding over the slippery surface at terrific speed. The whole of that vast expanse of ice, far out beyond the island of Marken, was solidly frozen; but, although there were many ice-boats and a few sledges, there were no skaters, for the east wind had blown the snow on the ice into little ridges which looked exactly like ice-waves. These were anything but comfortable to skate over, and well-nigh impossible, even to the long Dutch blade.

Our delightful Dutch companion had arranged with a friend for the loan of two ice-boats and two servants for the ladies, having

ordered his own boat out for himself. They are certainly strange-looking things, these ice-boats, and their sails seem so enormous that they appear top-heavy. They are about ten feet in length, and have flat bottoms, which do not rest on the ice at all, but on a planking some sixteen feet long and probably three wide, which passes under the middle of the boat itself. The Dutch ice-boats are really boats in shape, and rest on this long platform-like thing, which projects about seven feet on both sides of the little craft, and raises her by means of blade-like skates at either end about a foot from the ice itself. As this description may seem perhaps rather difficult to understand, it may be added that the boat is steadied on the middle of the long plank mentioned above, while at either end of this long plank is a skate. At the bow and the stern of the boat itself are also skates; therefore the boat, standing on four skates, never touches the ice itself at all, so that even when the surface is rough the bottom of the boat remains uninjured.

Our English ice-boats are quite different from these, for they are not boats at all—much more like a raft put on skates and rigged up with a sail. They do very well for this country, where it is impossible to go any long distance, and where the wind is never very cold; but in Holland the sides of the boat are a protection that is absolutely necessary, as anyone who has flown wildly over the Zuider Zee at breakneck speed will readily understand. As the rudder is worked on another and smaller skate-like blade, the boat is literally supported on five skates. It is a fragile thing, and only big enough to accommodate two people, who, lying in the bottom covered up with fur rugs, keep their heads as low as possible for the purpose of protecting them from the cold, and also to prevent their being bumped every time the sail tacks; for an ice-boat is always tacking and is easily managed, so that with ice and wind it can absolutely sail anywhere. The strange part of it is that the mast is not a fixture at all, but passes through an iron hoop, which enables it to sway a little from side to side, probably to allow the sail to lay over to the wind without taking the flat-bottomed craft off the level. And it is quite extraordinary to see how tremendously the sail does lay over to the side, until in the distance it looks exactly like an ordinary yacht bending before the breeze.

There are ice-boat clubs, races are organised, and it is quite the fashion for the sportsmen of Amsterdam to keep their craft at Edam or Monnikendam, and spend odd half-holidays flying wildly before the wind over the frozen sea. The pace of an ice-boat is

tremendous; it absolutely takes one's breath away; indeed, it is said it can race the fastest train and win!

Our start was rather amusing. English visitors are almost unknown in the winter, and it had apparently become rumoured abroad that two English ladies were going out that afternoon on ice-boats, for by the time we reached the starting-point we discovered a whole row of Dutch people, men and women, had assembled to have a look at us. The men wore the most extraordinary trousers ever seen; they are really a speciality of Marken, and so big and baggy, although they only reach the knees, that they look like a lady's crinoline of days gone by.

MAN'S DRESS, MARKEN ISLAND

Their beauty consists in their fulness; and a man's wealth is apparently judged by the number of pleats in his trousers, just as the Scheveningen fisherwife's position is at once ascertained by the fulness of her petticoats. The trousers we saw were so wonderful that we could not help speculating as to what could make them stick out so—was it crinoline, horsehair, or whalebone? But our Dutch friend informed us it was merely the cut and the arrangement of the pleats.

The natives did not seem to feel the cold severely, for they were not very thickly clad, although, like all Northern people,

they used thick scarves and kept their hands covered. The women, in spite of the cold, only wore white lace caps on their heads; but—and this is the most remarkable feature of the Monnikendam woman's dress—a long curl of absolutely unnatural yellow hemp hung from behind each ear, without the slightest suggestion of reality, and looking so grotesque that it reminded one of a Dutch doll, or a burlesque actress at the pantomime.

A few words in Dutch were exchanged amongst the men, and it was settled that we should go out to Marken, keeping the three boats as near together as possible. So, with final injunctions from our Dutch friend to wrap ourselves up warmly and sit quite still, we were packed into the bottom of the boats.

Our thick Norwegian coats and enormous high fur collars amused those Dutch onlookers immensely, for they pointed and laughed and walked round us, and chatted and chuckled together, evidently much amused that English ladies should care to go on Dutch ice-boats, and come dressed in Russian or Norwegian furs.

But still they were not half so much amused at us as we were at them, for their very stolidity and their extraordinary garments seemed intensely interesting.

My sailor servant wore a sort of a uniform, but as he spoke no language but his own, of which I knew nought, our conversation had to be somewhat limited, although we managed a vast amount of smiling. Apparently my position did not please him, for he patted me down to a lower grade before he was satisfied, until really I could hardly see anything; also he tucked me up like a big baby in the fur rug; then with some words to his companions, which apparently meant they were to start us, two or three of the onlookers rushed forward and gave the boat—which, although, standing with her sails set, was in a position where the wind did not move her—a push, and off we went. The moment her bow was turned round, and the wind caught her sails, away we sped; every minute the pace increased, until at last the east wind grew so cutting that I felt quite pleased to dip my head even lower than the sailor servant had suggested. Oh, the excitement of it! Oh, the pace! At times we sailed gently, at others we bumped violently over an ice rut. But on, on, on we madly sped, and as we got nearer the open sea the speed increased, for we were no longer sheltered by the low banks, the queer dykes, or the stately windmills. It was a novel experience, and I could not resist nodding and smiling approval at my kindly sailor;

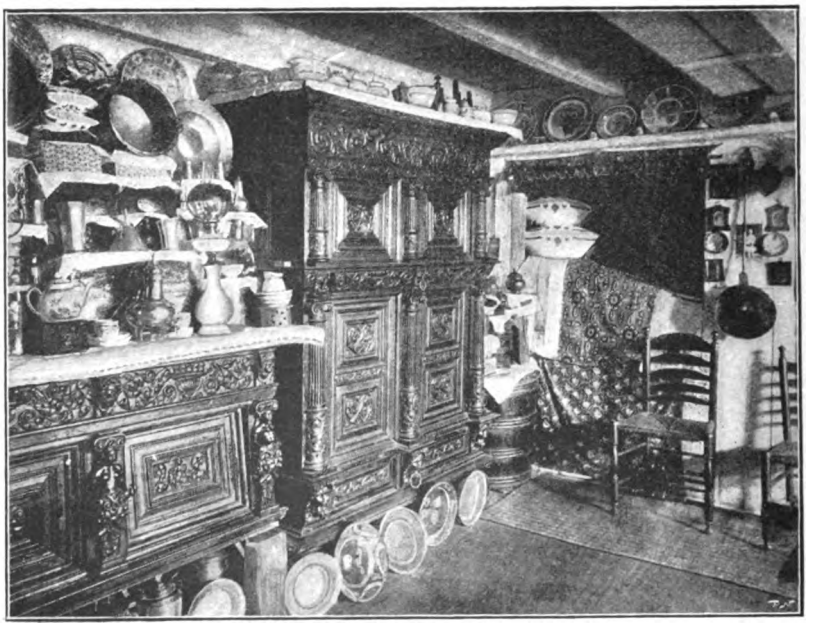
language between us was impossible, although an occasional German word brought recognition to his countenance.

'Sehr gut,' I exclaimed. He nodded approval, and then, much to my surprise, he patted me on the back, took me by the hand, bumped me down into the bottom of the boat by the shoulder, and performed such queer antics, I really thought the man was mad. Taking my right hand, he put it on to the opposite side of the boat, and by gesticulation explained I was to hold tight. The left hand he then patted on the left side in a similar manner; but, as I was quite comfortable, I could not imagine why I had to

A Dutch Family Party

hold on. Then he patted the top of my head and pushed it forward to show me how I was to put it; and, having arranged my body according to his liking, he rapidly exchanged his steering pole from one side to the other, pressing the freed hand against my back to keep me face downwards in the boat. What on earth could he mean by such familiarity? But I had not long to wonder; for with one of those strange yells, such as one hears in a Highland ball-room from the strong throats of kilted men, he turned the rudder, and the boat suddenly swung round as if on a pivot, the sail flapped across my head from one side to

the other, and we had tacked. The jerk, the rapid movement, was so great, I had been almost bumped from my seat in spite of all precautions; but, peering at him above the huge upturned fur collar, and smiling 'gut,' he seemed to think I wanted to tack again, for in another minute we had turned and were speeding rapidly back. This man seemed to be able to do anything with his ice-boat: to run before the wind, behind the wind, beside the wind; he was certainly very experienced, and in a few minutes we had joined our other companions, and were swung round to the accompaniment of the noisy rattle of the skates.



INTERIOR OF A MARKEN FISHERMAN'S HOME

The men chatted together, or rather roared at one another, for the noise of the skates over the rough ice, coupled with the wind, made conversation from one boat to the other impossible, and then—well—they raced. We three boats, all in a row, raced as hard as we could tear for the island of Marken. First one would get a little way in front, then another, then a slight tack would be necessary, and we would exchange places. But on we raced in the most exciting manner, and at the most awful speed, until we came within a few hundred yards of the shore, when we gradually began to slacken speed and draw up, for the ice had become so

bumpy, we could hardly keep our seats in the little craft. A good deal of consultation ensued amongst the men, and we were informed that as the rough ice was now damaging the skates, if we wanted to see Marken, we must kindly walk across the intervening distance. Of course we wanted to see Marken, the peasant homes of which are some of the most quaint in Holland. These fisher folk are rich, and have accumulated many beautiful old pots and pans, quaint bits of carving, and droll embroideries about them in their little homes. The bed is set into the wall, and the mattress raised so high that one requires a pair of steps to get into it. Consequently, out of the boats we literally tumbled. Being somewhat stiff and bumped is not exactly the best state in which to walk over rough ice. However, we struggled along, and the peep into one or two Marken interiors was well worth an occasional fall *en route*. The people were very hospitable and kindly, and one particular warming-pan having taken my fancy, I asked my Dutch friend if I could not buy it.

'No,' he replied in horror; 'these people would as soon sell their children as their household gods.'

It was all very quaint and very interesting, and we might have spent hours among these queer relics of Dutch life; but the days are short in winter, and as ice is fickle and Marken permanent, we decided to enjoy another ice-boat spin before the sun finally set. It was a spin! This time we succeeded in getting round the island. At times, on the sea side, it was very bumpy; but at others there were beautiful stretches of flat ice over which the wind bore us in triumph. We could not help admiring the wonderful way in which the men managed their boats, for really the little craft seemed top-heavy with their enormous sails, which were never taken down, and an east wind on a winter's day is very fitful.

Before we turned to race back to Monnikendam, the dazzling snow and the hard-frozen ice were turning pink in the first shades of evening. Behind those dear old windmills, so sleepy, so plodding, so everlastingly at work and redolent of Dutch life, the reds and yellows were deepening; the leafless trees stood forth, like transparent lacework, against a beauteous sky; the warm brown and red depths of the quaint mills and high-roofed homes of Holland were mellowing and strengthening in that wonderful sunset glow; and as the shadows formed, the picture became more interesting, for the rich colouring disappeared gradually, and the soft grey mist of evening swept her veil over a scene which vanished in eerie clouds of darkness.

SPORT ON DARTMOOR[1]

BY W. F. COLLIER

THE earliest man of whom we have any evidence was a hunter and a fisher. In a climate such as England, and particularly such as Dartmoor, the first men were certainly hunters, and indeed we have their early weapons in evidence. Was there anything else in England on which they could live, except the beasts of the field and the fish of the sea and the rivers? Man was a fisherman in the remotest ages, and to this day, it is said, fish are his most wholesome diet.

When a man hunts or fishes for his living, it is not sport. Ask the fishermen of Plymouth if it is sport. Many men now live by fishing, but the only men who now live by hunting are some of the wild savage nations not reached by the march of civilisation, and it would be idle to ask them if hunting is sport. The idea of sport must have arisen when the skilled hunter found himself superseded by the herdsman and shepherd, when the beasts of the chase were a luxurious change in diet, and not a necessity. Still, the object of sport was food, until quite recent times, when sport is followed for sport's sake, and food is altogether a secondary consideration. Our chief sport now is fox-hunting, and we do not eat foxes. The red-deer, I take it, indigenous to Europe, and pervading nearly the whole Continent, was the great object of man's desire as a hunter after his food in the most primitive days. We have evidence of the presence of the reindeer,

[1] This paper was read before the Devonshire Association at Okehampton at their annual meeting on August 1, 1895.

elk, and others of the tribe, but the red-deer was all-pervading. And he is the object of sport still, not far from Okehampton, on Exmoor, where the wild red-deer is now hunted, whose ancestry might be traced to the very earliest days as food for primitive man on Dartmoor.

The red-deer was the great object of the chase when hunting was first regarded as a sport throughout Europe, and methods of hunting him were brought over from France by the Conqueror, methods then new to the natives of England. The French hunting terms are now used, and our famous cry 'Tally-ho!' is only a corruption of the French call 'Il est allé-ho!' when a deer had gone away. They have also the term 'blanching' a deer on Exmoor, used in the same sense as 'heading' a fox—that is, stopping him and turning him back. The pack of hounds is a modern invention; the old method was the arrow from the bow, and the stricken deer was run down by hounds at gaze. William Rufus was killed by an arrow when hunting in the New Forest, the red-

GOING TO COVER

deer, no doubt, being his quarry. Hunting the red-deer was the sport of kings and princes with their retinue, and the ceremonial was complicated and extravagant.

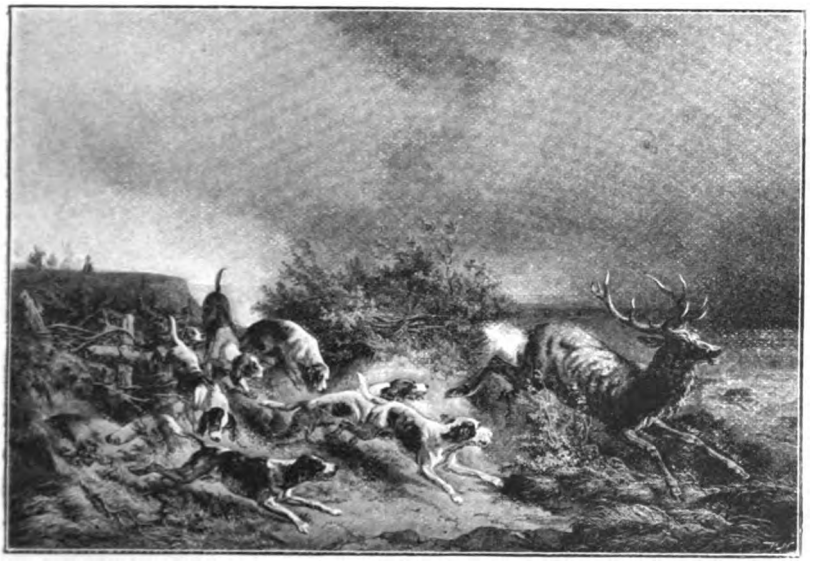
We can imagine the chase of the red-deer by prehistoric man, with his primitive bow, and flint arrow-heads, the deer stealthily stalked, wounded, and followed up with the hunting craft of the savage, pitting his brains, such as they then were, against the

instincts, strength, and fleetness of foot of the monarch of the glen. We can also imagine in the time of John the pageant of the hunt, the rousing of a deer, a stag of ten according to Scott—I should say a hart of fifteen. A stag is a five-year-old deer, a hart is a six-year-old or full-aged deer, and ten points would not be a big head for Devonshire, whatever it may be in Scotland. We can picture, I say, the rousing of a hart of fifteen in the dense coverts on the banks of the Plym, a chase over Dartmoor to the banks of the Dart, where the deer would soil—that is, take to the water, as the hart pants for the water-brook—and there to blow the mort. There were curious forest laws in those days, all for the sake of the deer. No dog was allowed in the forest which could not go through King William Rufus's stirrup. The stirrups of these degenerate days would admit but a very small dog, the smallest of toy-terriers; but Rufus's stirrup was a large machine to hold his Majesty's foot, and a short-legged spaniel could easily pass through. Larger dogs were not allowed in the forest unless they were lawed, or expedited—that is, three claws cut off from the forefoot to prevent their following deer at any pace. There were two sorts of dog commonly used in the chase in those days—the 'grey-hound' or 'gaze-hound,' famous for its sight and swiftness; and the 'bracket,' a hound which hunts by scent, then a lower class of hound, though now so highly prized. There are still remnants of the old forest laws on Dartmoor. The Venville men claim a right to take anything from the moor that may do them good, except green oak and venison, which should properly be vert and venison, vert in that sense meaning the food of the red-deer. The Venville men also pay for night-rest. They were not allowed on the moor at night, on account of the deer which they might take at night, unbeknown to the foresters; but when the deer became of less importance, they obtained the privilege on paying a trifle by way of fine.

There is an old tradition of hunting the deer on Dartmoor by Childe the Hunter of Plymstock. He is said to have been caught in a snowstorm when out hunting, to have lost his way, killed his horse, and got inside him for warmth, where he wrote his will on a piece of paper with the horse's blood. The will gave all his lands to the person who first took his body to holy ground. This was supposed to have happened near Nun's Cross or Seward's Cross and Fox Tor, which being on the track of the Abbots' way, the monks of Buckfastleigh and Tavistock, or Buckland and Tavistock—it does not matter much which—found his body, and fought over it for the privilege of carrying it to holy ground, thus

getting his land. The Tavistock monks must have come off victors, for the Duke of Bedford has lands in Plymstock to which he succeeded when the lands of the monks of Tavistock were handed over to his ancestor. Whatever the legend may be worth, Nun's Cross stands exactly in the line a deer would take if he were roused on the banks of the Plym and then crossed to the Dart.

Within one hundred years from this time the red-deer was common in Devonshire, and hunted on Dartmoor. There are fine heads hung in some old halls with a record of where the deer was roused, and where he was killed—accounts of a great chase



A GREAT CHASE

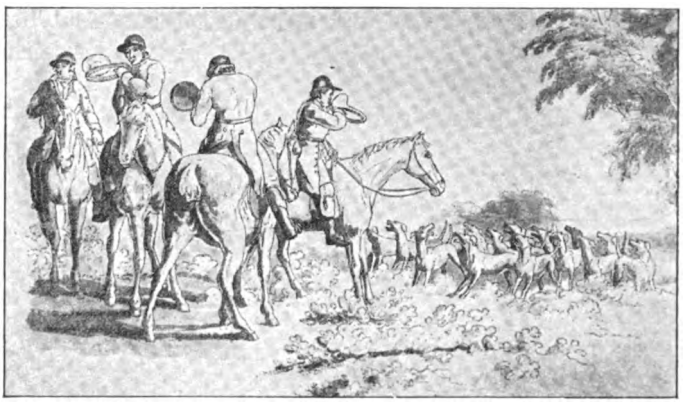
for many miles. The wild red-deer from Exmoor sometimes come down to Dartmoor now, and lately they have bred in our woods again, after having been extinct for some years.

It may be of interest to note that the deer, of all wild animals of the chase, was the most important and had the most attention paid to him. He was a luxury to eat, as well as a quarry to chase. He had his names for his six ages.

The *male red-deer* was a calf the first year, was a brocket the second year, was a spayad the third year (now a pricket), was a staggard the fourth year, was a stag the fifth year (when he might be hunted), and a hart the sixth year and afterwards.

The *female red-deer* was a hind calf the first year, was a brocket's sister the second year (which is curious), or a herst and a hind the third year and the rest of her life.

The *fallow-deer*, now a much more favourite animal for the table, but seldom hunted except in the New Forest, was a fawn the first year, a pricket the second year, a sorel the third year, a



SOUNDING THE HORN ACCORDING TO RULE

sore the fourth year, a buck of the first head the fifth year, and a buck or a great buck the sixth year and afterwards.

The *female* was called a fawn the first year, a pricket's sister the second year, and a doe the third year and afterwards.

Shakespeare's plays are full of hunting terms, the hunting of the deer in his time of course. In 'Love's Labour's Lost' we have a humorous dispute about a fallow-deer killed by the Princess.

Sir Nathaniel: Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Holofernes: Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull: 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. (further on): I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.

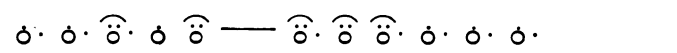
The praiseful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell; put l to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a hooting.
If sore be sore, then l to sore makes fifty sores; O sore l!
Of one sore I a hundred make, by adding but one more l.

In the olden times those who hunted the deer carried a circular horn across the shoulders, in the well-known shape of the French horn. In our present style of riding, falling as we often do, it would be a very cumbersome affair. The hunters in those days—horses are called hunters now—had to sound the horn according to rule, and when the deer was seen the sound of the horn would tell in what direction he was going. I found in Mr. Paul Treby's Diary, the voluminous diary of the well-known sportsman and verderer of Dartmoor, of Goodamoor, a printed list of the proper notes to be sounded on the horn. Five open notes could be sounded on the old horn, and here is a specimen of a hunting call:

NAMES OF THE NOTES

—— tone, ⌒ ton, ò tavern, ⌒ò ton tavern, ⌒ö ton ton tavern.

A RECHEAT WHEN THE HOUNDS HUNT A RIGHT GAME



The old hunting cry 'Tantivy' is most likely a corruption of the horn-note 'Ton-tavern.' To sound such a recheat at the right time, a man must be an experienced hunting man, and to sound the wrong note at the wrong time was to incur condign punishment with the whip at the end of the chase. The deer was mischievous to the crops of the farmer; he liked turnips, apples, and just the delicate tops of the oat ears, in addition to his own vert, or browsing on the young leaves of trees. He was also troublesome to the eager huntsman. He would refuse to leave a big covert, and he was wont to soil—that is, take to the rivers and abide in them. It was also found by experience that a much smaller and till then despised animal would show better sport.

This animal was the fox. Fox-hunting is the great sport of the day, and fox-hunting on Dartmoor is the sport of all others for which Dartmoor is famous. I hold some heterodox opinions about hunting. They may be poor things in the way of opinions, but mine own. The deer is a creature the nature of which is to be hunted by wolves, man, and what not; he has therefore acquired instincts to serve him when he is hunted, such as taking notice of the wind, foiling his scent, and so forth. On the other hand, the fox is a hunter by nature, and is not hunted except by man; I therefore contend that he has no wiles to

avoid or deceive the hunter, knows nothing whatever about the wind, and merely takes to his heels, which are fleet and clever, to get away from the hounds. If he has heard hounds and horn in his cub days, he remembers them for ever after, and puts his

MEET OF THE STAG-HOUNDS

trust in his speed. He is a great wanderer, and knows his country perfectly; the older he is, the more and the better he knows it. On the first alarm he will leave for a distant home, and then comes the great run. Like the deer, he can be found—he is *found*, not *roused*—in a dense covert on one side of Dartmoor, and if he crosses the moor to the other side, few there be that can follow.

I spoke of the pageantry of the hunting of the deer in the olden days when it was the sport of kings. Fox-hunting is a showy affair now, with the red coat, top-boots, and spurs; the hunter, now the best horse bred for all purposes except heavy harness work; the pack of hounds, every hound having been carefully bred for his shape, size, nose, and even colour, for generations on generations; and the etiquette of the field. Foxes are found on the skirts of the moor, and give us a gallop across the best parts. Very pretty they are, but not like the great run

before referred to. Foxes are also found in the bogs, having made their kennel in a snug piece of heath where quiet and silence reign supreme, until the hounds come. They also will give us a pretty gallop, back to their happy hunting-grounds in the large coverts 'in along,' as we say in Devonshire. These runs are not the great runs, but they are good enough for most people. The forward men are forward always; five per cent. of the field is a liberal allowance for such as they are; the rest follow on, see a great deal if they have an eye for sport, and can tell you a great deal more afterwards than anybody else. They can tell who was first and who was last, who had a fall, whose horse stopped, and who was thrown out—that is, lost the hounds, and went home a sadder, if not a wiser, man.

In the case of a great run a deer will go thirty miles, and I have known a fox go twenty-three and twenty-four miles. In such a run both the man and the horse must have a good heart. The pace is very great on Dartmoor, there are no fences to stop hounds, and the ground carries a high scent. Scent in hunting is a mystery, and as we have not the nose of a hound, it will

A Nasty Piece of Ground

always be so to us. To ride down these steep hills on Dartmoor over the rocks and stones at a good pace requires high courage in the rider, and to go up these same hills at a good pace requires the stoutest blood in the horse. The whole chase on Dartmoor demands great judgment on the part of the horseman, and an intimate

knowledge of the moor, for the bogs are to be crossed somehow, and it is this requisite knowledge of the moor that unfortunately puts the stranger, however good a man he may be, out of it. No hounds go faster, or so fast, as foxhounds on Dartmoor, except perhaps staghounds on Exmoor. To see a good run on Dartmoor to the finish, both man and horse must be of the very best, and there can be no better sport.

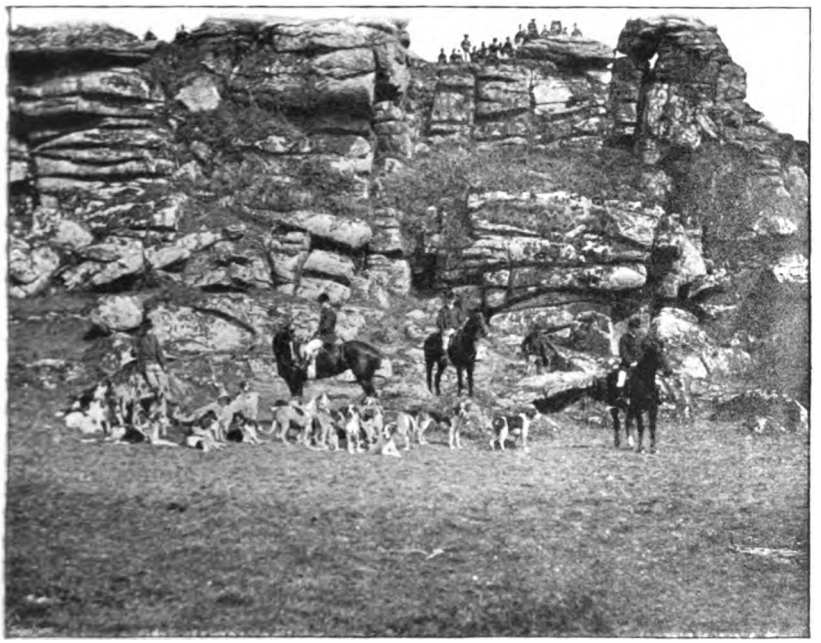
Yes, it may be said on the part of the fox, sport to you is death to us, and it is cruel. It is so; but where would be the fox if it were not for fox-hunting? He, a beautiful, graceful, clever animal, the hero of many fables, would be extinct, with the wild cat, marten, polecat, eagle, kite, peregrine-falcon, and other fine creatures of nature. He would have been trapped and destroyed utterly. Now he leads a charmed life, it is a sin to hurt him, and until the fatal day comes he has found his heels protection enough. We all have our fatal days, and when his

After a Hard Run

comes the fox has a bad quarter of an hour. Up to that time he thinks his heels will serve him as good a turn as they have before. Which of us would not compromise with fate for a bad quarter of an hour when our time comes?

There is also hare-hunting on Dartmoor. Referring to the Diary of Paul Treby, the squire of Goodamoor, it appears that

most country gentlemen about one hundred years ago kept their pack of harriers. There is a story told of Paul Treby, that a friend of his told him a gentleman was coming to live in the neighbourhood who would be a man after his own heart, for he



A Favourite Meet

hunted five days a week. The reply he got was, 'What the devil does he do with himself the other day?'

The sound ground on the outskirts of the moor is very favourable for hare-hunting, and there is plenty of it. I am inclined to think the modern fast hound is very advantageous to the hare. The hare, as an animal hunted by many enemies, in the natural course of things might be supposed to have developed instincts for her preservation. Men talk of the craftiness of the hare, but an old hunting friend of mine said, 'They talk of a hare's craft. I say she is a fool.' The fact is she is very fleet of foot, and trusts to her speed alone. Men give her credit for design, when she has none, and so lose her.

Hare-hunting on Dartmoor has seen an extraordinary development in late years. After hare-hunting in general is over, and

ought to be over, in the month of May, two or three packs of harriers are taken to Princetown to hunt every day for a week in the heart of the moor. On the Friday of that week the meet is always at Beliver Tor, and is the most wonderful sight perhaps in the annals of hare-hunting. Beliver Tor, which is a fine Tor, surrounded with good ground, is the scene on that occasion each year of a most extraordinary gathering of people from far and wide. People on horseback, people on foot, people in every species of carriage, from the four-in-hand to the village cart, all come to picnic on the Tor, whether it be champagne-luncheon or a humble sandwich, and see the sport. It has become a sort of fashion to go to this meet, therefore of course everybody goes—to see one another, if for nothing else. Another curious fact is that a good number of hares appear on the occasion, and one or two get killed, though the chances in such a crowd are much in their favour.

Let me protest, in passing, against calling Beliver Tor by the cockney name of Belle Vue Tor. No one but a City tourist would think of such an outrageous name for it. Beliver, whatever it may mean, is not Belle Vue.

The hunted hare is said to be tender, and a dainty morsel, but I believe this to be a great delusion. Tender it is, but the hare dies in a high fever, and to my mind the flesh has a sickening taste. I have observed the same in trapped rabbits, and trapped pheasants—poor brutes that have been languishing for hours, perhaps, in the cruel gin in a state of hideous fear. The taste of such flesh is to me most offensive, and I warn anyone against buying hares, rabbits, or pheasants with a broken leg.

Sport on Dartmoor includes otter-hunting. The otter frequents all our rivers, but is seldom seen by man, except when hunted. The lonely fisherman may have a glimpse of him sometimes, but not often. He is hunted with the otter-hound proper, or the foxhound. The foxhound is the general favourite, as well he may be. He is as perfect as a long succession of men who have devoted their time to breeding him could make him. He is a foxhound, but he is used for stag-hunting, otter-hunting, and hare-hunting. The otter-hound is a large, rough-coated, patient, babbling hound, with a fine tongue, and handsome withal. The foxhound has an unrivalled nose; he is very quick and dashing, as becomes him, and I question if many an otter does not owe his life to the forward dash of the foxhound. Otter-hunting is a fine sport on Dartmoor, especially on

the River Dart. It is a summer sport, and to go up stream with the otter-hounds on the banks of a sparkling river in a lovely valley is in itself a joy. It is not always easy to find an otter, and many that may be on the river are missed when the hounds are out; but when found the chase is lively. The water carries the scent on the surface, and down stream a hound may speak on it some way below where the otter is moving. To see a pack of hounds swim a pool, every hound speaking, and the valley echoing their musical tongues, is an exciting spectacle. The otter is supposed to be killed because he himself in his turn kills

WITH THE OTTER HOUNDS

the salmon. I like otter-hunting very much, all except the death, which I always deplore. But, after all, not very many are killed.

There was, in times not long gone by, fulmart-hunting on Dartmoor. The fulmart is the foul marten, the polecat, or fitch; alas! extinct, or nearly so, on Dartmoor. A few choice spirits, say about fifty years ago, used to take three or four couple of foxhounds to Two Bridges for fulmart-hunting in the heart of the moor. A friend has told me that hunting the fulmart was the best sport of all. I do not know why. The fulmart

frequented the rivers, was very destructive of all the smaller animals, and he was the dread of the poultry-yard. One or two may be left on Dartmoor, but gamekeepers and warreners are his deadly enemies, and in England, at all events, he is practically extinct.

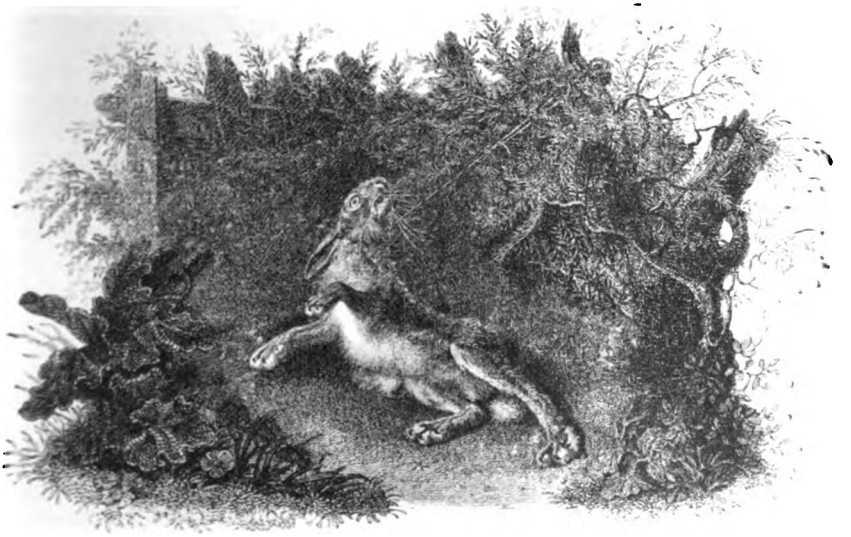
Fishing is another sport, and a very favourite one, on Dartmoor. Trout are plentiful, though small, on the lucid

GOING UP STREAM

Dartmoor streams, and salmon go up to their spawning-beds in goodly numbers. No other fish are found there. The Dart may be said to be the best stream on Dartmoor for both, and the artificial fly, the minnow, and natural baits are used with rod and line. Very little, if any, net-fishing is practised on Dartmoor, though now and then a skilful man with a sport-net in a small stream may land a good basketful.

Finally, there is plenty of shooting on Dartmoor. The Duchy of Cornwall issue licences at 10*s.* 6*d.* each, and if the quantity of game on the moor were divided by the number of sportsmen, the result would not be very promising to each. But walking fifty miles with a gun and a dog or two seems to be lure enough. There are duck, heath-poult, snipe, a woodcock or a

partridge now and then, and golden plover, to be shot on Dartmoor. Snipe are the most common, and heath-poult, the handsome black-cock, and his beautiful grey-hen of a rich heather colour, are to be found at times in number enough to repay one for a good hard day's walk. But they soon get shot down, and the wonder is that there are any left. There is not much game on Dartmoor, which, notwithstanding, is pretty well shot over from all quarters. A good far-ranging staunch setter is the best dog for Dartmoor: a setter of a colour that can be seen at a long distance, and will stay till you can get up to him. With such a dog—and they are to be had—you can bag half a dozen snipe and some odds and ends in a day. A friend of mine gave me on separate occasions a quail that he had shot on Dartmoor, and a stormy petrel. So much for sport on Dartmoor.



A MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLD IN CRETE

BY E. N. BUXTON

On several occasions I have examined, from the deck of an ocean steamer, the rugged southern slope of the 'White Mountains,' which form the western rampart of the Island of Crete. The 27th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles has made this cliff-bound coast more familiar than household words, yet scarcely any travellers have attempted to thread its mountain passes and mazy ravines. My interest was increased by the knowledge that this stronghold is the home of a sturdy race of mountaineers, who have held their own against all comers; and I judged, from the paucity of villages and the complexity of the ridges, that here, if anywhere, would be found the survivors of the wild goat, whose effigy is engraved on the most ancient coins found in the neighbourhood, as if to typify the untamable character of its inhabitants. The district is called Sphakia and Lakkoi, and the gallant Lakkiotes, from behind their natural ramparts, have many times in this century held at bay the organised forces of the Sultan, to whom this jewel of the Ægean belongs, and are ready, at a moment's notice, to renew the contest. Though starved into a sulky acquiescence under the hated rule, they have practically extorted treatment which is mild compared to the relations between governors and governed in other parts of the Empire.

The opportunity to gratify my curiosity in these people occurred in March 1895. The first object which met my view as I stood on the deck of the steamer about to leave the Piræus illustrated the race hatred which scourges the island. A tall man

in the high boots and dark capote which are worn by the peasants of Crete, but with the demeanour of one accustomed to command, sought to hide, under the shadow of his hood, the terrible wounds which disfigured a striking face. One eye was destroyed, the second nearly so, and his cheek was deeply gashed. He had, in fact, come to Athens to learn if it were possible to save his remnant of sight. This was Nicolas Christodoulakis, a member of a redoubtable Cretan family, and himself a former captain of revolutionaries. The story told to me was—that two months previously Turkish soldiers caught a child outside his house, and when, at its cries, he looked out of his door, three charges of slugs and small shot were fired at him. The crime was said to be a case of *vendetta*, a Turkish soldier having been killed a short time before. On whichever side the fault lies heaviest, there is no doubt of the intensity of the feeling which produces a perennial crop of such outrages.

Late at night we passed Antimelos, a small steep island, or rather rock, on which the same wild goat of which I have spoken —the *Capra Ægagrus*—found in the 'White Mountains,' still exists.[1] At least it does so if the band was not exterminated, a year or two ago, by a party of Englishmen who landed, and, driving the herd at length into a place whence there was no escape, fired into them till they had killed or wounded the greater number. I regret to say that the sportsmen who committed this thoughtless act wore the Queen's uniform. They may seek some justification in the fact that Homer's hero made a precisely similar raid, and returned to his boats with many carcases.

The first port we touched at in Crete was Candia, a fortified Turkish town, which lies about midway of the northern coast. On one side of the harbour were sloping dry docks, covered by solid brick arches which were constructed by the Venetians when they were masters here, and into which they dragged their triremes. The principal commerce of the town seemed to consist of high yellow boots, and the food of the inhabitants of dried octopuses.

There were many Arabs and Soudanese in the streets, descendants of Egyptian soldiers, introduced here when the strong hand of Mahommed Ali gripped the island, and there is still much traffic with the African coast, and especially with the Bengazi people. From Candia we coasted westwards to Retymmo, and afterwards passed the narrow entrance to Suda Bay, one of the finest naval anchorages in the Mediterranean. It is difficult to understand the

[1] It also exists on two of the other islands of the Ægean.

strategic considerations which induced Lord Beaconsfield, whilst he was leasing an island from the Turks, to prefer Cyprus to Crete. The former possesses no defensible harbour, while, in addition to this qualification, Crete lies little out of the course between Malta and Port Said, and almost seals the Ægean.

The next morning we landed at Khania, and were received on the quay by our well-known Consul, Mr. Biliotti, who, notwithstanding that it was Friday, when no Turk will willingly exert himself, managed, by a combination of the *suaviter in modo* with the insistence proper to Her Majesty's representative, to secure the passage of our luggage through the Custom House. The mountains for which we were bound being in full view, we did not relish a delay in the noisy town, and hurried up our preparations. My brother went off with the interpreter to make purchases of stores, and returned with mountains of fresh vegetables, and by midday we had succeeded in piling these with the rest of our equipage on to a string of weedy ponies, and sending them off for Lakkos, which is a village well up into the hills. After effecting this we retired for luncheon to a delightfully cool villa in the suburbs. Leaving civilisation—the last sign of which was the settlement of miserable lepers outside the walls—behind us, we followed our pack train on horseback. The way lay over the plain of Livadia, the natural fertility of which is increased by the rainfall induced by the mountains, which look down upon it from a height of 8,000 feet. Clouds covered the latter, but occasionally swept aside and allowed glimpses of their white tops, framed between the stems of grand old olive trees. For some miles the Government had constructed a cobble-stone road, which served to mark the way, but was in that state of repair which is usual in the Turkish Empire, and all wayfarers travelled parallel with it on tracks through the fields.

Soon turning south up the valley of the Jardanos, we entered Alikianon, a district of orange groves, and, seeing a woman in one of them, I invaded her territory, and returned laden with golden booty, for which she would take no payment. These oranges are as large as those of Jaffa, and have a splendid flavour. After this we forded the river, and then began a sharp ascent of the foot hills by a series of zigzags, and reached at sunset Lakkos, a large village scattered over the steep side of the ridge. Many of the houses are built against the hillside, so that it was difficult in the gloaming to tell whether one was walking on solid ground or the roof of a house. These flat-topped roofs, being flush with the footpath, which constitutes the main street of the village, are

convenient conversation places upon which the villagers assemble. The rooms below open on to another roof which covers the family flocks and herds.

Our tents were pitched on a little platform near the church, the only approach to a level place in the neighbourhood, but we took our meal in one of the houses hospitably offered for our use. During its consumption the whole available space, not occupied by the bed and the loom, was presently filled with an admiring

AN ADMIRING CIRCLE OF THE NOTABLES OF LAKKOS

circle of the notables of Lakkos, including the *Demarchos*, who dropped in *sans gêne*. Our communications, if unrestrained and cordial, were naturally restricted, but these hospitable folk did their best to make us feel at home.

The man whom we had engaged as cook and interpreter was occupied in cooking our dinner in the adjoining house. From the sounds of revelry which proceeded thence, we judged that he was enjoying himself. The individual whom the Consul had designed

to fill these functions for us had had a revolver accident, and 'Polly,' whose full patronymic I will not further advertise, had been secured by us at the last moment at Athens. This gentleman proved to be over-fond of the excellent and potent wine of the country. We afterwards found that, being surrounded in his own department by a similar crowd of villagers to that which entertained us, his expansive soul warmed towards them, and he proceeded to distribute a great part of our stores gratuitously. At this period his utterance had become somewhat confused, and we gathered that his audience had formed the opinion that we were foreign emissaries bent on fomenting and subsidising a new revolution, a kind of assistance to which this same village has, it is believed, lent a willing ear in the past. We subsequently discovered that the baser sort were not averse to the process of selling to us their produce, and afterwards enjoying the benefit of a redistribution of the same, but the process was distinctly demoralising all round. I should be loth to tax Lakkiot peasants generally with laxity of morals. On the contrary, I conceived a great admiration for their manly independence; thanks to which, and their rocky fastness, they have ever withstood the foreigner, whether Turk or Venetian.

These people are a fine race, and distinct from any other Levantines I have seen, whether Greeks, Turks, or Syrians. The sandy beards which many of them wear, their fair complexions and stalwart figures, point to an origin in the north, rather than the south, of Europe; but, however that may be, it is doubtless due to the physical difficulties of the mountains where they dwell that they have maintained their race uncontaminated by baser blood. Two very favourable specimens, Stephano of Lakkos, and Vassilis of Selino, reputed to be the best hunters of the district, were engaged by us. They proved to be able mountaineers, but deficient in the science of venerie.

Lakkos had a stormy origin. In the year 1560, as now, the Cretans detested their rulers, and endeavoured to cast off the Venetian yoke. Francesco da Molini, a wealthy Venetian, and owner of a rich estate on the plain, sought to reach by stratagem the mountaineers, whom he could not overcome by fighting. He proposed a matrimonial alliance between his daughter and a member of the family of Kandanoli, the leader of the insurgents. A number of the latter were decoyed by the profuse hospitality offered, and, when overcome by the generous wine of Khania, were bound and hanged—all but four, who escaped to this buttress of the mountain, a natural stronghold overlooking the plain.

Lakkos, which they founded, has at every opportunity been prominent in resisting the foreigner who tried to storm the mountain land. Reprisals have generally taken the form of burning the village, and Pashley records that his host had had his house destroyed three times for this reason. The descendant of one of these pioneers, himself, in his youth, a refugee from Turkish oppression, and now resident in London, told me the above tradition, which he had from the elders of his village, and which is confirmed by one of the Harleian MS. in the British Museum.

Our night was rather a disturbed one, for, in the first place, the authorities had set guards over our tents—a most superfluous precaution. These soldiers crooned to themselves outside till we silenced them with forcible modern Greek oaths. Dogs were numerous, and, whenever one barked, it started the cocks crowing, and that appeared to set off all the owls of the neighbourhood as well. In the morning we followed the ridge, from which we had a splendid view backwards over the red plain to the north. Then the ascent got steeper and rougher, and we mounted a succession of stony ravines. After five hours' ride we descended on to the curious upland plain of Omalos. This bears some resemblance to an extinct crater, though it is not of volcanic origin, but is formed by the gradual washing down of *débris* from the surrounding mountains into the hollow. It has no open-air outlet for accumulated water except a subterranean one. The plain, which is three miles long, has a gentle slope down to one end, where there is a *katavóthron*, or cave, into which flood-waters rush, to reappear many miles off. Though 4,000 feet above the sea, the soil is very fertile, and is cultivated in the warm months. Hence there are some solidly-built stone huts, which shelter the summer visitants, and near to one of these we pitched our camp. It is reputed that this upland retreat is used as a convenient tryst for the mountaineers when concocting fresh schemes of revolt. To the east of the plain lies the extremely rugged district of Sphakia. The 'White Mountains' descend sharply from a height of 8,000 feet to the sea, hence this limestone area is scored by gullies of extraordinary depth and steepness.

As it was still early, we went to the other end of Omalos to examine the country before us. The triangular plain narrows to a little valley, which suddenly comes to an end at the edge of a tremendous ravine. Down this, the difficult pass of the *Xyloscalon*, or 'wooden staircase,' is carried, by a tortuous way, among ancient cypresses—gnarled and storm-warped. This gorge, and others equally profound which fall into it, constitute a sanctuary

in which the ibex, here alone in all Crete, maintain themselves. One of these ravines seemed to be not less than 5,000 feet deep from the top of the flanking ridges to the stream, and the former could not have been more than two miles apart.

These ravines represent roughly a Y, but the eastern arm is duplicated thus—Y. They are encompassed by a range of cliffs, which I calculated to be not less than thirty miles in length, and perhaps, with their many folds, a great deal more; yet I do not think they are accessible from valley to ridge at more than a dozen points, even to a practised mountaineer.

Celestin and I climbed to a convenient spying point and soon had our telescopes out. In a few minutes I had the good fortune to get my glass on a small band of four goats, who were grazing at the foot of a cliff, three miles down the valley—all males. Three of them had the grey flanks and black shoulder-stripe distinctive of the older males of this species. Being distant, they were difficult to hold, among the scraggy fir trees and cypress which project from these cliffs. Opposite to us was a mighty wall, which rose from the bottom of the gorge at our feet to a height of 2,000 feet above us. On this we could hear stones intermittently tinkling down the rock, and Stephano assured us they were started by ibex on the feed. At length Celestin made out three of them, though, search as I would, I could not catch sight of them. Strange to say, C. could not 'pick up' those which I had happened on with the glass, which illustrates the difficulty of finding them, even to a brilliant performer with the telescope as he is. It was too late for a stalk, as the ravine which lay between was too deep to cross before night. Two men from the huts had, rather to our annoyance, persisted in coming with us. They were armed with military breechloaders, a great number of which have been introduced into the island, but not for sport; such are the benevolent intentions of some of the Powers—it is needless to specify which. We tried to dissuade these gentlemen from disturbing the ground, but they appeared to be under the impression that, as we wanted ibex, they were furthering our wishes by trying to shoot some. When we returned to camp they pursued their way for some rocks, where they proposed to pass the night.

Although, contrary to expectation, our camp on Omalos was free from snow, it was exposed to an extremely cold north wind, and washing and tubbing in the open was a severe discipline. Under such circumstances we were tempted to ask, 'Why wash?' After all, it is only a percentage of English and Americans who

do this thing, and they are accounted mad. Perhaps the majority are right; certainly the Cretans have no doubt on the subject. We resorted to the hut for warmth, and got it there. All our followers and several shepherds, not fewer than twenty in all, as well as a horse, were assembled in that low room. We made the most of our opportunity to get on terms with the people, but began to discover that Polly was a broken reed as an interpreter. Our inquiries were strangely metamorphosed, and no attempt

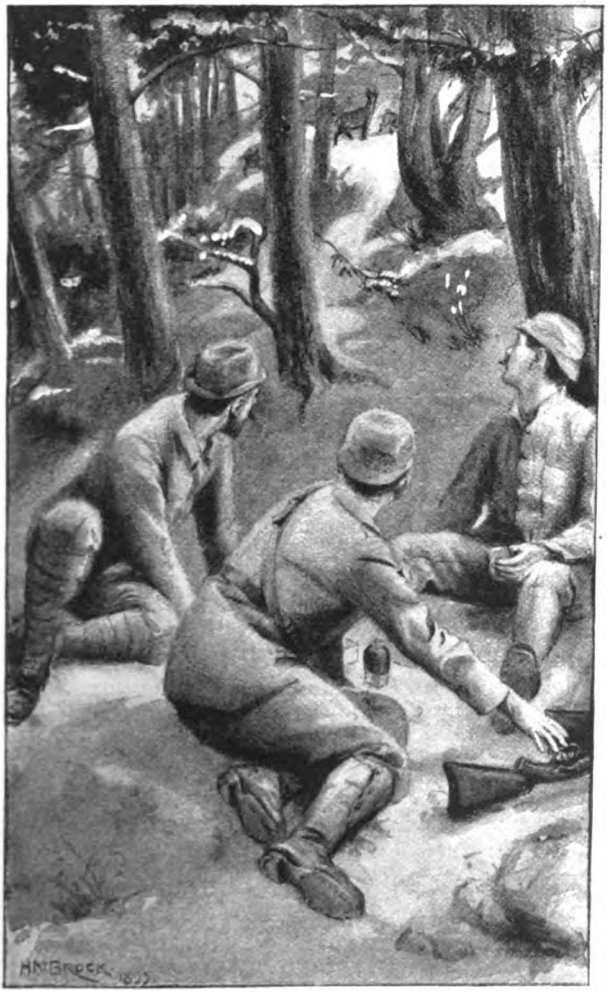
WE TRIED TO DISSUADE THESE GENTLEMEN

was made, as we afterwards discovered, to convey to us our men's wishes. There were signs of discontent among them, for which we could not at the time discover the cause. While we sheltered in the huts, natives of another description took refuge from the cold in our tents. When I turned out the contents of my 'sausage' bag—it is necessary to do this when seeking anything in that sort of luggage—I found that a toad of portentous size had *put on* my pyjamas.

The next morning the clouds lay so low, that we made rather a late start. When we reached the edge of the ravine, we found our hunting acquaintances of the night before engaged with others in a drive, which did not improve our prospects of sport. These peasants do not seem to have ever practised any other method of hunting, for Pierre Belon, a traveller, who, in 1553, published 'Les Observations de plusieurs Singularitez,' describes the method of hunting 'le Bouc Saulvage en Crète.' 'Il y a des paysants sur la summité des haultes montaignes de Crète si bons tireurs de l'arc et principalement entour la montaigne de la Spachie et Madara, qu'ilz les navrent de leurs fleches de vingt et cinq pas de loing; et à ce faire menent des femelles qu'ilz ont nourries et apprivoisées de jeunesse, et les lient à quelque passage en la montaigne, ou les masles ont accoustumé passer. Le tireur se tient à costé, caché derriere quelque buisson à l'opposite du vent, sachant bien que le Boucestain est de si grand sens d'odorer qu'il le sentirait de cent pas. Le masle trouvant la femelle en son chemin s'arreste, et lors le paysant lui tire de son arc.' Our author proceeds to describe how a wounded buck, 'qui est maistre à se médiciner,' proceeds to eat the plant *dictamnus*, but in this he has evidently drawn from Pliny. I, therefore, quote this curious tradition from the fountain head. He says: 'Perceiving themselves shot with a shaft, they have recourse presently to that herb (dittany), and with eating thereof it is driven out again. Moreover, when they are stung with the phalangium, a kind of spider, they cure themselves with eating crayfishes or fresh-water crabbes.' The inhabitants of Crete are well aware at the present day of the healing virtues of dittany, and use it for wounds. Later on we fraternised with the native hunters from motives of policy, but with anger in our hearts. We could only hope that they would soon go home. They suggested, with the friendliest intentions, that, while they kept along the bottom of the ravine, we should climb to a higher level, and keep a bright look-out for whatever they might put up to us. We fell in with this plan, and a very steep clamber took us a thousand feet higher. While taking our luncheon among the fir trees, three dim forms appeared through the stems scarcely eighty yards distant. L. dropped his sandwiches and seized his rifle, while I lay low waiting for the shot; but these were only females, or young ones, and he held his fire. We disposed ourselves in likely places and waited, but nothing else showed up. The passing snow showers made mysterious gloom in the depths below, and the icy flakes froze on to everything, so that the grand old gnarled

trees to which they clung blossomed into a monstrous white inflorescence on every leaf and bearded tassel of moss.

We crossed the ridge on our return to camp, and in a secluded dell found the lovely blue *chionodoxa*—one more proof that Crete



THREE DIM FORMS APPEARED THROUGH THE STEMS

is but a continuation of the Taurus range of Asia Minor, where this bulb is common.

After another day with much the same experiences of weather, we decided that it would be well to try and find a camp

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further away from the attentions of our Lakkos friends, and more in the heart of the ibex country. My brother and I, therefore, determined to explore the ravine and look out for a more central camp. The Xyloscalon proved, as our natives had told us, a *κακὸς ὁρόμος*, though it has been recently improved. The descent is at least three thousand feet to the tiny village of Samaria, which lies in the depths of the ravine. This singularly retired corner of the world has frequently served as a refuge for insurgents when hard pressed by Turkish forces. From above, the only practicable approach is by the difficult mountain track which we had descended. Below the village, for several miles, the ravine so contracts that there is no path except the boulder-strewn bed of the stream, from which the walls of rock rise vertically for many hundreds of feet. Naturally the poor refugees have sometimes been caught here as in a trap, blocked in by snow on the tops of the mountains, and by soldiers at the sea entrance of the ravine. Halfway down to the village was a little solitary chapel called Haghios Nicolaus, close to a running stream, and surrounded by the finest group of old cypresses of the spreading kind which I ever saw. The sacred character of the spot has no doubt preserved them from the axe. This we pitched upon as the best place for a camp, and the wide branches would serve as an excellent substitute for tents, which there might be some difficulty in transporting down the pass.

By this time Polly's peccadilloes had made him impossible, so we dismissed him, and sent him back to Khaniá without more ado. He delivered a parting shot by sending off one of our horses, and ordering at Lakkos an immense quantity of provisions which we did not require. We were relieved when the rascal had gone, but thenceforth we had to do without a cook or interpreter.

We had, however, among our followers some from Khaniá, who were more or less polyglot; an Egyptian named Rumali, which sounds as if it came out of a playbill of the 'Savoy.' This gentleman spent his odd moments rolling cigarettes, which he stuck behind his ears, so that he always had one ready for a friend. Ismail, our Nubian muleteer, like most of his race, was highly intelligent; but he frightened the children at Samaria, who had never seen a black man, which shows how isolated the inhabitants of that village are, even from Khaniá, which contains hundreds. These two had some words of French and Italian, and we ourselves plunged recklessly into modern Greek, undeterred by the discouraging fact that our hunter *Βασιλεύς* pronounces his name Vassilis.

We managed, in spite of the difficulty of the Xyloscala, to bring down all necessaries to Haghios Nicolaus. The church is a tiny building, scarcely ten feet long, and boasts for its only decoration two old china plates of the blue willow pattern, which had been let into the plaster of the wall. We bathed in the bright little stream which dashes along its rocky bed, after rising, full bodied, near this point. Each chose for his bedroom some grassy hollow among the rocks, well sheltered by the spreading Cypress branches, out of which little night birds hooted little questions at us, not untunefully.

A little green col, twenty minutes from camp, is a good spying point for the wild ravine, which here descends into the main valley, and especially for the cliffs, at the base of which I had seen the small herd of ibex rams on the first evening. Being now much closer to it, I felt confident of finding them again, and in the morning Celestin soon had his glass on them—doubtless the same lot—feeding on the slope of loose stones below the steepest part. There were five of them, all old males except one, who had not attained the mature distinction of the shoulder stripe.

I sent Stephano back for my brother, who had remained in camp, and together we watched them through the glass, hoping that they would settle where they were; but this is not their way. The *ἀγρίμια* always retire in the day to the cliff, and generally place themselves where they are absolutely unapproachable from below, and cannot be reached, or even seen, from above.

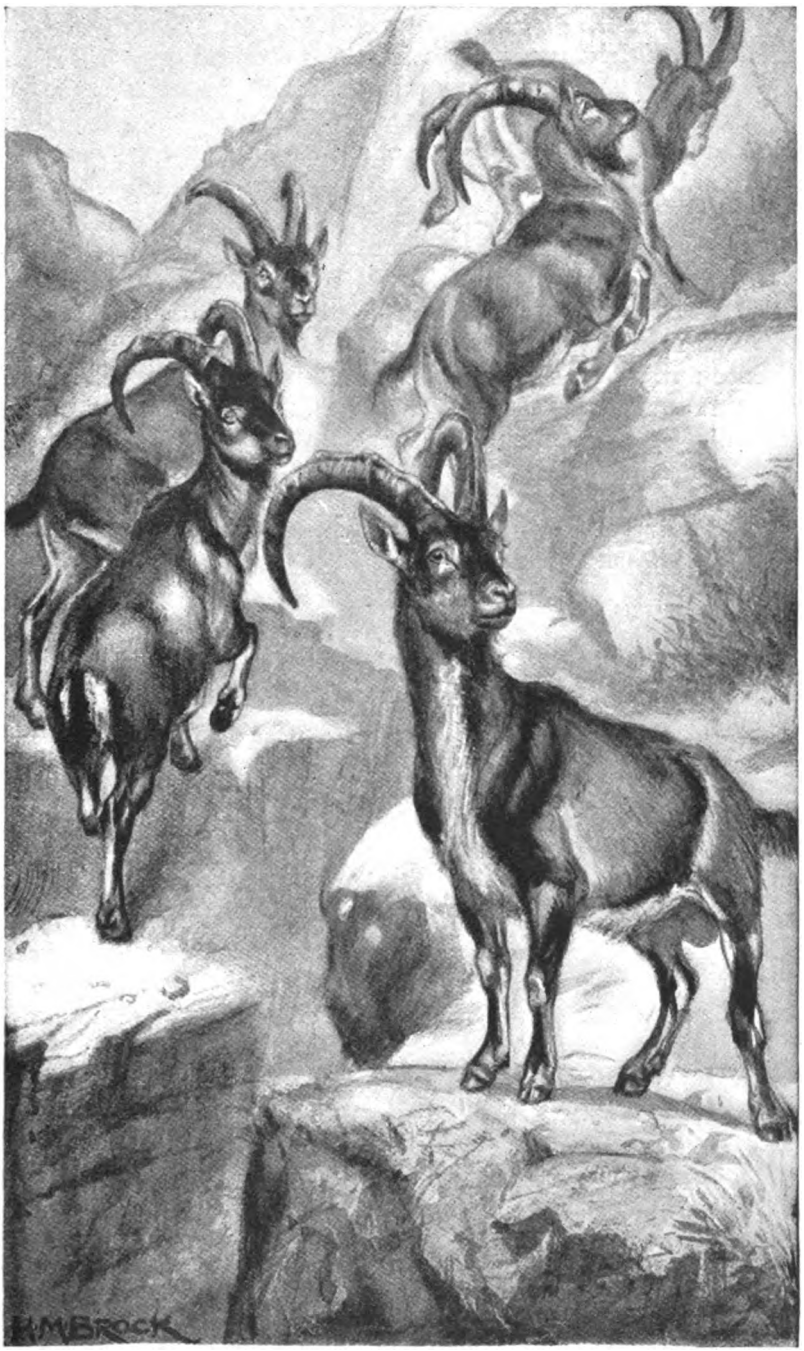
It was pretty to watch their movements when they had reached such a break-neck place. One would stretch himself up on his hind legs against a perpendicular rock for some green morsel, like a man reaching for a flower. I saw one fail in his upward leap, and fall backward as a cat may do in jumping at a wall, but, like the cat, he twisted in the air and alighted again, rigid, and with a perfect balance, on the tiny ledge from which he had sprung. Two of them, finding a little platform, which seemed to me inadequate for the purpose, had a sparring match; each one, rearing up on his hind legs, tried to knock his adversary off by throwing his whole weight on to him. When they were tired of this game—for it appeared to be only light-hearted play—they left the arena, which was immediately occupied by two others, who went through the same pantomime. I was on the look-out, but without success, to verify Pliny's description, who says: 'The wild goat, called the Eveck, wonderful swift, albeit his head be loden with huge hornes like two sword scabberds; by these they hang and poise themselves from rocks, namely, when

they mind to leape from one to another, for by swinging too and fro, they . . . fetch a jerke out to what place they list, as it were forth of an engine.'[1]

When we thought they had settled, Celestin and I proceeded to try the stalk, though I did not like the look of it, for these cliffs are composed of very friable limestone. Getting down into the watercourse, we followed it upwards for several hundred yards. The goats, being far above us, commanded it at several critical points, but by crawling round rocks we reached the foot of the cliff, apparently without having been observed by them, and then crept along its base to the only place where it seemed accessible. A stiff climb, with some awkward steps, took us to the top of a buttress, which we thought commanded their stronghold. We were indeed far too near it, for the wind was blowing hard over the summit of the mountain, and, as sportsmen know, under these circumstances the air always batters about on the lee side. The goats were invisible, and I felt sure that they had had a warning whiff. As a matter of fact, my brother, who remained below, and had his glass on them, saw them move off just before we reached the buttress, but this I did not learn till the evening. We faced a small gully, and I hoped against hope that they had only withdrawn round the corner, and would reappear when hunger prompted them. The best chance, or rather the only one, was to remain where we were. I will not describe the weary watch, for we stayed on these very hard rocks for seven hours—in fact, till well past the goat's supper hour—but never saw them. They were doubtless chuckling a thousand feet higher.

The same day L. descended the valley as far as its junction with its major eastern branch, and explored the latter, using the telescope from various prominent heights. As the day wore on, Vassilis apparently came to the conclusion that this was a futile method, and offered to show sport in his own way. Throwing his coat, not a very savoury garment by the way, to his employer, and enjoining him to remain where he was, he started, without waiting for explanations, up the cliff, his countenance wreathed in mysterious smiles, and 'larding the lean earth' as he climbed. After a time he was seen to reach an eminence far above the sportsman, and lighted a bonfire there; then, bounding off with an agility previously unsuspected in a man of fifteen stone, repeated the operation on another peak. When at length he returned, hot but beaming, it appeared that he thought that this would have

[1] Pliny's *Natural History*, translated by Philemon Holland.



THEY MOVED OFF JUST BEFORE WE REACHED THE BUTTRESS

the effect of driving the *agrimia* into the open. I mention this incident, not at all to the disparagement of this mountaineer—I will not call him hunter—but as showing the willing good-nature with which he and his fellows endeavoured to serve us.

Another day we had the luck to spy a crafty old ram crossing the cliff, and marked him down to his retreat under a tree which sprang from its face. The spot was unattainable by mortal man, but we thought it possible that, by sending our men round and above him, they might dislodge him with stones and outcry. Such was the nature of the cliff, that he could not traverse it, and if his escape upwards were blocked, he would have no alternative but to descend to its foot, at least so it seemed. I do not care for driving myself, but, coupled with the fact that the high wind from the north rendered stalking unavailing, it seemed the only chance.

Carefully surveying our position from the opposite side of the valley, we chose our posts, and reached them with some climbing. Mine I took to be a certainty if the ibex should elect to turn to the right. At least I could see no other practicable course for him. I made myself as secure and comfortable as I could on a little shelf. Nothing happened for four hours or more. Then, out of the stillness, a sudden rush of a heavy body, with sonorous pulsations through the air, made me crouch against the wall. For a moment I took it to be an eagle or lämmergeier, but the loud crash which followed showed it to be a large stone. Others succeeded it, and it was all the more trying to the nerves that I could not hear them coming, till a whiz close by announced their presence. I then observed from the blazes and bruises on the rocks that I was close to the tail of a couloir, down which bounded every rock dislodged on the face of the cliff. I knew that these were messengers dispatched, either intentionally or otherwise, by our friends two thousand feet above, but it was evident that their missiles all took the same course, and that ten yards on either side of the track I was safe. That was all that happened. The seasoned campaigner whom we were endeavouring to dislodge, either knew of some back exit, or remained in his castle until our men had passed him. That was our last attempt to secure a goat. One night, the member of our trio who had the most moral courage announced that he was not going to break his heart, and possibly his head, any longer on these impracticable cliffs, and the others admitted that they also were *rock sick*, a phase or mood which at times overcomes even the most stalwart climber.

From our sheltered camp we explored the wonderful gorge below Samaria, which carries off the whole water drainage of the

district. Its sheer walls are clothed with verdure from top to bottom, owing to the moisture of this narrow chasm which never sees the sun. From these depths we climbed again to our first camp on Omalos. Some trifles of ours were stolen there, not, I feel sure, by our own people, but C., who had lost a favourite pair of razors, was less tolerant. He declared the whole pack of islanders to be 'brigands,' but when his anger softened he admitted

MADE ME CROUCH AGAINST THE WALL

our own special followers to the comparative term of endearment of 'notres voleurs.' As I write I fear the island is again stained with crimes which are worse than these. Thus it has ever been. It lies a tempting prize in the fair way of nations. The strongest seizes it, and holds his conquest by force, fear, and fraud; but revenge, if dormant, is never dead, and only awaits opportunity. Plenty is its heritage, but not peace.

A DIFFICULT SHOOT

BY P. H. MULES

THE paper by the Marquess of Granby in the first issue of this Magazine, entitled 'A North Derbyshire Moor,' is of exceptional interest to a very large number of readers, not only as a welcome addition to refined sporting literature, but because it presents a charming word-picture of a phase of sport with which those who have only lowland opportunities are unacquainted. I propose now to give a short account of another style of grouse-driving, which may be considered almost unique, and presents from a marksman's point of view the highest class of shooting attainable.

The shooting to which I refer consists of 3,000 acres, of which 800 is well-heathered moor, bordering, on the upper side, 1,500 acres of wood, including spruce, Scotch fir, larch, deech, mountain ash, and a few other trees. These clothe the hill-sibes and gullies for some two and a half miles upwards with magnificent foliage varying in tint and intensity, forming a picture to be equalled only, but not surpassed, by portions of the Black Forest. The remainder of the acreage consists of moor farms intersected by stone walls; the moor and woods are well watered, and the supply of birds fairly constant, due no doubt to the sheltered position.

The trees, noble specimens of their kind, are placed at the usual distance from one another, making shooting amongst them exceedingly difficult. The undergrowth consists of whortleberry, bracken, rough grass, and heather. The woods are fairly stocked with blackgame, and, strange as it may appear, hold nearly all the grouse on the estate. These birds, finer and heavier than Scotch or Yorkshire grouse, have lost their open moor habits and have become veritable wood-grouse, living amongst and threading their way through the maze of trees with the ease, skill, and noise-

less flight of woodcocks. So far do they carry this aerial dexterity, that I and others have many times observed that on the wing their twisting is at times identical with that of a woodcock and as remarkable as their extraordinary velocity.

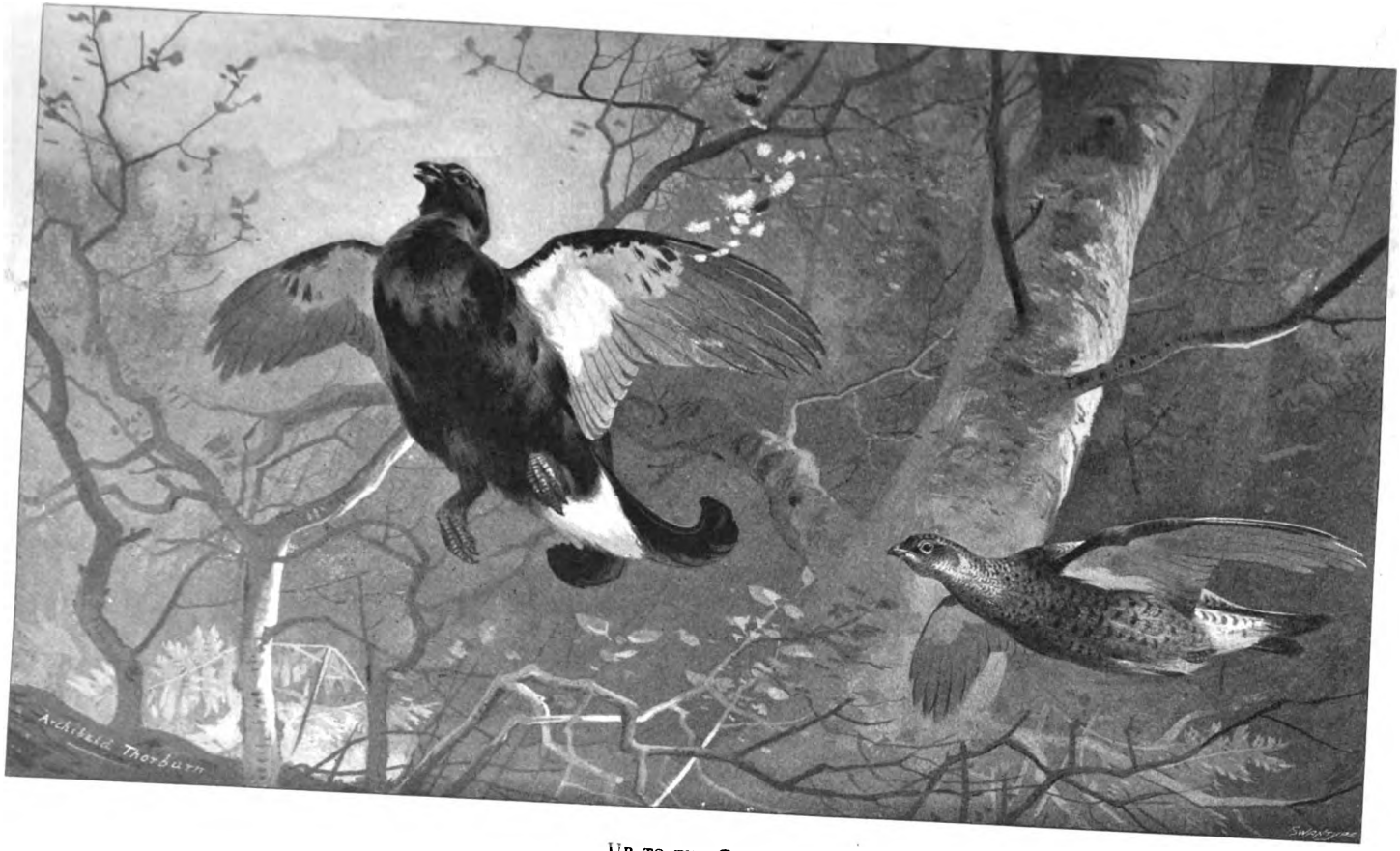
There is no doubt that open-moor game and wood-grouse are closely allied; so much so that, given suitable tree covert in sufficient quantity on or adjoining a moor favourable to the breeding of grouse, the birds will prefer the shelter of the woods for a large portion of the year in preference to living on the more open ground, thus reverting to a condition of things which existed in long-forgotten ages, when the grouse of our moors and the ryper or willow grouse of Norway were identical. It has been held that grouse require high ground, and will not breed on low grounds; but this is not so, because adjoining Chat Moss, in Cheshire, is a stretch of heathy moor on which, up to the present year, grouse lived and bred a few feet only above sea-level, and this within easy reach of a populous town. In 1891 I obtained a number of grouse from an open moor in Scotland, and turned them down amongst the trees of my own moor. The result has been most satisfactory. Not only have the broods been exceptionally strong and numerous, but the newcomers assimilated themselves to their altered surroundings and became wood-grouse like the original stock.

For many years these woods have been driven about August 20. They contain no pheasants; the few grouse outlying on the moor pack before the 12th, and are very hard to get at. A walk with the gun through the woods, however conducive to health, is not so either to temper or good shooting, and the difficulty has been met by cutting drives or selecting thin portions wherein to build fir and heather screens some 12 ft. long and of sufficient height to shelter a gun. These buttes, some eight or ten in number, are placed from sixty to seventy yards apart, and stretch in a right line from the bottom of the hill to the top or moor edge—to reach them is a weary climb, especially after lunch. Various lines of buttes also intersect the shoot at different points, in front of most of which extends an irregular line of pines or other forest trees some thirty-five yards from the gun. The drives are arranged lengthwise through the woods, and in two sections; the upper five buttes representing the grouse line with occasional blackgame, the lower three or four holding blackgame with occasional grouse. Flaggers are placed at suitable points to stop the flights across the valleys, and keep the birds in the woods for the backwards drive. Four or five guns cover the ground, and get plenty of shooting.

Now it is obvious that no indication whence the birds are coming can possibly be given to the guns, and until they leave the woods and steal silently, but at a pace only attained by driven grouse, towards or across the buttes, the sportsman is in complete ignorance of the point from which to expect them. Now and again they spin down wind over the tree-tops towards the lower guns, and at the same elevation as at the beginning of the flight, hoping to cross the valley to the opposite hill, and having no notion of climbing down only to climb up again; and here the difficulty of killing these birds is apparent. You have a rocketing grouse coming down wind at great elevation and velocity, but you cannot see it until it is at an angle of 45° with your body; you are standing downhill, sheltered by lofty trees, and have no appreciation of the wind-force driving the bird over you. You may kill it; if so, you have made a clinking shot and wish everyone to know it. More probably you shoot yards behind, and console yourself with the thought that few men would have done better.

In order to get a chance at the birds stealing through the trees and coming low over the heather, the strain on the attention is most exacting; the least relaxation, and they noiselessly glide past to find shelter amongst the trees before you get fairly on them. I have had many years' experience of these drives, and yet am constantly caught napping. If birds pass the buttes before they are seen, very few are gathered, as, apart from their colour-assimilation to the heather, the time taken in turning and steadying after birds have passed fifteen or more yards, with a flying start, leaves a very small margin in which to kill, and you shoot as they are entering the trees, striking hard may be, but often failing to stop them. Of those that are seen as they emerge from the wood or come spinning over the tree-top offering a sporting shot in front of the buttes, a respectable proportion should be bagged by experts. No unpractised hand has the least chance of acquitting himself creditably. Thus you have every variety of shot, many difficult under ordinary conditions, but rendered doubly so by the fact that nearly all are snapshots. Not infrequently you are required to stand amongst trees where buttes are not available, a small patch only of open sky above you. A whiz overhead, an involuntary upward and backward swing of the gun, with a simultaneous pull of the trigger, and a crash in the trees sixty or eighty yards lower down is the first indication of your success.

As few of my readers can have seen grouse-driving such as this, I propose to take them with me for one drive in the upper buttes, and one in the lower, thus giving a demonstration of the



UP TO THE GUNS

methods used to bring the game to the guns, to stop it when there, and to recover it when stopped.

A pleasant morning early in November finds a party of five guns landed at the little wayside station of W——, whence they are conveyed on wheels to the nearest available point from which they can climb the hill. The wood being entered, and the guns arranged for the first drive (there are five buttes), an out-flag is placed on the open moor, above the top gun and well forward, to hold down the birds that break out on the wood-edge, whilst some eight or ten drivers walk through the woods towards the guns; it is simple except for the flaggers, who require to exercise skill and watchfulness to so turn the birds that they shall come within reach of the buttes. Each gun makes himself as comfortable as circumstances permit, and hopes for the best. If the reader will watch behind my butte, we will together do our best to make a record bag. We are three: the watcher, Myriad the retriever, and the gun. A word as to Myriad. A handsome, perfectly broken, wavy-coated black retriever of the best blood in England, she exists but for her vocation. No slip is wanted; with an intelligence almost human she notes each coming bird, watches the effect of the shot, marks its fall with an accuracy surprising in its estimate of distance, and turns again to help her master by alert watchfulness. If the bird is untouched, she takes no further interest in it; if it be obviously a winged bird, a nod is enough; in a few minutes it is thrust into the master's hand, and an approving word is the reward; if dead, she knows it, and finds it without fail at the end of the drive. Therefore she is a very important personage.

Some twenty minutes have now passed, and all the guns are watching the tree-line with keen interest. Hark! a shot on the outside-right; another—three—four; then all else is oblivion. Some seven or eight birds come straight at you from amongst the trees. Take the first in front of the butte—down it comes; the others are lost to sight as you swing round, but you catch a second just as it reaches the branches. 'Good!' says the watcher; 'two down.' A shot again from the top butte, then a gauntlet-runner, a bird downwind passes some forty yards in front of each butte—bang, bang, bang, bang! You look anxiously. Ah! the gun above you has just caught it as you hoped for—a high passing chance—but what is this? Whilst you are watching one difficult chance, three or four easy ones have slipped by, and a strong word expresses your vexation as you feel that another sure right and left has been lost. 'Look out,' says your watcher, and high up come

three birds nearer and nearer. 'Good,' says he again, as you pull one down, and swing past on to another, which, however, gets away, to come back to the bag later. 'Look out!' and from the trees burst seven birds in a desperate hurry; you get one—two ought to have fallen. 'You shot behind,' says the watcher; you know it as well as he—it always is behind. By this time you hear the beaters calling—it is necessary, as otherwise they cannot keep in line, and might be hit. The shooting grows more rapid. You get a fast rocketer twenty yards up, and just as you reload, a brace steal out of the wood not a yard above the heather. You miss them ignominiously. You shot wild, and jam in a fresh cartridge as one bird comes down the line again. Bang, bang, bang, bang! Now your turn, the other missers look jealously—swing well forward. Ah! good, you have him; the brown mass collapses and comes down in the trees with a crash and a thud.

The beaters are coming up. 'Shoot up' is heard, and the drive is over. The birds are gathered, and the guns move to the lower five buttes. 'Bless me!' says the watcher, as he sees dense Scotch firs fifteen yards both in front and behind, 'How can you shoot here?' 'Wait and see,' is the reply. Some twenty minutes pass, and suddenly, without warning, three grouse spin over; just a throw back of the gun with a simultaneous pull, and one topples down crash some fifty yards amongst the trees behind and down-hill; one word, and away dashes Myriad, soon to return with her bird. The watcher has never seen a blackcock save at the poulterer's, so his excitement is intense as some seventy yards away one noble old fellow swings over the trees, just opening his tail as he spies mischief, and turning off at an almost impossible angle. Soon another sails high over, like a huge black duck. 'Too high,' your companion exclaims; but you know your distance, and just as the swing is vertical you pull: down from the clouds topples a harmony in blue-black and grey-white, whilst a warm and virtuous thrill passes through you. But this is not all, for now one, then two, sometimes seven or eight, come almost together. At length it is over, all but the memory of it, and you and the watcher go through each shot as you plod through the heathery woods, over the grass tussocks and bracken.

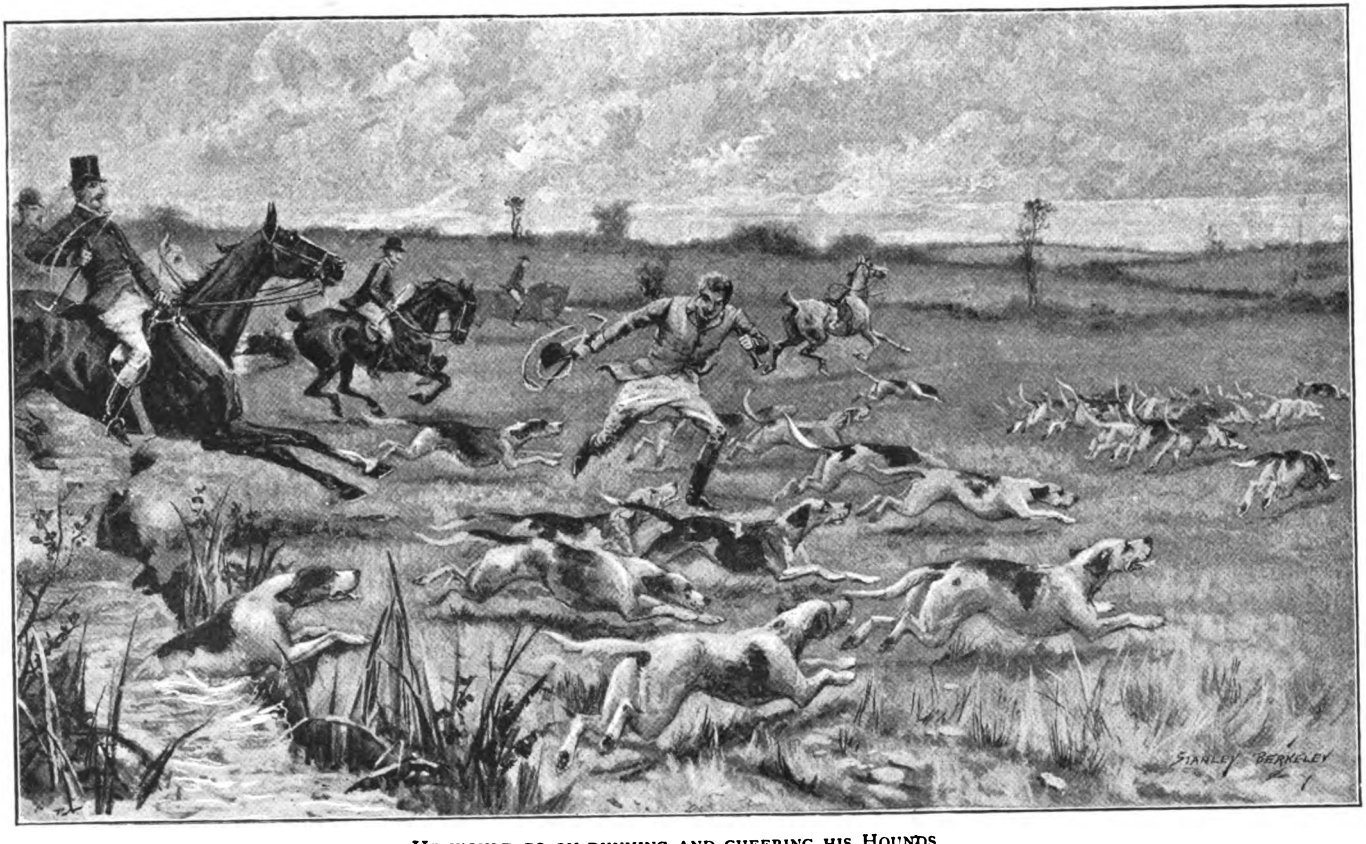
I hold that I am justified in calling this 'a difficult shoot,' because here nearly the whole time is devoted to snap-shooting grouse or blackgame—not an occasional chance, but a day of it—and if the bags are not very heavy, a compensation may be found in the thought that each bird represents the perfection of a sporting shot.

FOX-HUNTING REMINISCENCES

BY LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE

Among the benefits and advantages which follow in the train of fox-hunting, an important one is the making of many friendships. Community of feeling engenders kindliness of thought, and the pursuit of the fox gives occasion for the exchange of those little amiabilities and courtesies which go so far to create mutual liking and esteem. Doubtless, this was in the mind of the deeply lamented Marquess of Waterford as he spoke so sadly to the last meeting of the supporters of his Hunt at Curraghmore, when he was driven from his county and the home that he loved so well by the detestable machinations of the Land League.

'Many good hunts we have had, and many good fellows we have met,' were his sorrowful words, as he reflected that the hunts were to be no more, and the good fellows would not again assemble at the covert-side. In my forty years of fox-hunting—for I began before I was ten years old—I have been fortunate enough to make friends in my own county, and I may say all over England, that only death can destroy, and these, in very many cases, with men I never should have met had it not been for fox-hunting. I allude principally to men of what I will call the yeoman-class men; such excellent representatives of it as the late Mr. John Holiday, of Barmston, Mr. John Elliot, Mr. James Goodman, of Staverton, Mr. Knott, Mr. William Fairbrother, in this Hunt, and many others, Nature's gentlemen, who have farmed, as their fathers and grandfathers had before them, in the same county, and have been, and are, respected and looked up to by landlords



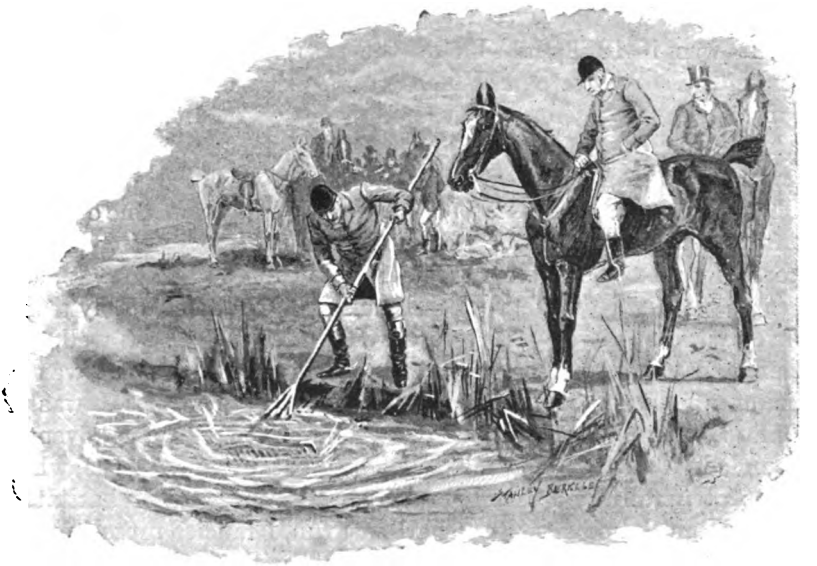
HE WOULD GO ON RUNNING AND CHEERING HIS HOUNDS

and labourers alike. It is an education in itself to have a talk to Mr. Fairbrother. He has hunted every day of his life whenever he could, but never to the neglect of his business; for, no matter how early he has to start for the meet, he never sets off without seeing every beast and sheep on his farm, invariably making his round accompanied by his two foxhound puppies of the year. It was on one of these occasions that he saw a toad alive that had just come out of a large piece of rock in a quarry on the Burton Hills—a fact worth mentioning, as some people doubt the existence of such marvels. There could be no possible doubt of this, for there was the round hole in the rock in which the toad had lived for so many centuries—who knows how many? By the creature's sloshing and rolling about the hole had become quite round and polished. The toad possibly found the change from his prison to the invigorating air of Burton Hills too strong for him, and died in about an hour. Unfortunately, neither he nor the stone has been preserved, but there can be no question about the facts. Mr. Fairbrother also on one occasion bled 97 sheep in one day between 9.30 and 3.30, and that he saved the lives of the whole flock is certain, for it numbered 100, and the three that he did not operate upon died. But I am getting off the hunting line.

I was blooded in 1851 by the famous Ned Stevens, then my father's huntsman. He was very keen, a wonderful man to ride, an extraordinary hand at getting away with his fox, but a bad drawer, as he liked to keep most of the pack near to his horse, so as to start close to his fox. He left my father in 1852 to go to Lord Henry Bentinck, who had been anxious for some time to get hold of him; but his term of service was not long in his new place, as he caught a chill, and died the next year. Ben Morgan came next, a very fine rider, but that was all. He did not stay long, and was succeeded by John Jones, father of the late huntsman of the Cheshire. John Jones was very fond of the hounds, and could not bear to see a whipper-in hit one, the consequence being that they became very riotous. He was a light weight and a bold rider, but, like the Irish tenants, he suffered from insecurity of tenure, and generally fell off if his horse hit a fence or made a slight mistake. A fall, however, was a matter of absolute unconcern to him, and he would go on running and cheering his hounds just as if nothing had happened, till someone brought his horse back. I well remember his saying to me after a good run, 'Fifty minutes and seven falls, my boy; pretty well for an old one!' I have often heard my father declare however, that Jones

showed better sport in the first two or three seasons than he had ever seen. John Jones, Ned Stevens, and the writer are the only three huntsmen who have ever killed fifty brace of foxes in one season in Warwickshire, and I am not sure whether Ned Stevens did not hunt more than four days a week when he ran up this total.

My old friend Spencer Lucy, of Charlecote, took the hounds when my father resigned them in 1855, but only kept them two seasons, and this first mastership of his was anything but a success. He was followed by the celebrated Mr. Henley Greaves, who perhaps was M.F.H. in more countries than any man who



FISHING FOR A FOX

ever lived. He did not look much like a Master of Hounds, as he could not have ridden less than 20 st. He rode enormous horses, never jumped, and seldom went out of a trot; but he had a wonderful eye and memory for gates, and we seldom had to wait long for him when the run was over. He was a great centre of attraction for second horsemen, boys on ponies, funkers, &c. I remember on one occasion, after the fox was eaten, the question arose, Where is Mr. Greaves? Dan Berkshire, the huntsman, pointing to a hill about a mile and a half off, and saying, 'Lor, there's Master, and what a tail he has got after him!' He had one huntsman called Wells, who came from Wynnstay, and looked like making himself a name, but he died at Kineton before

the end of his first season. The hounds one day caught their fox in a canal, and he sank to the bottom. It was very cold weather, but Mr. Greaves would keep Wells fishing for the body with a rake for a length of time, and the poor fellow caught a chill, from which he never recovered. When Mr. Greaves resigned, my father and the present Lord North went on as joint masters till my father died, in 1862, when Lord North continued by himself. They had Tom Matthews as their huntsman. He had been huntsman in many counties, Meath among the number. He was an oldish man when he came, and never could get over the country properly, but for cleverness in hunting a fox I never met his equal.

It was in 1861 that I saw the first really good run I can remember. We were at Whichford Wood a day or two after I came back from Eton, and did not get away till two o'clock, by which time most of the field were left behind. We ran for two hours, going through Heythrop Park, and killed the fox at Charlbury, in the Heythrop country. My father was one of many left behind in the wood, and went home. I was riding a good horse, much over my weight, which was than less then 8 st., and got to the end of the run and home again comfortably; but several horses died. The present Lord Coventry went well, and I am sure will remember the run. What a good man he was to hounds! I recollect a run with the Heythrop whilst I was at Oxford, when, going away from Oddington Ashes, Lord Coventry pounded us all at the Evenlode. The next jump was the white gates at a railway crossing, and Lord Coventry never hesitated. When I got home after the Charlbury run, I fancied myself pretty considerably as I walked in to dinner late with the brush. There was a party there that night, including the late Mr. Little Gilmour and other hunting men from Melton, who had just arrived for a day's shooting and a hunt to wind up with.

Of course at Oxford I had plenty of hunting, and there made the acquaintance of the late Squire Drake, beginning a friendship which lasted till his death. He was a most cheery man to hunt with, though I often thought him a bit hard on the hard-riding undergraduates. In later days he frequently came and stayed with me for Warwick Races, and always had a hunt. I remember him, on his sixty-eighth birthday, going like a boy, on a black horse of mine which neither Mr. Maunsel Richardson, to whom I sold him, nor I myself thought at all a safe conveyance. Edward and Tom Drake were then going well, the former the cheeriest and best companion, either in the cricket or hunting field, that any man

ever had. Tom Drake was splendidly whipped in to by Bob Worrall and Charles Orvis, both of whom, curiously enough, were afterwards huntsmen to the Warwickshire. I remember talking to the former about Edward Drake, and Worrall saying that he thought perhaps he was the best rider of the three brothers. 'I cannot think why they made so good a sportsman as Master Edward a parson,' he said; and then, after thinking a little, he added, 'I suppose it was because he was a bit wild in his youth.' Bob seemed to consider it as a kind of punishment. Our hunting set at Oxford—alas, how many are dead!—numbered, amongst others, the late Duke of Hamilton, the late Earl of Harrington, cousin to the present Earl, the late Lord Parker, the late Mr. John Phillips of Culham, Mr. A. H. Smith Barry, Lord Galway, Mr. George Moore, &c.; and a first-rate time we had railing down to Fenny Compton for Warwickshire, Chipping Norton for Heythrop, and Winslow for Whaddon Chase meets.

When I left Oxford, and for ten years after, Mr. Lucy was again Master. He had Bob Worrall, a man called Young, and Charles Orvis as huntsmen; but it is Orvis with whom his reign is most identified, as he was at Kineton some time, and Worrall and Young soon left. Lucy also tried his hand at hunting the hounds himself, but with indifferent success. He had too many irons in the fire in the sporting way to succeed as a huntsman, and was always deer-stalking or grouse-shooting when he ought to have been attending to his hounds. I do not believe he ever did a day's hound exercise in his life. But he was in many respects a good master, and showed capital sport. Unfortunately he was no hound man, and let the pack go downhill a good deal. When I took to them in 1876 there were only twelve couples of puppies sent in from walk! Now, by the kindness of the farmers, I am able to send out about ninety couples, and receive back some sixty couples. I went on with Orvis as huntsman. He was a cheery man in the field, particularly good in woodlands, with a splendid voice, but no more of a hound man than his late master. I remember his astonishment when I told him I was going to Cowbridge to see if I could not buy some of Mr. Musters' hounds that he had recently sold to Mr. Talbot. He *could* not see the use of it. However, I went, and bought, among others, a beautiful unentered bitch called Skylark, by Belvoir Warrior out of Mr. Musters' Singwell. She was the dam of Ravager by Lord Coventry's Rambler, and Ravager was sire of Fifer, who only died the other day, so that I did not do so badly.

As an example of Ravager's merit, I may recall a certain day when we found at Shuckburgh. The hounds ran their hardest straight for a thick fence, about a hundred yards the other side of which was a shooter who had not seen the fox; but the fox had seen him, and when half way through the fence had twisted round in it, jumped out the same side he went in, and run along the side. All the pack, bar Ravager, charged the fence and flashed on up to the shooter; but he, turning half way through the fence, as the old Brocklesby whipper-in used to say, 'like an eel in the mud,' jumped out exactly where the fox had done, and threw his tongue, so that we did not lose a minute. That was a pretty good day's sport, as we killed that fox seven miles from where we found him, went back to Shuckburgh, ran another a seven-mile point in the opposite direction, and killed him in the Bicester country. Ravager's son Fifer was also a wonderful hound. Like his father, he would work hard on a bad scenting day. Any lot of curs with a burning scent can race a fox to death, but give me a hound that is never satisfied unless he is on the line of a fox. Fifer would swing himself backwards and forwards till he got the scent, and would top a gate when doing it. He was also a wonderful dog to find a fox, and at his best I would have backed him single-handed to find a fox in any covert, however thick and large, in which there was one. He has left me a legacy in Fullerton and Furrier, his sons, and in their sister Fulsome. They are out of Starlight by Milton Solomon, out of Banish by Belvoir Brusher. Fulsome is as good a friend as a huntsman ever had. Like old Fifer, she finds nearly every fox first, and will set us right again and again; in casting, I can always tell by her manner when we are getting near the line. When within about fifty or sixty yards of it, she will dash out of the pack with her hackles up, and when right on it—never before—will sound her peculiar note, and eagerly call the rest. It may interest those who run down Peterborough Hound Show to know that Skylark was the first hound I there won a prize with, that Banish was never beaten there, that Starlight was a good winner there, as was Fulsome; we never took Fifer because he was a bad-tempered hound in the kennel and would not show himself.

The Quorn Alfred also did me a lot of good. He was likewise one of the much-abused show-hounds. I had a dog by him called Archibald out of Rival by Lord Coventry's Rambler, that I was very fond of. Never the hardest runner in the world, he was very sensible. One very dry day in March we were making rather bad weather of it, and looked like being run out

of scent. Archibald was leading, throwing his tongue between the fences of a big double, a few of the hounds after him, but most of them on one side or the other; at all events, he was the only hound who could own the line. On I went till we came to a man, also between the hedges, cutting them. I asked him if he had seen the fox. 'Seed a 'are,' he said; 'he nearly ran up again my legs and went off up the meadow,' pointing

JUMPED INTO THE SEA

at right angles. The field began to laugh, and, to make it better, one or two of the young hounds started off on the line. However, we soon got them stopped. Meanwhile old Archibald pushed past the man's legs, and went on up the double, throwing his tongue as before. I then remembered it was about the labourer's dinner-time, and asked the man how long he had been there. 'Not above five minutes,' he said. 'I be just come back

from my dinner.' A holloa forward, and a subsequent kill, resulted in the honours of the day going to Archibald, and another proof of the value of a friend in need.

I once took the hounds from the kennels, on the kind invitation of Mr. W. Baird, to have a day in Leicestershire. We left home at 6 o'clock by special train, and got back at 9.40 at night. It was one of the hottest and closest days in March I ever hunted on; the scent was bad, and the foxes in Ranksborough Gorse worse; but we managed to kill one in the open. I always thought we began the day at the wrong end, as we had to draw Owston Wood at four o'clock, when our train was due away at six; but Mr. Baird did it all for the best. He was very kind and keen for us to have a run, and, of course, hoped we should get it from Ranksborough. We left a hound called Bertram out, and he came home, some sixty miles, exactly that day week. He looked about in the same condition as he started in, except that he was very footsore and had apparently travelled a long way on the road. I remember a hound being sent to the Brocklesby kennels from the Holderness kennels at Etton. He was taken by rail into Hull, then across the Ferry, about two miles wide, to New Holland, then fourteen miles by train to Brocklesby. The huntsman, foolishly, did not couple him the first time they walked out, and off he went, reached New Holland pier in an incredibly short time, jumped off into the sea, and struck out for the other side. The tide was running out very strongly, and he would have been drowned had not someone put off in a boat and picked him up, but obviously his intention was to get back to Etton.

I must wind up by wishing foxhunters, and especially Masters of Hounds and huntsmen, a happy New Year, and a moist one. Surely the skaters had *their* turn last winter, and may all Masters of Foxhounds, especially those just beginning, have as long an innings, as good a time, and make as many friends as I have done. I can wish them no better luck. But let them get fond of their hounds or they will never keep on, and if they really love the occupants of their kennels, no matter how the world treats them they will be sure of a hundred good friends at home, who, if cared for properly, will never play them false.

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

At this time of year we always read, in papers of a certain class, sarcastic comments on the making of big bags of pheasants. The writers calculate how many birds are killed per minute, and after a little indulgence in statistics, wind up with a sneer at the 'sport' —in inverted commas. There is usually a strong savour of the E.C. postal district about these criticisms. The truth is—a truth which, however, surely need not be dwelt upon for the edification of readers of this magazine—that the question is not the number of birds shot, but the manner in which these birds are brought to bag. Mr. Blank is a bad shot; he knows nothing of the habits of game; but he is fond of going out with a gun, and of posing as a sportsman; a title to which he has no real pretensions. With his factotum, who is gamekeeper amongst other occupations, a couple of boys, and a spaniel, he beats the hedgerows and little spinnies. Birds lumber up occasionally at the muzzle of his gun, and, loosing off, he blows them half to pieces, misses them at fifteen yards, or puts in a pellet or two, so that they fall fluttering and kicking, get up and run, to be chased and knocked over by the boys' sticks, aided by the dog. Blank takes out fifty cartridges, comes back at night with five pheasants (two without tails, and all stuffed with shot), a couple of rabbits (one of which the dog caught), and the knowledge that he has broken the hind leg of a hare.

Well, that is your fine old-fashioned sport, according to the journalistic censor. That is the way to shoot, he will tell you. No big bags. Mr. Blank is a real sportsman. Mr. Dash, the big bag man, is not. Let us see what he does. His two guns, to begin with, are a cause of offence to his critic—supposing that the critic understands enough about shooting coverts to know that a man takes two. He stands well back, so that the birds come over him high up for one thing, and after they have got plenty of 'way' on them for another. They are in great numbers, it may be, when they begin to come, but high up and fast, and Dash picks the most sporting shots. Very often he will have two dead birds in the air at the same time, *dead*, shot well forward, so that they crumple up the instant they are struck, hit the ground a resounding thump, and never move. The barrels of both his guns perhaps grow unbearably hot, and it is all his loader can do when the flushes come to slip in cartridges and close the breech quickly enough. Last month, several times in one memorable day—the bag was 1,908 head—I could not touch my barrels, and one of the party of nine guns actually burnt his left-hand glove. But what I want to know is why the old-fashioned Blank is to be considered a sportsman, and the more modern Dash is not? Dash would not condescend to shoot the birds that flutter up before Blank's gun. Blank, if he tried it, would not go within yards of the birds which Dash brings down with such precision as they pass swiftly overhead forty yards up and forty miles an hour. Blank is supposed to 'find' his birds; but how does that redound to his credit? All he really does is to buy a dog, that follows its natural instinct, and to hire the boys with sticks who beat the hedgerows and spinnies.

Where, then, does this sportsmanship come in? A primary element of sport is giving the creature pursued a chance, and if covert-shooting is properly conducted, the pheasants have at least as good a chance when beaten out of a wood by men as when put up out of a hedgerow by dogs. So with partridge-shooting, and grouse. The old-fashioned method of walking up birds with dogs is supposed to be all that is admirable, and driving a degradation of sport. What experience and observation teach is, however, this—that in walking up, a fairly good shot ought to account for three birds for every five cartridges expended; but after a day's driving, if a man has fired 200 shots and can produce twenty brace of birds, the chances are that he has done better

than the man next to him. Some readers may deride my estimate, but is it certain that they know precisely how many shots they have fired, and that they do not count as dead, birds that are safe in the next parish? How often a bird wants a second barrel, how often do we fire at a solitary partridge which flies on, leaving us to console ourselves with the belief that it was out of shot, a belief which our loader will perhaps affably confirm, though an unrelenting tape would have shown the distance to be thirty-six yards precisely; and then there are the times when we have an excellent chance at a big covey that come beautifully for us, and nothing falls. What can we do but grunt with dissatisfaction? I am sure one day last month I personally must have behaved like a pen full of pigs in this respect—and then we get so nervous and anxious and careful that we fire a yard and a half behind the next bird that appears. If any of these journalistic censors could shoot just a little, one would like to put them behind screens when driven partridges were coming down wind, or rocketing pheasants flying past high up overhead, and to collate their ideas of sport afterwards.

There can be no doubt that the Newmarket steeplechase meetings will develop into brilliant successes; indeed, they may be said already to have done so; for, in spite of the wretched weather, the late November meeting was financially a success. Mr. M'Calmont had, I believe, confidently anticipated a considerable loss; but, on the contrary, there was well over 200*l.* in hand, out of which, however, police and officials had to be paid. That, I suppose, would account for about 150*l.*, and a small profit therefore remains; but in these figures luncheon in the private stand is not included, and, as some hundreds of guests were royally feasted both days, that is a huge item. I chance to know that Mr. M'Calmont worked for the benefit of all concerned, his friends and the public at large, as if his livelihood depended on it; and he was energetically assisted by his Cheveley agent, Mr. Garrod. This busy gentleman went up on the day before the races for a final look round, and reported that the only thing he could find to supply was a nail brush in one of the dressing-rooms. It will be seen that the attention paid to the comfort of visitors was thorough. All who rode over the course were delighted with it. Fourteen runners for a three and a half mile steeplechase—the number that turned out for the Cheveley—is very good, but, of course, the feature of the meeting was the

antagonism of Knight of Rhodes and Alpheus in the Newmarket Grand Military Steeplechase. These were precisely the two animals we were all specially anxious to see together over a country, and opinions were equally divided between the two. Mr. Atkinson had the advantage of knowing his own good horse, and I am told that Alpheus did not go so kindly with Mr. Ricardo as he does with his accustomed rider, Mr. Gordon; but I am afraid we must conclude that he is not quite the animal that he was thought to be, and that his Grand National prospects are not particularly bright. He did not seem to stay, and the great Liverpool race is a mile further. The fact of Fetlar being so near Knight of Rhodes rather discounts the performance; but I fancy Mr. Atkinson did not see the horse, and, having beaten Alpheus, thought that the race was over.

Do cows eat salmon? Had the question been put to me, I should—after ascertaining that it had been suggested seriously—have replied with a contemptuous negative and some additional remarks on idiotic interrogatories. But I should have been wrong. Evidence of this curious taste in dietary on the part of the milky mothers of the herd is afforded by the lately published 'Life of Joseph Wolf, Animal Painter' (Longmans & Co.) A drawing made by this delightful artist for the present Duke of Westminster (then Earl Grosvenor) illustrates the subject. 'Two or three fish,' the story goes, 'had been landed and laid in a clump of bracken behind a small bush in a meadow, where they were afterwards sought in vain.' It was 'hinted that one of the keepers might be guilty; but they laid the blame upon the cattle. It was resolved to test the correctness of this curious theory, and one afternoon a fresh salmon was brought from the larder and placed in the same field. The cows soon found it out, and lost no time in feasting.' Thus men may grow wiser every day. I certainly had no idea that salmon or any other kind of fish was food for cattle. My space is so limited this month that I cannot go into detail about the book, which is illustrated by many examples of Wolf's admirable art. There are no fewer than—the author, by the way, says no 'less' than, a clumsy blunder which is far too common—sixty-six drawings. The story of Wolf's life is particularly interesting, for he made his position for himself in the face of obstacles that would have repelled and overcome the vast majority of men.

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February 1896

AN OLD VIRGINIA HUNTSMAN

BY A. G. BRADLEY

THERE have been two schools of foxhunting in America, and these are as widely sundered from each other in origin and method as the Poles. The one is exotic, a modern importation, and greatly flourishing; the other is ancient, comparatively indigenous, and practically extinct. The latter had been from remote times a part of the social life of the older slave States; the former has its habitat in regions more or less contiguous to the great cities of the North, whence it draws its supporters and devotees. The hounds, the huntsmen, the whips are English; the whole turn-out is as faithful a reproduction of Leicestershire or the Blackmore Vale as circumstances will allow. The gentlemen are irreproachably clad by London tailors or by tailors imported from London, and are admirably mounted; and that a goodly proportion of them are bold and accomplished horsemen is universally conceded by adequate judges who have seen them race over the adamantine pastures and stiff timbers of Pennsylvania or New York. Ladies, too, in such gatherings are as much to the fore, both in numbers and even in equestrian skill, as their British sisters; and there are drags and smart traps galore at the meets, and dapper grooms with second horses. Nothing, in short, is wanting—not even, as some ill-natured curmudgeons would, perhaps, like to suggest, the desire and the ability to go.

Upon the rapid and successful development of foxhunting in the Eastern States, American society is upon every account to be congratulated. But my old friend Colonel Broomsedge, of

Sassafras County, Virginia, had no sort of congratulations for his fellow-sportsmen at the North—a section he had never visited, and had no desire in the world ever to visit. He used to sniff and snort and almost rage at the pictures of the Genesee or Long Island meets in that most admirable and sport-encouraging journal, 'Harper's Weekly,' which we used to take him over—not, I am afraid, without some spice of mischief in the intent. 'D—d Yankee contraptions!' 'Thunderation tomfoolery!' were the mildest terms the Colonel could find relief in. And he was churchwarden, too, and read the lessons in the Episcopal Church,

'THUNDERATION TOMFOOLERY!'

and was anything but what Uncle Ephraim, his huntsman, called 'a swarin' man.'

The Colonel was one of the very last survivors of the old school of Virginian or Southern foxhunters; and, still more, was a somewhat pronounced type of an admirable but most prejudiced people at a sore period now happily passed away. The violence of the Colonel's epithets was due chiefly to political and social hatred, and to have fully understood it a knowledge of the Virginia of twenty years ago would have been necessary. But, putting this aside, if you had been privileged to see the Colonel, as I have so often seen him, jogging out at daylight on a wintry morning with

his five or six couple of weedy looking little hounds, and tootin on his big cow-horn to let the odd members of the pack who lodged about in the neighbourhood know he was on the warpath, you would have understood, I think, why he pitched the 'Harper's' about the verandah, and blew such fierce clouds of smoke from his long reed-stemmed clay pipe.

To those who know anything at all of Virginia, the fact of the Colonel's being a Broomsedge of Sassafras County will be sufficiently conclusive of his social respectability. Those who do not—nearly all, that is to say, of the readers of the BADMINTON—must take my word for it as to the irreproachable standing of that illustrious house.

It was soon after the close of the war that I first knew the Colonel. On the strength of his former militia rank he had held a command at the opening of the struggle. But his ardour, I was always given to understand, exceeded his discretion as a strategist, and his years, which were even then in their sixth decade, furnished the authorities with a good excuse for relegating him to the safer shades of the commissariat department.

At the surrender of Lee, however, he sat himself down in his old home of 'Locust Grove,' and on the 1,500 acres of very indifferent land which surrounded it. And when he did so, the Colonel, like most of his friends, thought that the world, so far as he was concerned, had practically come to an end.

He had owned about a hundred negroes, more or less, and it was they rather than the ancestral acres on which he supported them that constituted his chief wealth. And now they were gone; that is to say, as a moneyed property they were gone. Otherwise, most of them remained as freemen in the same cabins they had inhabited as slaves. It is doubtful whether, when their chains were struck off by Lincoln's proclamation, they or the Colonel were the more bewildered. The latter, as was customary with most of his class in Virginia, had been the most benign of masters. If there had been any tyranny on the plantation at all, it was old Uncle Gabriel, who had been a sort of house steward ever since the old Judge's days, that was the tyrant, and its victim had been the Colonel. The word 'freedom,' indeed, as applied to Gabriel, would have been an immense joke; and his master was accustomed to declare that, when he called all the negroes together and told them they were free, the only genuine throb of liberty which was felt in the assemblage was felt beyond a doubt by himself in relation to the long tyranny of Uncle Gabriel.

But the Colonel's joy was premature. Old Gabriel stuck to

him, and lectured him, and tyrannised over him, and called him 'Marse' Bob,' till he died, and had the biggest negro funeral I ever saw, with the Colonel as chief mourner, looking five years younger than he had done at any period since the war.

When, in 1865, the ruined South began life afresh, none of the Colonel's people wanted to leave him. A free nigger, to them, had been a stray nigger without a master—an object of contempt to such as belonged to a family of quality like the Colonel's. Such ideas were very soon modified; but, for a time at any rate, there was little migration. Formerly, the Colonel had found them in food, clothes, and medical attendance, not to speak of small presents of money from time to time. Now, however, the estate was parcelled out among the various families, and conducted upon what political economists denominate the Metayer system, but what the Colonel's negroes called 'wukin' on sheares.'

This arrangement suited the Colonel down to the ground. It would furnish, for his time at any rate, the actual necessaries of life. He had no children. His wife, good soul, had had a long innings of both the social pleasures and domestic burdens of the slavery period. For it was upon women of her position that the latter fell most heavily; and, altogether, 'the Colonel's lady' was perhaps not sorry to be able in her old age to relinquish them.

During those horrid years of war, when half a million of men were butchering one another on the soil of Virginia, and when even the quiet shades of Locust Grove were startled from time to time by the distant roar of guns or the red light of battle in the sky, there was not much foxhunting, as may be well imagined. The pack, which had been the pride of the Colonel's heart and the terror of Sassafras County foxes, had sadly decayed; four or five old dogs and a few riotous young ones, to whom fox, rabbit, or coon came equally handy, were all that remained. But by the time I first knew the Colonel he had resuscitated his pack, and had discovered that life, after all, was still worth living. If half of his neighbours had been killed or crippled, and all of them ruined by the war, he found that he, at any rate, could scratch along somehow, and devote himself much as of old to the absorbing pursuit of his life—that of foxes. His wants were few, and the system of agriculture pursued by his Ethiopian tenants didn't fret him in the least; for was he not a Virginian of the good old sort, who could see a hungry field grow hungrier—even to starvation point—under half a dozen successive crops of grain without the faintest twinge of his agricultural conscience?

Moreover, the leaden hail that had wrought such havoc upon men and horses, and indirectly even upon hounds, had created a veritable heyday for foxes, and they had thriven so vigorously in Sassafras County that a sore and bitter cry went up from the newly restocked poultry yards and sheepfolds. So when the Colonel settled down to devote the remainder of his days to the pursuit of Reynard, he had the satisfaction of feeling that he was at the same time a public benefactor of the first importance.

In former days there had been at least half a dozen packs of hounds in Sassafras County. Foxhunting had, in fact, been the chief sport of the gentry in East Virginia since the early part of the eighteenth century, by which time a squirearchy of English blood, surrounded by well-cleared estates, had taken the place of the once trackless forests. Foxhounds and even foxes were imported from England to fill the measure of that rural life which, thanks to slavery, had become so rudely comfortable and uneventfully pleasant. The English red fox was imported perhaps a little later, when the indigenous grey species was found to be but a second-rater, clinging to the woodlands, and with all the 'ringing' instincts of the hare. The imported varmint throve and multiplied, though never interbreeding with the native, and maintaining to this day those straight-going qualities which have made him at once the delight and the despair of so many generations of Virginia sportsmen, with their slow hounds and rough country. The grey fox, however, which always was, and still is, in a majority, gave very fair sport to men whose whole thoughts are centred in the doings of their hounds, as were the thoughts, no doubt, of English squires who hunted foxes in the days of Walpole and the elder Pitt, and didn't ride, I will dare swear, with anything approaching the impetuosity they are made to do, for instance, in the Christmas numbers of the London weeklies. With these grey foxes also, the Virginian hounds got plenty of blood, and maintained thereby a stout heart in those long all-day runs after the scarcer red fox, which so often failed to end in a kill. But all the more on these latter occasions was the ambition of the Virginian M.F.H. fired to achieve success. And when his wiry little favourites fairly raced an 'old red' down after a four or five, or perhaps even a seven or eight hours' 'chase' (as he called it), there was no prouder or happier man between the Alleghanies and the Atlantic. He didn't often see very much of these big performances himself, but he plodded along on his slow, soft-conditioned, long-tailed horse over the deep corn fallows and rough broomsedge pastures and open leaf-strewn woodlands,

listening with delight and keen knowing ears to the fast fading music. And when his hounds had swept beyond both sight and hearing, he would tit-up along, picking out the line from labourers in the fields or travellers on the roads, who would have often holloa'd themselves hoarse as the hounds passed in sight. He would have felt too, would this primitive sportsman, just as much elated at the fashion in which his hounds were pushing this old fox along, though he was not with them, as if he were a Thruster of the first water showing his heels to a whole Leicestershire field. Washington, for example, when he was at home at Mount Vernon, was a most enthusiastic foxhunter. His diary takes careful note of the days he hunted, which were many, the sport he had, and often the company he hunted with. He took immense pains with his breed of hounds, which were famous in Virginia for long afterwards. And he seems, moreover, to have kept several horses for hunting purposes only. His diary, too, seems to indicate that his lady guests—and his house was generally full—sometimes hunted with the gentlemen, but, as a matter of fact, Southern women, though they could all of necessity ride, took very little interest in sport.

I don't know whether it may not have been to some extent the force of association, but there always seemed to me something entirely delightful about these old-fashioned Virginia homesteads, with all their contempt for comfort and convenience.

The ancestral halls of the Broomsedge family were in excellent keeping with their master, and both were eminently picturesque—picturesque, perhaps, rather in a social than a purely artistic sense—and in a fashion peculiar to Virginia. The date upon the chimneys was 1769; but Broomsedges were there fifty years before that, at least—in a former house, as the gravestones in the walled burying-ground across the fence would tell us, even if the Colonel had not been sometimes given to making his ancestry the burden of his conversation. The bricks of the present structure, under a climate of comparative extremes, had assumed a really venerable aspect, and the narrow windows with their small panes suggested the fashion of other days. Nor were signs of dilapidation and decay wanting to give the necessary touch of sentiment to the stronghold of a race whose doom, both as individuals and as a class, had been sounded. For no country houses such as this will ever again be built in Virginia for gentlefolk to live in from generation unto generation; city merchants will erect convenient villas, and farmers will build farmhouses, but even the latter will be what the Colonel called 'Yankee contraptions.' No present or

future architect, for instance, will ever contrive such a porch as that which towered above the front door of the Broomsedge mansion. Its roof was on a level with the lofty eaves of the house, and the tall columns which supported it supported also two landings, an upper and a lower. The upper landing opening from the bedrooms was convenient for the airing of mattresses.

'LITE AND SIT AWHILE'

Upon the lower one before the front door, when the heat was too great for his favourite tree, or when it was raining, sat the Colonel, with two or three of his most favoured hounds at his feet.

From the back of the house innumerable outbuildings of various dates and in all stages of disrepair staggered away in quaint procession towards the huge barns and stables, and on either side a row of negro cabins told a significant tale of other

days. Much cherished oaks of giant stature threw their limbs heavenward, and buried in grateful shade the whole easy-going colony beneath them. In front of the house upon the lawn, however, there were only ornamental trees—maples, silver aspens, and mimosas—and these the Colonel had taken good care should not obstruct his view of the high road, which was barely fifty yards away. For the old gentleman had a passion for conversation even above the passion of the average Virginian, which is saying much indeed. And as he sat upon the porch or with his chair tilted back against his favourite mulberry-tree, he kept his eye fastened on the road. And the traveller who was shouted to by the Colonel to 'lite and sit awhile,' and could resist that tone of hospitable command, must have been an individual wholly unsuited to dwell upon Virginian soil—some despicable pettifogger who carried a watch about and grudged an hour or two for genial interchange of views on politics, or farming, or the war, much less for a homily on foxhunting. For the Colonel could talk well on anything from the British Constitution, of which he was an ardent admirer, to local agriculture, in which you might have supposed he was a shining light if you had heard him hold forth on curing tobacco or fallowing for wheat, and did not at the same time know his habits, or I may add his farms.

But it is the Colonel as a man of action, the Colonel in the winter season, and above all upon hunting mornings, that I should like to be allowed to recall. These hunting days of his, I need hardly say, were nothing in the shape of fixtures. No local papers advertised his Meets, no sporting correspondents chronicled his doings. No rendezvous or prearrangement was of any use, for no neighbours ever any longer joined him as they had often done before the war—in the brave days of old—bringing their dogs to run against his, and dining together afterwards, and talking politics and foxhunting and wheat and tobacco till all was blue. The Colonel hunted now for himself alone, and by himself and just when he felt inclined, which was about three days a week, perhaps, when the weather was propitious.

Sometimes, too, he hunted, as it were, under compulsion—that is to say, he might have himself made other plans, but his hounds would occasionally break out upon their own account, and he had of course to go with them. For only some of his small pack were regularly kennelled, and that often in some empty tobacco barn, beneath whose logs with a little industry they could generally scratch their way out. The rest lay around loose, and spent their days upon the porch, or under it, or in the dining

room till they were kicked out. And in the nights if the weather were cold or rainy they not infrequently crawled through convenient draught holes in the wall, and found snug domicile in the gloomy caverns that intervened between the floors of the house and its foundations. It was by no means unusual while seated at supper round the Colonel's hospitable board to be conscious of fearsome sounds beneath your feet, which seemed to come from the very bowels of the earth, but as a matter of fact were nothing more than a portion of the Colonel's pack contending for bone or bed.

But not all the terror of the Colonel's boot or Uncle Ephraim's lash could deter them from taking now and again, as I have hinted, a day's hunting on their own account. Indeed, on more than one occasion when staying with this fine old sportsman, I have been waked in the dark of a winter morning by the sound of heavy blows upon the Colonel's door, and old Uncle Ephraim shouting at him somewhat after this fashion:

'Marse' Robert! Aw, Marse' Robert!'

'What's the matter?'

'Dem ar dawgs is off agin, I hearn 'em runnin' fur all they's wurth at the upper een of old man Daniel's corn field.'

Then there would be the sound as of a heavy body falling, and the old house would shake almost to its foundations as the Colonel rolled his 200 lbs. avoirdupois out of bed, and roared out of the window for his horse and down the stairs for his morning 'julep.'

In ten minutes he would be on his horse, thoughts of vengeance and chastisement having alone consumed him while hustling on his clothes. But by the time the old gentleman has got clear of the yard, and cantered out past the stables and barns, tobacco houses and negro cabins, he can hear the hounds still running, and thinking that an illicit hunt is better than none at all, he begins to blow loud blasts on his big cow-horn, relieving himself of his anger thereby, and fetching out from various shelters far and near those of the pack that had not played truant.

But these after all were but occasional irregularities. The Colonel upon most hunting days sallied forth with dignity and in order—a good breakfast in addition to his 'julep' beneath his generous breadth of waistcoat, and his pack, small, wiry, wizened little fellows of two or three and twenty inches perhaps, following demurely at his heels as if they had never done such a thing in their lives as take 'bye days' upon their own account. The Colonel knew nothing of eleven o'clock Meets, except from those accounts in the New York papers which, as I have hinted,

brought him within measurable distance of apoplexy. His rule in winter was to throw off (though he didn't use that term) before sunrise, and his horn sounded along the country roads as often as not before the first streak of day had broken. Old man Ephraim still sometimes went with his master, mounted on a plough mule all rubbed and chafed by collar and trace chains, and the two might have been heard as they splashed along the muddy road talking somewhat after this fashion.

'I reckon we'll see if we can't scare up that old red that beat us last week from the Doctor's pine wood.'

'Thar's two or three greys, Cunnel, 'twixt here an dar in dem ivy thickets, an if de dawgs strike ther trail they's gone fur sho, and thar ain't no fence to de road neither.'

'That's so, Ephraim; we'd better get out here and cross old man Caleb's wheat, and down over the Doctor's corn field.'

And as old Ephraim rolls off his mule to let down the slip bars for the Colonel and his hounds to go through, it would have been light enough to enable us to make a note or two upon the former's appearance, which, to put the matter mildly, is unconventional to a degree. There is not much Melton Mowbray about the Colonel, that's quite certain. From his slouch hat to his wooden stirrups, from his grey homespun coat to his rusty boots, there is nothing that would not absolutely outrage every tradition of a sportsman's 'turn-out.' A pair of high old-fashioned stick-up collars fastened at the back with string indicate in a measure the depths of Conservatism that lurk within the breast of their wearer, while with his honest rosy face and white moustache and snowy bushy hair (which his wife cuts twice a year) he looks the thorough good fellow he is and the well-bred gentleman withal, in spite of his astonishing rusticity of attire. As if too he flouted almost by design every conventional decency—though as a matter of fact he really knows nothing about such things—the Colonel carries the sprout off an apple tree for a whip, and wears a spur upon one foot only, and that too a weapon of antique design, which, moreover, cannot possibly have been cleaned since the war. But the Colonel wouldn't care a blankety blank what anybody thought of his appearance, and would wonder what in creation his clothes had to do with hounds or foxes. Even John Peel, though his methods were probably not unlike the Colonel's and the hours he kept were very similar as we know, would have been shocked, I think, at the Old Virginian's attire. But the latter, as I have said, would upon his part entirely fail to comprehend the point of view.

When the Colonel and Ephraim reach the Doctor's pines there is very little ceremony in the way the eager hounds anticipate their movements and throw themselves into the ten acres of green woodland through which a stream fringed with now naked alders winds its way. The two old sportsmen, the Anglo-Saxon and the African, master and ex-slave, united by their lifelong passion for the chase, take up their stand outside and wait for that music which to each of them is the sweetest sound in life.

There have been whimpers already from the covert, but the old Colonel knows the language of his hounds as the parent does of his children, and which of them it is talking and what it amounts to, whether it is Trumpeter 'foolin' after an ole har,' or Beauregard 'triflin' on a possum trail,' or Rattler with confident and trustworthy note proclaiming the presence of nobler game. And sure enough on this occasion, too, it is this celebrated hound who wakes the Colonel and Uncle Ephraim from their reverie, and in a few moments the whole pack have answered to his well-known summons.

There is then great music for a space, and it grows greater, and the two old men outside the wood listen to it in silent rapture.

'Cunnel,' says Ephraim as the situation intensifies, 'that ar ole red'll hev to quit, I reckon.' And even as he speaks a big red fox breaks covert not a hundred yards from the corner they are standing at, and faces the open with an air of confidence in himself and contempt for the Colonel's already defeated endeavours that warms up that old warrior mightily.

'That's the gentleman that beat us, Ephraim; that's him! I'll swear I know every hair on his durned hide.'

Then indeed is the time to see this veteran pair, perhaps at their very best, and hear a notable duet. Old man Ephraim is standing in his stirrups—one of them, by the way, hung on with a rope—and at the very top of his power and lungs is giving the shrill Virginia hunting cry that there does sole duty for each stage of the chase, with his hat in his hand and his bald black wrinkled head fringed with a circlet of short silvery hair, and his mouth wide open and his withered frame shaking with excitement. The Colonel at his side has got to work on his big cow-horn, and with cheeks puffed out and the colour of a ripe tomato is filling earth, air, and sky with its strenuous blasts.

Out come the hounds on the line one after the other and in straggling fashion, but none the less keen and always full of music. It is nothing from their pace that the sturdy fox who has just disappeared over the top of the wheat field has to fear,

but they may wear him out, and run into him at midday or even in the afternoon, for the tenacity and hardiness and scenting powers of the Colonel's hounds are remarkable if they have little speed. Old Ephraim, whose powers of sporting narrative have been the delight of two generations of loafers at the village post

FILLING EARTH, AIR, AND SKY WITH ITS STRENUOUS BLASTS

office, whence he fetches the Colonel's letters daily, has some most fearsome stories of long runs in the days of old. That celebrated hunt which took place in Christmas week 1831, when 'the Jedge, Marse' Roberts' pa, kep' de hounds,' is known to every one in Sassafras County. We were never tired of making Uncle Ephraim tell that story, for the old man had come to believe in it himself most firmly for the last half-century or so; and I think, upon the whole, it was the most magnificent lie I ever heard recited in cold blood and in detail, and by a member of a church too. 'Yes, suh, fo' Gawd I's tellin' you de solemn troof. Dem ar dawgs run dat ar ole fox fur two days an' two nights clar through. . . . It

wur de day befo' Christmas, dey struck dat ar fox's trail, and when de Jedge quit off hunt'n at sundown he done tell me ter foller dem hounds and see whar they's gwine ter. Well, suh, I follerd 'em all dat night. I follerd 'em all Christmas Day and all dat night too, and when I caught up wid 'em jes as sho' as yo' born, suh, it wur over in Hanover County about'n hour after sun-up, and fo' de Lawd de fox was *walkin'*, and de hounds was *walkin'*, dey was all *walkin'* widin a few yards of one nur'r.'

How this old sinner gathered up the emaciated voiceless hounds and the exhausted fox and put them all in a two-horse waggon and drove them home, I always suspected was a comparatively recent addition. But Ephraim invariably recited the legend with his hat in his hand, as if baring his head for the vengeance of heaven to descend upon it—as, indeed, he frequently invited it to do—should he deviate one hair's-breadth from the 'solemn troof.'

OLD EPHRAIM AT HIS SPORTING NARRATIVE

From what has been said in an earlier part of this paper it will be readily understood that there was no eager shortening of stirrup leathers or cramming on of hats with the Colonel and Uncle Ephraim as the hounds went away. At the same time the red dirt flew for a brief space from the Doctor's wheat field in

a fashion that testified to the ardour with which these veterans, lying back in their saddles with their legs thrown in Southern manner straight forward, sent the long-tailed half-bred and the plough mule up the sticky slope. It is only, however, a spasmodic burst of excitement. There is a snake fence on the ridge, and as Ephraim rolls off the mule to throw down a panel he finds breath for two or three more holloas.

'Praise de Lord, Cunnel, I kin holler good on a fox chase yit, tho' you is got me down as mighty nigh eighty on de book.'[1]

But the Colonel only waits for the three top rails to be pitched

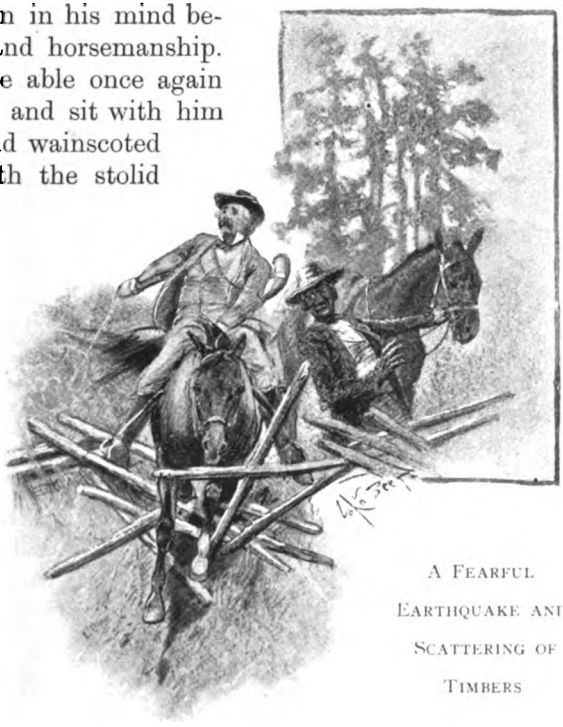
THEY MADE THE RED DIRT FLY

off, and then there is a fearful earthquake and scattering of chestnut timbers, as with apple switch and solitary spur he lifts the cob at the remaining five, and, striking them about halfway up, carries the whole panel away with him into the next field.

Space forbids us to follow our old friend as he potters along far in the wake for the present, at any rate, of his hounds. I think, however, from what I have said of the Colonel it will be readily understood, by most readers of the BADMINTON at any rate, that

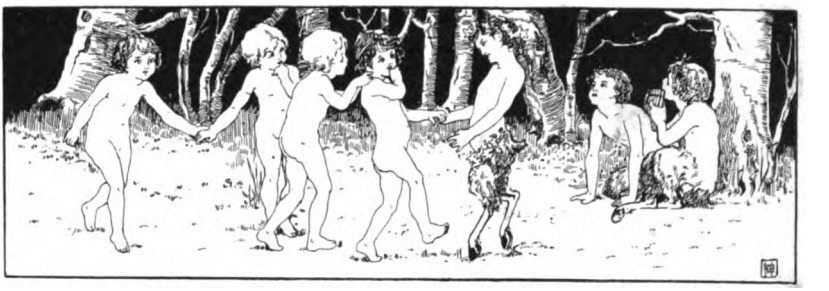
[1] The old register in which the births, deaths, ages, &c. of slaves were entered.

this astute old gentleman, steeped to the lips in the ways of hounds and foxes, will be very apt to see something more of the fun before it is all over. And even should he not do so, and his dogs after all kill their fox on some remote plantation miles away, he will be just as pleased as if he had ridden at their heels to the finish. Indeed, from the Colonel's obsolete point of view, due to habit and circumstances, there is no very clear connexion in his mind between foxhunting and horsemanship. I wish, too, we were able once again to follow him home and sit with him for a bit in the old wainscoted dining-room, beneath the stolid portraits of bygone Broomsedges in wigs and ruffles, and listen to his cheery yarns of hounds and foxes and politics and war, when the long reed pipe is lit and the oak logs are roaring on the big brick hearth.



A Fearful Earthquake and Scattering of Timbers

But this, alas! is, after all, but a retrospect. The Colonel's cow-horn has long ceased to rouse the echoes of the Virginia woodlands. It is five years or more since I stood by his grave, even then not entirely a new-made one. And as I stood there in the old graveyard to the west of the house, amid a scene of ruin and decay, I felt how immense was the gulf between the past and the future in the South, and what a fine race were these Old Virginia squires; and I thought then, as I have often thought before and since, how really lamentable it is they found no contemporary chronicler of fame in whose pages they might live again, and as a type acquire some measure of immortality. None arose, however, and now it is too late – for they are gone.



SOME OLD ENGLISH GAMES

BY ANTONY GUEST

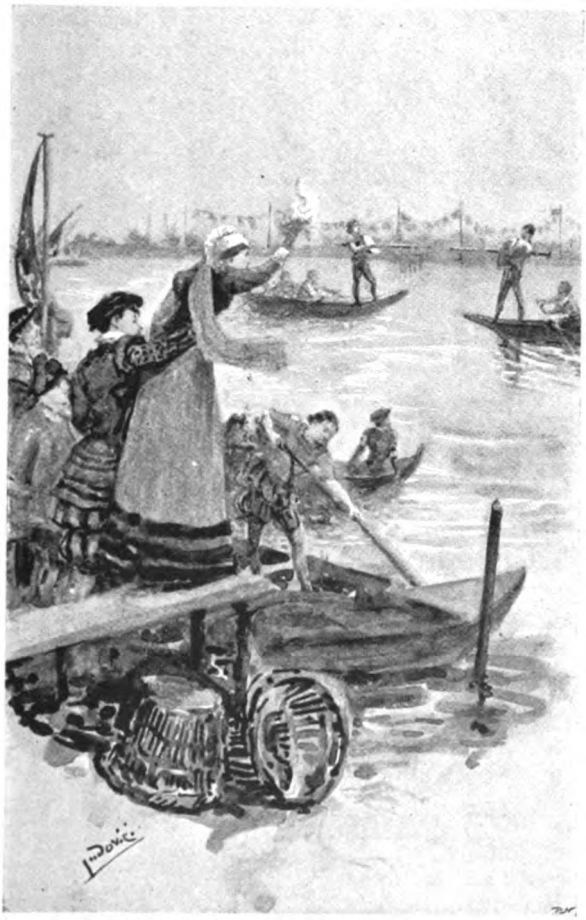
WHATEVER the vicissitudes of the English people, they have always found time for play. The favourite pastimes of the masses lived through all the excitement of foreign wars and internal troubles, nor could the repressive statutes that were from time to time enacted, with a view to fostering warlike sports by discouraging games, to any appreciable extent baulk the people's love for amusements of their own choosing. The exuberant energy that has always been, and happily is still, a national characteristic, has ever found vent in sports requiring activity or skill. As a consequence, a multiplicity of diversions were at various times devised, and old foreign writers have remarked with surprise on the prevalence of games and pastimes among the English people.

The pleasures of the chase, whether with hawk or hounds, as well as the excitements of the tourney, with all its heroic deeds and picturesque accompaniment, were of course beyond the reach of the populace, except in the capacity of spectators; but they had sports of their own which were sufficiently exciting, though less dangerous than those of the aristocracy.

There were the Robin Hood games, which helped to bring archery up to a high pitch of perfection; the May-day festivities, with their accessories of the Maypole and morris dances, and a number of games in which the ball was brought into play; while the game of quintain imitated the knightly tournament itself.

It must have been a boisterous scene on the village greens where the quintain was erected, and doubtless the jeers and laughter of our robust forefathers were loud and prolonged when

a luckless player, tilting at the Turk's head, failed to strike it fair between the eyes, and only succeeded in causing the contrivance to revolve on its pivot and to deal him a smart blow on the shoulder with the wooden sabre that the Moslem held in his hand. Sometimes a bag of sand was substituted for the sabre, and a blow from this was quite enough to unseat an inexpert horseman. But a more picturesque variation of this amusement was water-quintain, which was a great source of delight to the young 'prentices of London as players, and even to graver citizens as spectators. The Thames at Westminster and London Bridge was a frequent scene on festival days of exhibitions of this sport. The player, spear in hand, took his stand on the stern end of a boat (which was propelled by rowers with the tide at great speed), and aimed at a shield firmly affixed to a post. When he struck the shield he was inevitably thrown backwards into the water, unless he could contrive to do so with such dexterity as to break the spear in the process. In that case he won the game, and received the peacock that was commonly given as a prize; but,



WATER-QUINTAIN

in the event of failure, he suffered no more harm than a ducking, and the vexation consequent upon the derision of the spectators, for a couple of boats were always kept in readiness to come to the rescue of the discomfited. Another method of playing this game was by two players in different boats tilting at one another, each attempting to throw his opponent into the water. They were armed with staves and protected themselves with shields, and it cannot be doubted that their encounters, which called for both alertness and skill, usually ended in one or both of the combatants getting a wet skin. The game of quintain is chiefly associated with the time of Henry III.; but it survived long after his reign, and it is even recorded that so late as the year 1789 the sport was practised in Cornwall exactly as it had been described by the early chroniclers. It might well be tried again in this year of grace?

Still more ancient is the game of bowls, which originated in a period so remote that antiquarians are unable to trace its beginning, and is flourishing with but slightly diminished vigour to-day. The game will always be associated with Sir Francis Drake's famous remark, 'There's plenty of time to win this game and to thrash the Spaniards too,' when he was interrupted while playing by the arrival of the news that the Spanish Armada was approaching. The incident is typical of the passion of the English people for play, and it also illustrates the degree of enthusiasm that the game of bowls was capable of exciting at that period. Until the development of pall-mall, indeed, there was no game that occupied so large a share of public attention during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A bowling-green was a necessary adjunct to all the residences of the nobility and wealthy classes, and many of them had covered bowling-alleys as well, for use in wet weather. In London and all the principal towns, also, there were to be found alleys and lawns laid out for the use of the public.

Tradesmen and apprentices spent their spare time, and not seldom time that ought to have been more usefully employed, at the public bowling-greens; men neglected their homes and wasted their money—for gambling was one of the vices of the age—often, as we are told, returning penniless to a hungry wife and family as a result of an inordinate passion for the game. To such an unhealthy extreme was this passion carried that the bowling-alleys gradually obtained an infamous reputation as the resort of gamblers, swindlers, and dissolute persons. Parliament attempted to mitigate the evil by passing a statute so early as the

BOWLS

reign of Henry VII., interdicting apprentices and others from playing several games, including bowls, which they were not to indulge in out of the time of Christmas 'but for mete and drynke,' and in Christmas to play only in the dwelling-houses of their masters or in the presence of their masters. But this statute, like others of a similar nature, was chiefly intended to induce young men to take up such pursuits as would fit them for military service. In any case, it did little towards regenerating the bowling-alleys, the evil associations of which continued until late in the seventeenth century, when the celebrated bowling-greens at Clerkenwell were laid out with turf and gravel, and covered alleys were also provided for the temptation of the public. Charles II. was an enthusiastic player at bowls, and it was at his instigation that the fashionable bowling-green at Spring Gardens was constructed. But this ground, notwithstanding that it was on the royal demesne, became so disreputable, on account of 'the bibbing and wine drinking under the trees and frequent quarrels,' that it had to be suppressed. The character of this royal playground is illustrated by an incident that happened to Lord Digby, who, having taken part in an affray at Spring Gardens, was apprehended for 'striking in the King's garden,' and said in his defence that he 'took it for a common bowling-place where all who paid their money might come in.'

In the last century the popularity of the public bowling-greens was on the wane, but their tone showed no improvement. Horace Walpole relates how, at the famous Putney ground, James McLean, the fashionable highwayman, 'had a quarrel with an officer whom he challenged for disputing his rank; but the captain declined till McLean should produce a certificate of his nobility.' Shortly after this, McLean's exciting career was brought to a close at Tyburn.

But while gentlemen quarrelled and common people drank and gambled away their substance at the public bowling-alleys, the game of bowls continued to flourish in a decorous manner on the lawns attached to private residences, where the restraining influence of women, who frequently took part in the game, kept the excitement of the players within the bounds of discretion.

Ladies, indeed, found the pastime very much to their taste, and it had the favour of at least one royal princess in Mary, daughter of Henry VIII., who delighted to relieve the monotony of her not very happy existence by a game at bowls. The Princess, unfortunately, with all her good qualities, was, like most of her contemporaries, unable to resist the fascinations of gambling;

but we only find one record in her privy purse expenses of a sum lost at bowls, and it may therefore perhaps be reasonably inferred either that she was a particularly good player, or that she was careful in the choice of her adversaries. The entry is as follows: 'Item. Payed for a brekefast lost at Bolling by my Lady Marye's grace, Xs.'

One may imagine from this slight record the brilliant party on the lawn in the early morning and the gay wager of a breakfast for the company depending on the game; for ten shillings was a goodly sum in those days, at least enough to provide a repast for four persons, even with a princess among them.

The game of bowls has undergone but little modification in the last three hundred years. Naturally, while in the zenith of its popularity, it reached its highest stage of development. The utmost care was devoted to the levelling of lawns, and to the construction of alleys, and that fascinating quality 'bias,' which distinguishes bowls from all other games, was studied and discussed by contemporary writers. The ludicrous manifestations of excitement, too, that even now-a-days are sometimes exhibited by players while their bowl is moving towards the 'jack,' the adjurations, entreaties and oaths addressed to it, were commented upon and ridiculed by wits of the day. There is, by the way, a mediæval drawing reproduced by Strutt which illustrates a game in progress, and is particularly amusing by reason of the absurd contortions in which one of the figures is indulging as his bowl slowly approaches the 'jack.' Similar exhibitions of nervous anxiety are sometimes to be observed in our own day, not only among players at bowls, but also on the part of excitable competitors at billiards, who screw their bodies round in an eccentric manner as if thereby to influence the direction of the ball. Another curious old drawing shows the bowlers aiming at small wooden cones, which evidently were the predecessors of the 'jack.' But even this primitive method was an improvement on the more ancient one by which the players alternately endeavoured to strike each other's bowls.

The most notable contemporary of bowls was the game of shovelboard; but this was essentially an indoor amusement that attracted its votaries chiefly when the weather did not permit of outdoor recreation, and during the long evenings of winter. Bowls and shovelboard, indeed, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries occupied very much the same positions as are taken by billiards and tennis in our own day. But shovelboard had a shorter life than bowls; it began later and ended sooner. In its

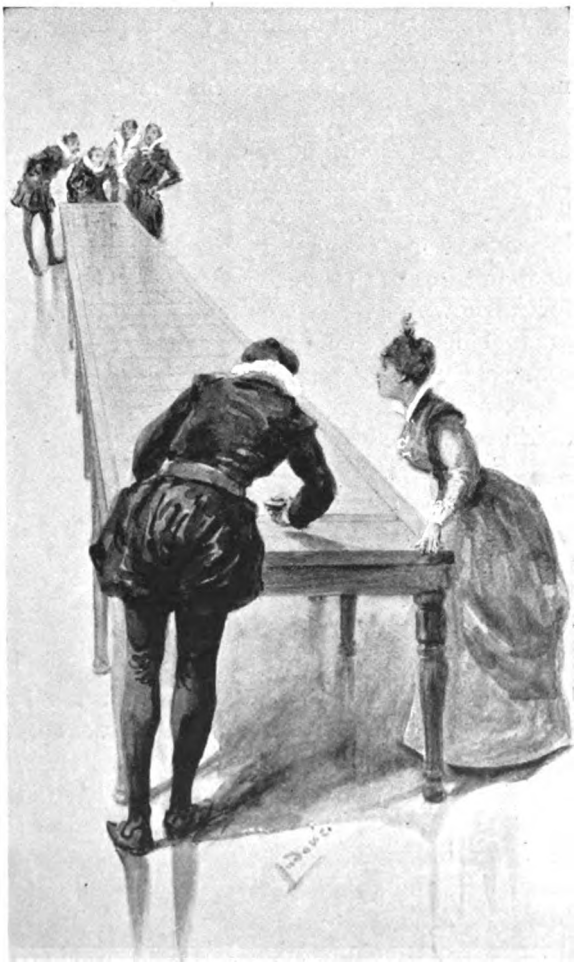
palmy days it was carried to a degree of perfection which can only be compared with that now attained by billiards.

The shovelboard itself was an oak table sometimes nearly forty feet in length, which found a place in the hall of every country house, and sometimes was laden with good viands and dainties when hospitable landlords provided entertainment for their tenants and dependents. These tables were often constructed in a very expensive manner, and infinite care was bestowed by the artificers on their elaboration. One table, 31 feet in length, is described as having been made up of 260 pieces, each about 18 inches long, and 'so accurately joined and glued together that no shovelboard whatever is freer from rubs or casting.' The tables were perfectly smooth and level, and generally three to three and a half feet in width. The players stood at one end of the table, and were each provided with four flat metal weights, which, playing alternately, they shoved with just enough impetus to make them slide the whole length of the smooth board. The best *coup* was that which caused the metal disc to hang over the edge of the table without falling into the basket that awaited it at the further end. This counted three points. Three or four inches from the edge a line was drawn across the table, and if the missile rested between this line and the edge, the player was credited with two points. A second line was made four feet further from the edge, and if the player got past this line, but not over the other, he scored one. The game for two players was generally '11 up,' but this number was extended when there were more competitors. It is obvious that much nicety and judgment of strength were required for this favourite old game, and, one of its incidents being the knocking of opponents' missiles off the board, great accuracy of aim was needed also. Being a domestic pastime suited to the capacity of every age and sex, shovelboard long maintained its popularity with all classes. Like every other amusement, the game was made a medium for gambling, and the broad shillings of Henry VI. were found particularly convenient for this purpose, the game being played with these coins, and the winner taking all those that had been used by his opponents.

Holinshed, speaking of the Earl of Kildare, who was condemned in the reign of Henry VIII., says that, 'One night, when the Lieutenant and he, for their disport, were playing slide-groat or shovelboard, suddenly cometh from the Cardinal Wolsey a mandatum to execute Kildare on the morrow. The Earl, marking the Lieutenant's deep sigh, "By St. Bride, Lieutenant," quoth he,

"there is some mad game in that scroll; but, fall how it will, this throw is for a huddle." '

There was, however, an important difference between slide-groat and shovelboard, the former being an older and far less fashionable form of amusement. There is a story of Prince Henry, son of James I., and afterwards Prince of Wales, related by a conscientious attendant who declared that he had not set down anything that did not occur in his presence:—



SHOVELBOARD

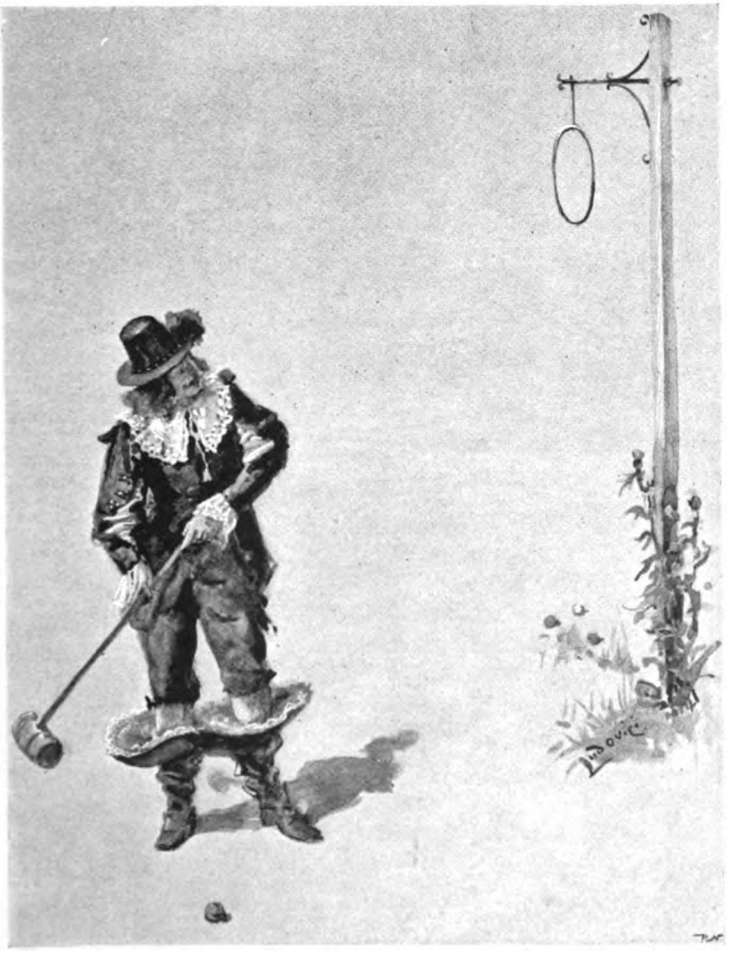
'Once when Prince Henry was playing at shovelboard and in his play changed sundry pieces, his tutor, being desirous that even in trifles he should not be newfangled, said to him that he did ill to change so oft, and therewith took a piece in his hand, and saying that he would play well enough therewith without changing, threw the piece on the board; though not so well but the Prince, smiling thereat, said, "Well thrown, sir!" Whereupon, Master Newton telling him that he would not strive with a prince at

shovelboard, he answered, "You gownsmen should be best at such exercises, being not mete for those that are more stirring." "Yes," quoth Master Newton, "I am mete for whipping of boys;" and hereupon the Prince answered, "You need not vaunt of that which a ploughman or cart driver can do better than you." "Yet can I do more," said Master Newton, "for I can govern foolish children." The Prince, respecting him even in jesting, came from the farther end of the table and, smiling, said when he passed him, "He had need be a wise man himself that could do that."'

The shovelboard not only provided amusement for the wealthy classes, but was also popular among the citizens, rude tables being frequently found and much patronised in ale-houses and hostelries. After a century of popularity the game began to wane in the latter portion of the seventeenth century. The civil wars and the spread of puritanism were perhaps in some degree accountable for its downfall—another reason for which, probably, was the gradual development of the game of billiards. In the halls of some old country mansions the venerable table still retains its place, an object of curiosity to some, and one of great interest to those who can imagine the picturesque and animated group in their ruffs and farthingales who found recreation and excitement by its aid long ago.

The game of pall-mall, that gives its name to the thoroughfare which is built on the ground where the pastime attained its greatest celebrity, is second to none in point of fame. It was an offshoot of golf and the predecessor of croquet, which, it must be admitted, has changed out of recognition in the course of its development from its grandparent. If one can imagine an intermediate stage between golf and croquet, one has pall-mall; but it most unfortunately happens that the rules of the game as it was actually played have not been handed down to us. Even the implements of the game would have been outside modern ken but for a happy accident that fifty years ago revealed a pair of old mallets and a ball most appropriately entombed in the roof of a house in Pall Mall itself. The mallets, which may be seen at the British Museum, are like those still used at croquet, except that they are curved at the bottom in order that the ball might be raised from the ground for one particular stroke, while the balls are of the same material as croquet balls—namely, boxwood—but smaller. Pall-mall was played in an alley half a mile in length and carefully prepared, being hollowed in the centre and perfectly smooth, with a low wooden border. Distributed over the ground were iron arches, which varied in regard to number and position in the different

developments of the game. Through these arches the ball had to be driven, the object being to accomplish the whole distance in the fewest possible number of strokes. Thus the connexion between golf and croquet is apparent. So far the game was easy enough; but the tribulations of the player were reserved for the



PALL-MALL

end of his journey, when he was called upon to perform a feat that demanded an extraordinary amount of skill, by driving the ball through an iron ring, called 'the pass,' which was raised from the ground and suspended from a pole. The illustration shows a player calculating his distance and preparing for this

difficult stroke, which certainly called for an amount of adroitness that is beyond anything needed in modern games. The artist, in order to ensure accuracy of proportion, has consulted and been guided by a contemporary design, and it may therefore be taken that his drawing gives an actual representation of the game as it was played in the days of Charles II. It is, however, only reasonable to assume that in the earlier developments of the game the hoop was both larger and nearer to the ground, and that, as the expertness of the players increased, the stroke was gradually made more difficult until the proportions indicated were reached. What penalty attached to failure in performing this extraordinary feat is only a matter of conjecture. Perhaps two or three attempts were permitted, or it may be that the player was obliged to go back and perform his task over the whole ground again. Similarly, we are not in a position to say how many arches had to be passed or how they were arranged. But there is no reason to assume that the half-mile tour included any complications beyond the mere driving of the ball through arches, placed at varying intervals. That they were separated at one point by a considerable distance, necessitating a long drive, is, however, to be gathered from some verses in which the poet Waller flatters King Charles II. in a very barefaced manner for his play :—

> Here a well-polished mall gives us much joy
> To see our prince his matchless force employ.
> No sooner had he touched the flying ball
> But 'tis already more than half the mall,
> And such a fury from his arm has got,
> As from a smoking culverin 'twere shot!

The Merry Monarch was very fond of indulging in this fashionable amusement with the Duke of York and his courtiers; but his skill is by no means to be taken for granted from the testimony of the sycophant Waller. Perhaps the value of the poet's verses may best be judged in the light of the remarks that the candid Pepys set down in his Diary after seeing the king play at tennis :—

'To see how the king was extolled without any cause at all was a loathsome sight, though sometimes indeed he did play very well and deserved to be commended; but such open flattery is beastly.'

Pepys further relates how he walked in the Park discoursing with the keeper of the pall-mall, who was engaged in sweeping the alley, which was covered with fine gravel mixed with powdered

cockle-shells. But this mixture, the diarist observes, 'in dry weather turns to dust and deads the ball.'

On another occasion Pepys confesses that 'it pleased him mightily to hear a gallant, lately come from France, swear at one of his companions for suffering his man (a spruce blade) to be so saucy as to strike a ball while his master was playing on the mall.'

Pall-mall was a fashionable amusement in France, and is said to have been introduced in England in the reign of James I., who mentions it among the exercises that he considered proper for his son Henry. This young prince, to whom we have already referred, had a pretty wit, as is shown by the following story, which also testifies to the connexion between pall-mall and golf:—

'The prince was playing at goff, a play not unlike to pall-mall, and was about to strike the ball, when one standing by said to him, "Beware you hit not Master Newton," wherewith he, drawing back his hand, said, "Had I done so I had but paid my debts."'

The pastime quickly gained popularity, not only in London, but also in the chief provincial towns, nearly all of which had a prepared ground where it could be played. In the early part of the seventeenth century the game was practised in that portion of St. James's Fields which is now called Pall Mall. Charles II. was a frequent and enthusiastic player, and at his restoration, several houses having been erected on the old ground, he had an avenue in St. James's Park prepared as a mall, which name it still bears. It is to be observed, however, that the word 'Mall,' which became commonly applied to the ground, originated from the mallet with which the game was played, while 'Pall' took its name from the ball. The numberless modifications that must have taken place in the process of development from golf to pall-mall it is impossible to trace, and the manner in which the game was gradually transformed into croquet likewise remains a mystery. Cotgrave, in his Dictionary, 1632, says, 'Paille Maille is a game wherein a round box bowl is with a mallet struck through a high arch of iron, standing at either end of an alley, which he that can do in the fewest blows, or at the number agreed on, wins.' Evidently in this older form of the game the suspended ring had not been introduced. But the game as it was played in the days of its popularity had much to recommend it. Even more skill was required for it than for golf, and it gave no less exercise. In these days when there is a tendency towards a revival in croquet, and golf is of paramount interest, those who appreciate variety in

their exercises might do worse than attempt a resuscitation of the once popular pastime that combined some of the characteristics of both.

One of the most ancient of amusements is the simple and picturesque game of shuttlecock, which has now been developed into Badminton. Doubtless it was always a favourite with children, but it had attractions for grown-up persons too. At one period,

SHUTTLECOCK

indeed, about the end of the sixteenth century, it attained a high degree of popularity, and became very fashionable, as may be gathered from the frequent references to the game by old dramatists. In one old comedy, for instance, appear the words 'To play at Shuttlecock methinks is the game now.' Shuttlecock was one of the few exercises that were suitable for women, and it may be conjectured that it was the attraction of being able to join in the game with ladies that caused men to take it up. The game

could be played by old and young. It could be practised with stately gravity, or it might degenerate into a romp; while it was not violent enough to prevent neatly turned compliments from being made and blushing replies returned between the strokes. That it was favoured in high places may be judged by the

LA GRACE

following anecdote of Prince Henry, which is told by the writer previously quoted.

'His Highness playing at Shuttlecock with one far taller than himself, and hitting him by chance with the Shuttlecock on the forehead, "This is," quoth he, "the encounter of David and

Goliath."' There is an ancient drawing as early as the fourteenth century which shows a player striking a shuttlecock that is constructed in very much the same way as at present, with a somewhat rude battledore, apparently made entirely of wood. The game, however, existed long before this period—how long it would be impossible to say. Hall, writing in 1646, observes: 'Shuttlecock requires a nimble arm with a quick and waking eye; 'twere fit for students, and is not so vehement as the waving of a stool,' the last remark being a reference to the game of 'stool-ball,' in which the ball was driven backwards and forwards between two players by means of stools. Shuttlecock continued to be popular with the youth of both sexes until late in the last century; but afterwards it survived only as an amusement for children, until it obtained a new lease of life by the introduction of 'Badminton.'

Another game that derived its popularity from the patronage of women was 'La Grace,' so called because its movements were calculated to display to the best advantage the graceful forms of the fair players. The pastime still survives, and therefore needs no particular description, though it finds its patrons now chiefly among the young. The players have two sticks with which they throw up a small hoop and catch it again, or toss it from one to another, the exchange of hoops being a distinctive feature of the game. The hoop may be caught with one or both sticks, the object being to prevent it from touching the ground. The game requires no little skill, and must have provided an agreeable spectacle when played by the ladies of the last century in their picturesque costumes, with the young men of the time arrayed in all the bravery of powdered wigs, knee-breeches, and long waistcoats.

A game of very different character, inasmuch as it necessitated great exertion and could only be played by men, was 'balloon ball.' This sport, which is of very ancient origin, was still a favourite in the time of Charles II. It was played with a large inflated leather ball which the players struck with their arms, protected at the wrists with a hollow bracer made of wood. The game is described as 'a strong and moving sport in the open fields,' and was highly esteemed for the healthy exercise that it gave. Much dexterity was required to strike the ball fair, and it could be driven long distances by expert players. Undoubtedly it was derived from a favourite pastime of ancient Rome which survived in Italy under the title of 'Pollone.' A party of Italians, who, as Strutt tells us, gave an exhibition of the game in a yard that they had made for the purpose at Pimlico in the last century,

gave it the imposing designation of 'the Olympic game.' In some old drawings the players of this game are represented as striking the ball with the naked hand.

Among the many pastimes that essentially belonged to the rural classes, the game of 'drop handkerchief' is deserving of notice, not only for its antiquity, but also on account of the picturesqueness and innocent mirth with which it was associated. The game has degenerated into the modern 'kiss in the ring,' and played by Bank-holiday folk on Hampstead Heath, it retains little of the charm that appertained to it in the old days when simple-minded rustics thought it something of an achievement, on festival days, to win a kiss from the rosy-cheeked maidens who bashfully consented to take part in the sport. Separated from modern cockneyism, 'drop handkerchief' is a pastime that has much fascination for the observer, and, happily, it may still be seen played with something like its pristine simplicity in country places. There the game, as of yore, is not a mere incident of an uproarious holiday: it is the event of the day. The girls look forward to it with trepidation and the youths with delight. The salute is given in a ceremonious manner, it means something both to the giver and to the recipient that is

BALLOON BALL

remembered long afterwards, and is often not without a happy result. The game, as regards its mere rules, remains the same now as it has been for hundreds of years. But the players for the most part are different, and those who witness it as played by

DROP HANDKERCHIEF

the young men and women of London nowadays can only regret that nineteenth-century vulgarity has desecrated a pastime, venerable, but ever young, and imbued through long ages with the spirit of simple gaiety and rustic romance.

'TIGER'-HUNTING EXTRAORDINARY

BY HENDRIK B. KNOBLAUCH

A TYPICAL summer's morning in Capetown. Time of year, early February ; time of day, 6.30 A.M.

Landwards, a misty haze, presaging a day of burning heat, extends like a quivering belt from the old Block House on the slopes of Devil's Peak, along the entire length of Table Mountain, past the fringe of silver-trees about Lion's Head, and so on by the Rump and over the shipping in the harbour, until it melts away in the blue waters of the bay. In the city below, the smoke curls up lazily from the chimney-stacks at the corners of the square blocks of yellow-tinted, flat-topped houses—curls up lazily and leisurely, as if to do otherwise in such weather would be to revolutionise all the settled traditions of the laws of motion practised in Capetown since the days of dapper little old Governor van Riebeeck, two hundred and odd-score years ago.

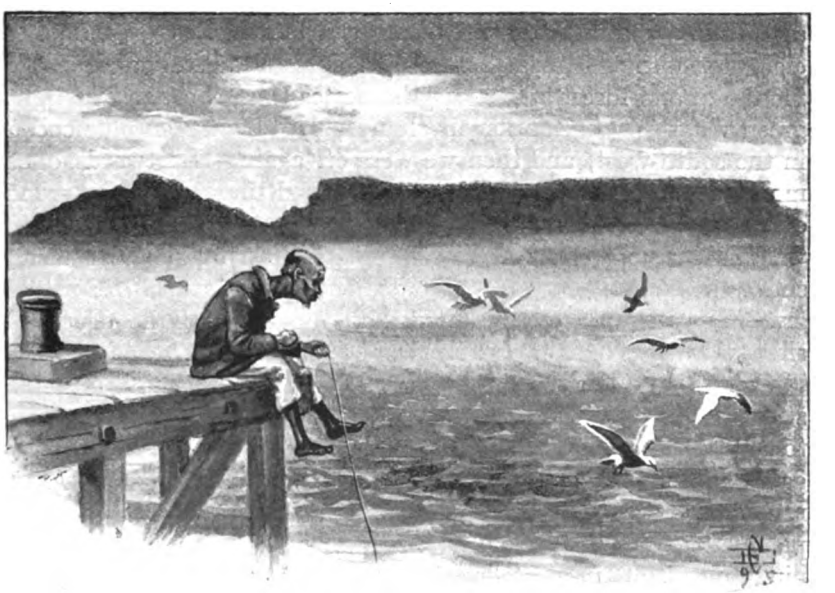
In a back street, hard by the Cathedral, a dusty green arched door under a verandah grates slowly backwards, a merry peal of laughter comes from within, and an olive-cheeked, dark-eyed Malay girl, in an ample, if somewhat faded, purple gown, and with dainty kerchief head-covering, clacks lightly down the stone steps with a broom and a handful of tea-leaves, and away go loquat-stones, grape-stalks, melon-peel, and dust from the footway into the gutter.

Past the railway-station, seawards, where the Jetty points across the waters to the silver sands of Blauwberg Beach glittering in the morning sun, sweet whiffs from the cornfields and fresh breaths from the ocean are valiantly but vainly striving to pierce

the invisible shroud of evil odours wrapped about the 'peerless pier' in embryo of the South African metropolis. A grizzly old Mozambiquer sits dangling his bare legs over a corner of the Jetty. Hatless, bootless, shirtless—his only covering a pea-jacket that has seen better days, and a pair of trousers patched like a mosaic—he sits there, intently watching through the transparent green waters the doings of a pair of lobsters among the rocks and boulders below. The lobsters have their eye on a tempting bit of shark's liver; and the old man has his eye on the lobsters. The coveted morsel, which drifts hither and thither as the water surges or recedes, is mixed up somehow with a piece of basketwork-tackle depending from a line wound round the old man's arm. Suddenly a triumphant smile flits across the black face peering downwards, the sun's rays glint sharply from the bald, shiny pate, the Mozambiquer throws himself backwards—yee-o-p!—and the two crustaceans lie flopping on the wooden framework beside him. *Dong-ding! Dong-ding! Dong-ding! Dong-ding! Dong-ding! Dong-ding! Dong-d-i-n-gg!* Merely a steeple-clock somewhere in the neighbourhood of the barracks chiming seven. As the last stroke dies away the old man pulls a long, slender pole, with an oily-looking fish at each end of it, from under a piece of sailcloth by his side, slings the pole across his right shoulder, grasps a writhing lobster firmly in each hand, and starts citywards, first at a trot, then at a run. On he goes, up Adderley Street, past the station, past the Old Exchange. As he steps into the shadow cast by the statue surmounting the Standard Bank, his head falls forward, he faces half right-about, and in a voice shrill and weird as the despairing appeal of a tortured spirit he cries: 'S-n-o-e-k! GEEL-B-E-K!! *Lekk're Kr-ee-ee-eef!!!*' The answering echoes clatter among the public buildings, rebound from the walls of Parliament House, and chase each other along the double row of oaks up the Avenue; and as the last one dies away in the recesses of the Botanical Gardens, a hansom cab, followed by another and yet another, comes dashing down Adderley Street, and making a sharp curve, its left wheel missing by a hair's-breadth the bare heel of a ragged Hottentot grape-vendor carrying a basket, draws up under the verandah over the ticket-entrance to the railway-station. A bevy of Malay porters sweep down upon it like the wind, and after a wrangle, a tussle and a scramble, triumphantly march off to the guard's van with a portmanteau, a corded box, a brown-paper package, and a valise.

I had received an invitation for the opening of the shooting-season from some friends living at the foot of the mountains along

the Caledon coast. The prospect was a most welcome one, and I had risen somewhat early on this, the morning of my departure, so as to have a glimpse of Table Bay and a breath of sea-air before starting. I had walked down to the Jetty through Capetown's sleepy passages; had seen the counterpart of Mark Twain's 'Uncle Zeke' capture his lobsters and leave; and I was dreamily watching the snow-white gulls flitting hither and thither and lightly skipping and sweeping over the blue waters, when the old man's melancholy cry arrested my attention, and the bustle of the hansoms and a shriek from a railway-engine warned me that



my train would start in another five minutes. Two minutes' walk brought me to the station, where my gun-case and other luggage lay waiting in charge of a red-turbaned follower of the Prophet. A shrill screech from the engine, followed by a scramble for seats by loitering farmers and other outgoing passengers; then a second screech, and we steamed out of the station.

Away, past the old Castle and the silver crescent where the blue waters of the Bay end; away, across the sandflats, until Table Mountain lay misty and hazy far in the rear; on, on, and on, among patches of green and golden melons and mealies alternating at every turn with orchards and green vineyards; eastwards and onwards still, right through the heart of the beautiful little

village of Somerset West; then, slowly and more slowly, up a winding rise, across a short iron bridge spanning a merry brook that came clattering through the rocks above, and the train entered the little terminal station at the foot of Sir Lowry's Pass.

Here I found awaiting me a neat turn-out, in the shape of a light folding-hooded two-wheeled buggy, with a pair of evenly matched, strongly built chestnuts before it. Lighting a cigar, I leant back among the cushions, and told my coachman—a crispy-haired Hottentot boy—to 'let go' the reins. In a whiff the station had vanished behind a clump of silver poplars, and we were pulling up the steep inclines of Sir Lowry's Pass. Another thirty minutes or so found us two thousand feet above sea-level and at the summit of the mountain. A brandy-and-soda, a fresh cigar, ten minutes' gaze on an entrancingly beautiful panorama of mountain and forest and snowy homesteads in a setting of light green vineyards and darker fir-clumps, with a sheet of blue ocean in the south-west, and then we were off again. Eastwards once more, across a rocky-crested tableland and through a fairy scene of white, red, yellow and crimson everlastings, mingling softly with yellow and pink proteæ and waxy Cape bell-heather in all shades of the rainbow. A steep descent, a sharp turn, and in the grateful shade of a huge blue-gum on the bank of the deep and silent Palmiet River we come to a standstill.

While Hans, my coachman, is getting lunch ready, I take a stroll across the low wooden bridge that spans the river here, to a little thatch-roofed building opposite, on whose whitewashed gable 'POST OFFICE' is stencilled in large black letters. As I round the corner of the building my attention is attracted by a piece of cardboard tacked to the wall on which are pasted in pink and yellow immortelles the words, '*Everlastings Sold Here.*' The door stands open, and I walk in. Everything in the little room, poorly and scantily furnished, 'tis true, is the pink of neatness. Baskets, crosses, cornucopias, picture-frames, and what not, all worked in immortelles, are tastefully arranged against the walls. A large mirror standing in a corner causes the little room to look twice its real size by reflection; while a brass couvre d'œuf, well burnished and hung against the chimney base over the fireplace, imparts an air of sprightliness and homeliness all round. There is a little white-curtained window opposite the door, and before it sits a lady with snowy white hair sorting the letters and papers delivered by the last postcart. I apologise for intruding, and ask whether I may look at some of the ever-lastings, stating that I am on my way down-country from

Capetown, where I remember seeing some very pretty articles made of everlastings in the shop-windows.

'Pray, do not apologise, sir. This is a very quiet spot, and my granddaughter and I are always glad when anybody passing does us the favour to look in. Lettie, darling! have you anything pretty you can show this gentleman? Lettie, sir, is my granddaughter. I attend to the post office, and Lettie attends to the everlastings. That is so, is it not, Lettie dear?'

'Yes, grannie dearest. But you have forgotten to tell the

gentleman that Lettie is blind, and that he must not expect her to turn out articles as pretty as those he has seen in the Capetown shop-windows.'

What a sweet voice and what a marvellously sweet face that of the blind girl sitting at the little rush and flower covered table in front of the low window behind the door on my right! And what a picture for the brush of a Master, the inside of that little cabin with its two occupants! I remained there talking to them for the better part of two hours, and I shall never forget the expressive looks of wonder and delight that lit up the poor girl's face when, speaking of my travels, I tried to describe the beauties of glaciers, waterfalls, pine-forests and mountain views of the

Austrian Tyrol. I bought some of Lettie's handiwork, promising to call for it on my way back; and when I rose to go, she pressed a little basket worked in immortelles into my hand, telling me to keep it in remembrance of 'the Blind Girl.' Ah me! I have travelled over thousands and thousands and thousands of miles of land and water since then, and have always kept the little basket by me as the most precious gift in my possession. And now, as I sit writing here in London, it stands before me, and speaks mutely yet eloquently of a sweet, fair face bending over some immortelles in a little thatch-roofed, white-walled cottage on the banks of a silently flowing, palmetto-bound stream at the other end of the world.

Another two hours' drive and we were among the Houw Hoek mountains, at a little hostelry shaded by gigantic blue-gums, with a wealth of roses and brilliant cacti in front and a vineyard with row upon row of red and green muscadel showing through a parlour-window at the back. Telling Hans to rest the horses awhile and then to drive on slowly through the pass, so as to come up with me at the entrance on the Caledon side, I took a short cut across the mountain on foot, keeping to an old road which every now and again showed the ruts in the solid rock worn there by the waggon-wheels of the hardy old Afrikanders who drove their produce to the Capetown market before the days of Government-made mountain roads in South Africa, a century and more ago. A stiff climb of an hour's duration, a leap now and again over cross-fissures made by running water, a glance of silent admiration ever and anon at the huge rut-worn masses evidencing the pluck and dauntless energy of Cape husbandmen in days gone by, and about 5 P.M., two hours or so before sunset, I stood on the summit of the ridge. The descent from here was short and sharp, and on nearing the bottom I saw, a few hundred yards in front of me, an open cart the occupants of which were signalling and shouting to me to hurry forward. This I accordingly did, though I could not for the life of me imagine what I was wanted for. As I came up with the cart, which had been driven as far up the mountain-side as two horses could take it, a stalwart young farmer sprang off, and frankly extending his hand, said: 'We heard from the driver of the passenger-cart, who saw your boy at Houw Hoek, that you were coming over the mountain. Mr. A. told us a few days back that you were coming out to him for some shooting, and you are in the nick of time for sport to-day. Jakob, our shepherd here, came tearing into the house down at the farm half an hour ago, quaking with terror

Well, there was no help for it; and I am bound to acknowledge that after a pint of the new sherry (*palmiet-zop*, palmetto-juice, as its local nickname), tapped and served in an immense wooden-stoppered drinking-horn by Koos, my spirits rose wonderfully. Visions of the merry days of Erin came flitting past as I looked at the four determined young fellows sitting shoulder to shoulder around me, each one firmly gripping a formidable knopkierie; with old Jakob, in jackal-skin cap and sheepskin trousers, dangling his legs from his perch on the knifeboard behind, his weight acting as a counterpoise to the barrel of palmiet-zop in front; and with the body of our cart swaying this way and that as the wheels bobbed up and down, now sinking into an ant-bear hole on the right, anon, on the left, with the axle at forty-five degrees, careening over a miniature mountain in the shape of an ant-heap or an outcrop of quartz hidden in the undergrowth. Our two ponies, true as steel, were trotting briskly forward, when —— 'HALT!! There they are! Tie up the horses, Jakob, and follow us!' Like a flash my four companions were over the sides, and I after them—a bad fifth, to be sure, though not quite out of the running.

When I reached the edge of the swamp, an opening between the palmetto-stems showed where my friends had entered and the last of them had disappeared. I could see absolutely nothing of them, the growth being abnormally high and the stems right and left interlacing like basketwork. But something very like a pandemonium seemed to be going on somewhere about twenty-five paces ahead of me; for amid the sound of splashing water, and creaking stumps, and the noise of dogs barking and yelping mingled with hoarse growls which I recognised only too well, there resounded shouts of 'Hit him!' 'Knock him!' 'Stick him!' and the sharply thudding 'Zip!' 'Zip!' 'Wh-r-r-r!' 'Zip!' 'Zip!' of the knopkieries in action. I sprang forward into the opening, missed my intended footing, and found myself up to my chin in ice-cold water. Children of the saints! thought I, if this be merely the *beginning* of what my friends here are pleased to style 'capital sport,' the *end* may prove decidedly interesting—to one member of our party at any rate. I wonder if the others escaped this hole, though, and how in the world they managed to do it! Scrambling out as best I could, I pressed forward, hopping like a reed-hen from stump to stump. Another two or three minutes and I stood on firm ground. I pushed through a screen of cane-brake that blocked my view, and came upon a strange scene. A small open space, about thirty feet square and

as though he had seen a waggon-load of ghosts, and stating that he had stumbled upon two huge tigers on the edge of that palmetto swamp which you can see stretching down the valley over yonder to the right about half a mile from here. I immediately told Koos and Gavie, my brothers, to put the horses to, and ordering Jakob to hunt up half a dozen *knopkieries* in the loft, I got friend Charl here, who had just ridden over from his farm and was at the moment busy making love to Minnie in the passage, to help me hoist a barrel of new wine into the splashboard of the cart. The weather to-day is too dry to start tiger-hunting without something to drink. So here you see we are—self, Koos, Gavie, Charl, dogs, knopkieries, barrel, nigger and all—ready to begin business and only waiting for you to join us. These fiendish tigers have been playing havoc among our sheep along the slope of late, and we mean to have them to-day. Believe me, it will be capital sport.'

If *I* understand our friends the tigers aright, thought I, the 'capital sport' will be all on their side this afternoon. A Cape leopard (or 'tiger,' as he is universally called throughout South Africa) may not be an Indian man-eater exactly; still, I have reason to know that he can be a terribly dangerous customer when brought to bay. So by way of veiled protest, I ventured to say: 'But I left my gun with the cart at Houw Hoek.'

'Pick, my dear fellow, pick, *pick*, PICK!' came the ready and unanimous response from all at once. 'Here are half a dozen quincewood kieries; select the one to your taste, and we will take the others. Never mind your gun; that will come in handy for small game—partridges, grijsbuck, and such like—to-morrow.' These fellows were the acme of politeness, as befitted their descent from good old Huguenot stocks. Still, I did not relish tackling a parcel of tigers, at home in their own palmetto swamp too, with nothing better than a bundle of knopkieries, a handful of 'miscellaneous' dogs, and a barrel of fermenting grape-juice. So I said: 'But Mr. A.'s cart will be waiting for me at the entrance to the pass, and you know the road between this and his farm is rather shaky after dark. He himself wrote to me to that effect.'

'Oh! that will be all right. We despatched a man on horseback to meet your man, and to tell him to drive home and assure Mr. A. we will land you there to-night, after we have settled with the tigers. Come, you must be thirsty after your tramp through the rocks. Fetch out the horn, Koos, and let us drink success to our Capetown friend and death to the spotted sheep-stealers!'

Well, there was no help for it; and I am bound to acknowledge that after a pint of the new sherry (*palmiet-zop*, palmetto-juice, is its local nickname), tapped and served in an immense wooden-bottomed drinking-horn by Koos, my spirits rose wonderfully. Visions of the merry days of Erin came flitting past as I looked at the four determined young fellows sitting shoulder to shoulder around me, each one firmly gripping a formidable knopkierie; with old Jakob, in jackal-skin cap and sheepskin trousers, dangling his legs from his perch on the knifeboard behind, his weight acting as a counterpoise to the barrel of palmiet-zop in front; and with the body of our cart swaying this way and that as the wheels bobbed up and down, now sinking into an ant-bear hole on the right, anon, on the left, with the axle at forty-five degrees, careening over a miniature mountain in the shape of an ant-heap or an outcrop of quartz hidden in the undergrowth. Our two ponies, true as steel, were trotting briskly forward, when —— 'HALT!! There they are! Tie up the horses, Jakob, and follow us!' Like a flash my four companions were over the sides, and I after them—a bad fifth, to be sure, though not quite out of the running.

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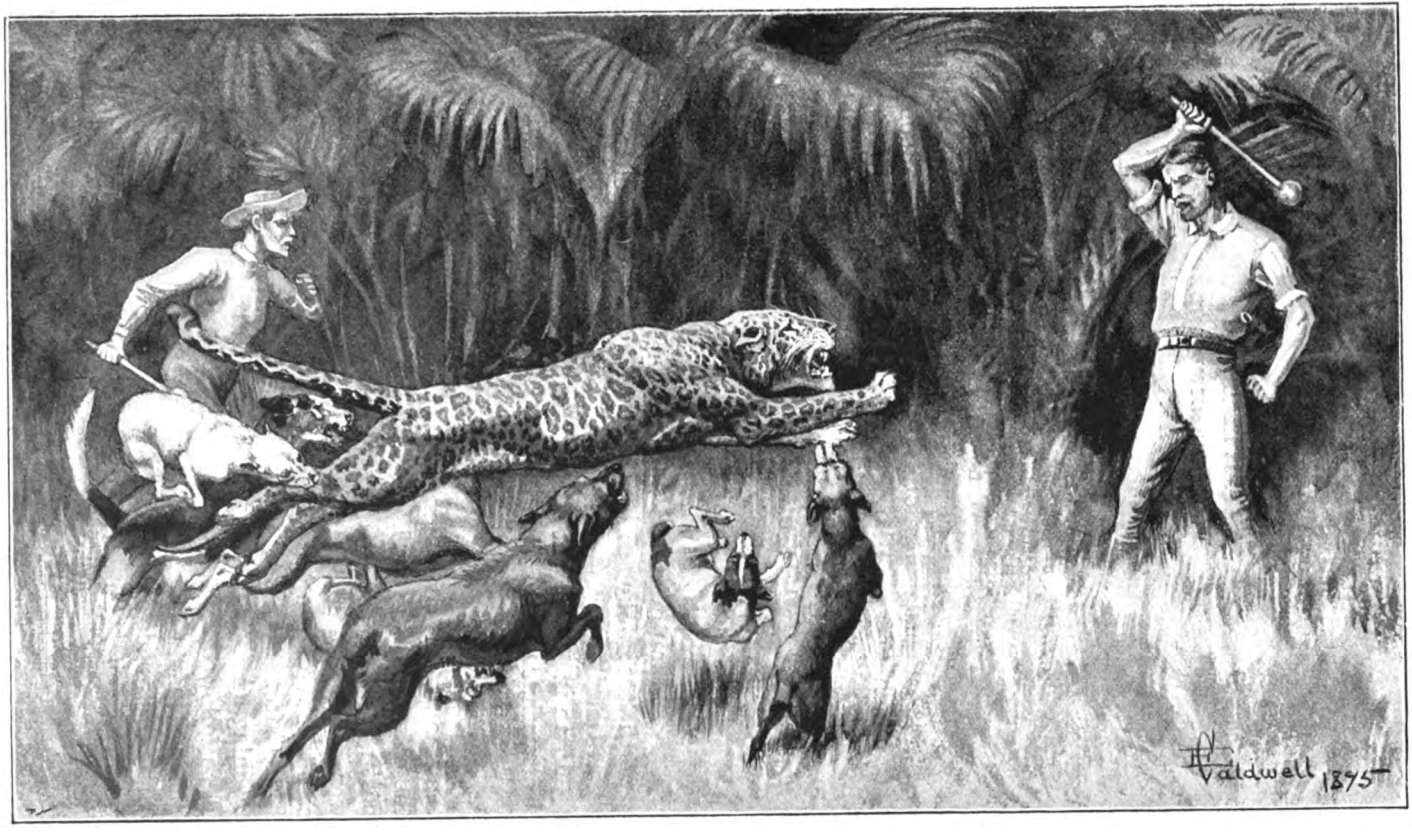
almost completely hemmed in by a dense black wall of palmetto-stumps shooting straight from the water, was before me. In a corner, close to where I was standing, lay the half-eaten carcase of one sheep and the bared skeletons of two or three more. Charl, whose whilom love-making in the passage at the farm had been so rudely interrupted by the call to arms, was standing like a young giant in his shirt-sleeves, keeping guard with his knop-kierie over a narrow opening in the palmetto-wall opposite me. The centre of the little island was a perfect whirlwind of dust, barks, yelpings, blows, shouts and growls, all mingled together. There were seven dogs—no two of them of the same breed—tackling a magnificent tiger, and three strapping fellows stepping in when and wheresoever a chance presented itself, to rain blows on the depredator of their flocks. For a moment my sympathies were with the tiger; there seemed to be an entire absence of fairplay in the odds pitted against him. But only for a moment, though; for a voice out of the whirlwind shouted to me: 'Guard that bush behind you! If he comes your way, stand fast and do not let him pass! If we can prevent his giving us the slip into the palmetto, he is done for!' Whereupon my sympathies veered round entirely. I no longer sympathised with the tiger: I sympathised with myself. And the hardly pressed leopard seemed to know where lay his only chance of escape. Every now and again he struck out, doubled, and shook himself free of the dogs, only to be checked by a hurricane of blows and bites before he could reach one or the other of the two openings guarded by Charl and myself. Marks of the fray were becoming plentiful. Gavie had a rent a foot long in the left leg of his trousers; hair was flying, and gashes were showing in the ranks of the canine battalion; and Koos's kierie, splintered over the leopard's head, had been replaced by a heavy piece of drift wood. The best fighter in the scrimmage was an ugly-looking, hairy, tailless Kaffir dog, picked up by somebody in the Transvaal, and left with my friends as a worthless incubus. Wampa (that was his name) had fixed upon the tiger's shoulder as his special point of attack; and whenever his opponent doubled or rolled over and shook him off, Wampa flew at him again like a demon and froze to the shoulder. Of a sudden the tiger doubled again, Wampa and the others let go their hold, there was a shout, and I heard Gavie call out: 'Look out, Charl! he is coming!' Then came a scamper to the other side; Charl set his legs firmly apart, I saw the thick end of his knopkierie bound in the air, and heard it descend with a whisk and a thud upon the tiger's head. The fight was over. The knob of



'LOOK OUT, CHARL! HE IS COMING!'

the kierie had crashed through the bone just behind the tiger's right ear, and the dogs soon worried out any flickering spark that remained behind. A magnificent stroke—such as a man sees but once in the course of his life! And yet Charl merely remarked, as I walked up and shook his hand: 'Good thing the ground was not slippery, else I might have been sprawling on my back, and the tiger laughing at us in the palmetto.' And a magnificent specimen of the Cape leopard, too, beautifully spotted, and measuring eight feet odd inches from tip to tip!

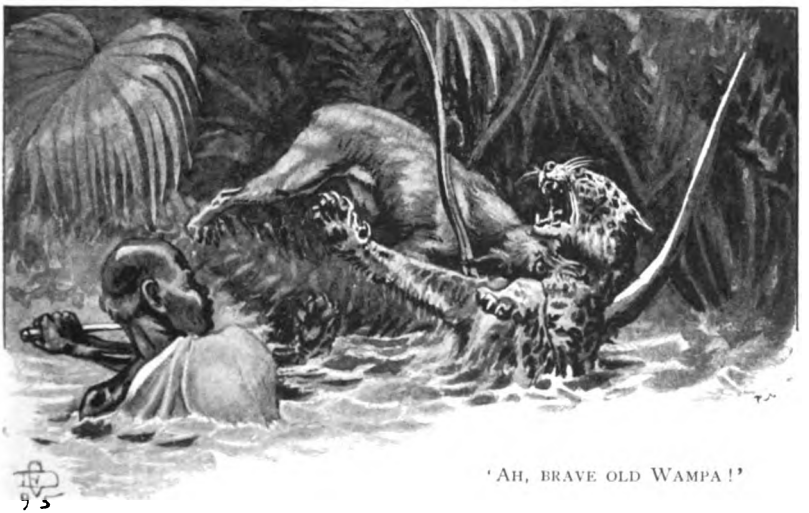
'Where is Jakob?' asked Pieter, the eldest of the three brothers. 'Ja-k-o-b!' and he made the valley ring with a singing call for the shepherd.

'Here, Baas (Master), here!' came the quick response from behind the very bush where I had been standing guard; and at the same time Jakob's form, or what looked like Jakob's form, very much bedraggled and bending under the weight of the barrel of wine, stumbled into the opening. 'Thought Baas would like to drink something after killing the tiger, so Jakob brought the barrel with him. But Jakob fell into a hole full of water with the barrel—that is why Jakob did not come sooner. Jakob has brought the horn, too.' We could see that 'Jakob had fallen into a hole full of water with the barrel'; the horn, too, was more than half full of water. All three were very welcome, nevertheless: Jakob to skin the tiger, and the barrel and horn to drink Charl's health out of.

In an incredibly short space of time the dead beast had been dealt with, Jakob had lightened the barrel by another hornful, and we began retracing our steps, having about fifteen minutes' sun to spare. This time I led the van; Pieter and Charl followed with the skin; then came Koos and Gavie; while Jakob brought up the rear with the barrel. The dogs were behind, busy holding a post-mortem over the body of the dead tiger, no doubt. We were hopping along Indian file, and already I could see our cart through the opening in front, when I heard a short 'Help, Baas!' from old Jakob. At the same time Koos shouted 'Allamachtag (Anglicé, By Jove!) Pieter! there's the other one!' Then followed a heavy splash, a dog's bark, another growl, and the next instant I stumbled over the skin dropped by Pieter and Charl, and made my way back after them as fast as the stumps would permit. Ah, brave old Wampa! Not the shoulder this time, but the throat! Aye, *the throat*! And how the old dog stuck to it! The body of the tigress (for we had to deal with the female this time) was under water, all but the head, and that

was pinned fast in an angle formed by two interlacing palmetto-stumps—pinned fast by old Wampa! Knopkieries were of no use here. Who could wield a knopkierie among 15-foot palmettos? 'Out with your knife, Koos; mine's too short!' shouted Gavie. Just then, from under the body of the tigress rose old Jakob's muddy face, out flashed a shepherd's knife a foot long (the old nigger was evidently in a temper), and the next instant it was buried over the haft in the tiger's chest. Well done, Wampa! Well done, Jakob!

'Jakob doesn't mind the ducking and the rent in his coat,' said the old fellow to me as I pointed to his coat, a sleeve of which was ripped open from shoulder to elbow; 'it's the Baas's anker of wine that Jakob must not lose.' And with that down



'AH, BRAVE OLD WAMPA!'

he went again to grope in the water and among the stumps for the lost article. He found it; and when, an hour later, we drew up at Mr. A.'s house with our two tiger-skins, and looking for all the world like so many bipeds washed through a drain-pipe, old Jakob declined all offers of champagne and other aristocratic liquid refreshments, preferring to drink our healths with a hornful out of 'the Baas's anker.'

Such were my adventures the first day of that little trip. And as we sat smoking our pipes on the terrace under the verandah that evening, and I listened to the distant hooting of the owls and the jarring of the goatsuckers among the poplars, and the moon rose over the shoulder of Babylon's Peak, casting

its silver reflection in the waters of the lake before us and throwing into dim relief the outline of the mountain I had crossed that afternoon, I could not help thinking of the sweet, fair face I had left that morning hopelessly longing for but one single hour's sight in a lifetime of a world so strange, so beautiful, so full of mysterious wonder and entrancing variety.

BIG GAME - SHOOTING

THE EARLY DAYS OF BICYCLING

BY T. MAXWELL WITHAM

I WAS walking a few Sundays ago along a road leading from London which is a favourite resort of bicyclists, and as I met and was passed by hundreds of young and middle-aged men and women on bicycles, it struck me that it might interest the present generation to know something of what cycling was like at its earliest inception.

About the year 1866 a cousin residing in Paris used to write to me about a wonderful new velocipede, and tried to explain it; but I quite failed to understand the machine, and thought he was romancing when he said that it consisted of two wheels, one following the other, and that the rider sat upon a saddle fixed to a spring which was above the wheels, and drove the machine by pushing round, with his feet, cranks attached to the front wheel. 'How,' I said to myself, 'can anyone retain his position on such a machine as this?' and I dismissed the matter from my thought as absurd; but shortly afterwards I met a friend who was, he said, going to Spencer's Gymnasium in Old Street, St. Luke's, to see a new velocipede that had lately come from Paris, and which was being tried at the gymnasium. And what a curious sight greeted us! Some half a dozen men were learning to ride; apparently the process seemed to consist either in running into each other, and collapsing in a heap of struggling arms, legs, and wheels, or running boldly into the wall. Some who could go a few yards were learning to mount, and as the early bicycles had no step, this was accomplished by taking hold of the handles, running alongside the machine, and vaulting into the saddle. That was what

was aimed at; but the timid did not give a sufficient spring, and if they did not hit their knee against the end of the spring and come to grief, they landed, not on the saddle, but on the back part of the narrow spring to which the saddle was fixed; and the bold jumped too vigorously and perhaps landed on the spring in front of the saddle, or even on the handles themselves, and the lucky ones who made a good shot and actually landed on the saddle felt frantically for the pedals, which they mostly failed to catch, and down they came sideways with a fearful clatter. Oh, that gymnasium was a most exhilarating place for onlookers! I attended there every day and went through the same process as the others, and at the end of a week, although black and blue all over and sore in every joint, I could occasionally land on the saddle and wobble round the room. That was enough to fire my ambition, and I at once wrote to my cousin in Paris to send me one of Michaux's machines. It duly arrived, a model of beauty and lightness (it only weighed about 140 lbs. !). I unpacked it and took it out into the road to try it, and decided to walk it some distance, till I came to a gentle decline where mounting would be more easy. The extraordinary appearance of the machine, the like of which had never been seen before, attracted a crowd of small boys, and the general opinion amongst them was that I was an official measuring the road; but when I came to the decline, and, jumping, luckily landed in the saddle, and went wobbling all over the road down the hill, a shout of admiration broke forth from my following. The way I grasped those handles, coupled with the awful bumping I experienced from the iron tyre over the badly constructed macadam of the Edgware Road, so different from my previous experience on a boarded floor, perfectly paralysed my arms, and at the end of half a mile I was obliged to come to a halt and recover myself. I had told a friend that I was going through the turnpike that then existed in the Edgware Road opposite to the entrance of the West End Lane, and shortly after he arrived there and said to the toll-keeper, 'Have you seen a gentleman riding on a funny-looking machine go through the gate?' 'Yes,' he said, 'a gentleman as seemed to me a riding on two 'arf-crowns went through the gate half an hour ago.' 'Did you charge his machine any toll?' 'No, I didn't; it hain't got no blood in its weins!' For weeks I struggled along, every day acquiring skill, and every day holding the handles less tightly—indeed, I could soon go on a level road without holding the handles at all; but the shaking and bumping were terrible, and my usual ride to Barnet and back quite exhausted me. There were other

enthusiasts of the new machine, mostly Skating Club men, and we formed ourselves into one of the first, if not actually the first club, and styled ourselves the Amateur Bicycle Club, or, shortly, the A. B. C. So few were the wheelmen of those early days, that if I saw the track of a bicycle along the Barnet Road I could generally say whose it was from the amount of wobble. We used to have meets and run eighteen or twenty-five miles, come home perfectly exhausted, and try to persuade ourselves that bicycling was very enjoyable ; and so it was at the start when one was fresh, but to find oneself ten or fifteen miles from home and dead tired required considerable pluck to enable one to drive a ' bone-shaker ' weighing some 150 lbs., and it was anything but a pleasure, and bicycling would certainly have died out but for the advent of the india-rubber tyre.

A member of the firm of Smith, Parfrey & Co., Pimlico Wheel Works, knowing that I was keen on bicycling, told me that young Mr. Parfrey had fitted his bicycle with an indiarubber tyre, and I went to look at it. I was horrified at its appearance. The rubber tyre was 1½ inch thick, and was held in its place by brass flanges. Years before Parfrey had taken out a patent for these tyres, which were intended for invalid carriages. They did not take, as they were too expensive, and the patent was dropped. The rubber tyre had a perforation down the centre, through which a wire of the exact circumference of the periphery of the wheel went, but the rubber itself was about a foot longer than the wire ; this extra length was forced back on the wire, which was then joined, thus compressing the rubber considerably and rendering it extremely elastic and incapable of being cut by stones, &c.

As I said, I thought the fat tyre hideous, and told Mr. Parfrey so ; but he said, ' Mount the machine and try it.' I did so, and was in heaven ! It went noiselessly and smoothly over the macadam of the Buckingham Palace Road, and when I returned to the works, after a spin of half a mile, my first question was, how long would it take to fit my machine with similar tyres ? A week—and Mr. Parfrey was as good as his word, for at the end of a week I went to Pimlico and rode the machine home, and remember coming to grief round a corner where the road was very greasy by reason of the rubber tyre slipping sideways. This was a new experience, and not a pleasant one ; but I found that the side-slipping could be prevented by care in keeping the machine perfectly upright. Arrived home, I started for my usual ride to Barnet and back, and instead of feeling done up, I came back as fresh as when I started ; and this tempted me to try to ascend a

short but steep hill leading from the Finchley Road to Belsize Park. I had often tried to surmount this little hill, and had invariably failed, as the iron-tyred wheel always skidded. I put the rubber tyre at it, and rode up with the greatest facility. Here was a revelation, and the ugly-looking fat tyre rose vastly in my estimation. At this period two members of the A. B. C., Dr. King and Mr. Custance, had arranged to take their bicycles to Edinburgh and ride home. Bursting with my newly acquired knowledge of what the new tyre was capable, I rushed down to them and made them come up and try my machine, with the result that they put off their trip till Mr. Parfrey could fit rubber tyres to their machines. They were probably the first men who ever rode from Edinburgh to London; and great fun they had, their silent-going machines exciting the greatest interest and wonder.

I still have an old wooden-wheeled machine with a 38-inch driving-wheel, which was fitted in 1870 with these compressed rubber tyres, and it is still to the fore. I used to ride it in the early mornings in preference to my big machine, as on it I did not go too fast for the dogs that used to accompany me, and when I was going a long distance and mounted the big light machine I felt like flying. That old wooden-wheeled machine has carried me thousands of miles, but when the wire spokes and thin stretched tyres came into fashion, I used to be derided by small boys as 'cart-wheels.' On one occasion I was proceeding in the early morning quietly along a lane at the back of the Welsh Harp, my dogs trotting alongside of me, when I was suddenly passed by two men on very tall machines, and from their elevation I noticed that they looked down with contempt at my humble though sturdy mount. I had been the road the day before, and knew that just round the corner, some little way on, new gravel about 8 inches thick had been put down for about 150 yards, and I said to myself, 'Pride goes before a fall, and those men will come to grief,' and sure enough, as I came round the corner I found my friends, one in the ditch at one side of the road, and one the other. I took not the slightest notice of them, but, grasping the handles tightly, went at the gravel as though it were the medium of all others that I would ride for preference, and managed to ride through the obstruction. I heard afterwards that these two gentlemen reported that they had passed what apparently was a man accompanied by two hounds, and mounted on a most extraordinary little old bicycle, but which must have been a bicycle demon from the manner in which he flitted over a perfectly impossible road!

In the early days of bicycles the pedals were weighted so as to cause the only face they had to be uppermost, and everyone placed the middle of the foot on the pedal. John Keen, the professional who afterwards became so celebrated on the cinder path, used to turn up these pedals and push with his toe; and I one day suggested to him that, instead of keeping the foot parallel with the ground, the treadle should be worked as he was accustomed to work the treadle of his lathe—namely, to depress the heel of the foot as the treadle ascended, and raise the heel by pointing the toe downwards as the treadle descended, as by thus using the ankle the height at which the knee would have to be raised each revolution would be about half what would be required if the ankle were kept stiff and the foot flat, and the feet could also be 'picked up' easier (by 'picked up' I mean that all pressure would be more easily taken off the ascending treadle). Keen practised this mode of working the treadle assiduously, and became the greatest exponent that ever rode on a cinder path of what is now known as 'pedalling.' I remember on one occasion, in a mile race between Keen and Cooper of Sheffield, which excited great interest, and was won by Keen, hearing a Yorkshireman, who had backed Cooper, say after the race, 'I knew I had lost my money when I saw Keen a-paddling with his feet,' meaning thereby to designate Keen's perfect ankle action. As a rider of long standing, I look at every bicyclist that I meet or that passes me, and I think I may safely assert that not one in a hundred has the faintest idea of using his ankles at all; and that not one in a thousand really pedals properly; and yet the driving a bicycle with grace is simply impossible without perfect pedalling, and without it an immense deal of energy is wasted, as it is almost impossible unless the ankle is used to take the pressure off the ascending treadle, and unless this is done the pressure on the descending treadle is greatly increased, as it has not only to drive the wheel, but it has to lift the weight of the other leg. Another mistake I see made by many modern bicyclists—they sit too low. The saddle should be raised sufficiently to allow the leg to be practically straight at the lowest point reached by the pedal, and the thrust given by the leg should work from the hip to the pedal perfectly straight, like a piston rod. One constantly sees a rider, who thrusts straight with one leg, allow the knee of the other to bend outwards when the crank is at its highest point.

In the old days one of the greatest nuisances to the cyclist was the toll-bar. Toll was not claimed, but the surly toll-keeper

very frequently refused to open the gate, and this necessitated getting off and opening the gate oneself—a proceeding that was conducive neither to dignity nor good temper. And then, again, one had always to be very careful in meeting horses. The owners of horses looked on bicyclists as enemies, having no right to the use of the road; and if a horse was frightened, as was generally the case, the poor cyclist was abused in the coarsest language. What a change time has wrought! For every horse and trap I met the other Sunday afternoon I met fifty cyclists!

AN ARCHER'S OUTING

BY MAURICE THOMPSON

REGARDED as a human document my guide looked dog-eared, thumbed and a trifle mildewed; nevertheless, he had a gait that kept me at my best, and I was winded when we reached the rock-spiked top of the low mountain spur, and looked down into what in the Cherokee hills is called a 'pocket.'

'Yander's the woods,' he said, with a jerk of his shrivelled thumb and a nod of his desiccated head, 'an' the still-house air jest under the aidge o' the clift agin the hill on t'other side. W'en ye hit the little crick jest foller it up, it'll take ye right. Good-bye.' He turned abruptly about, drooped his narrow, bony shoulders a little farther forward, and was already going back the way we had come, when I called to him:

'But the birds?'

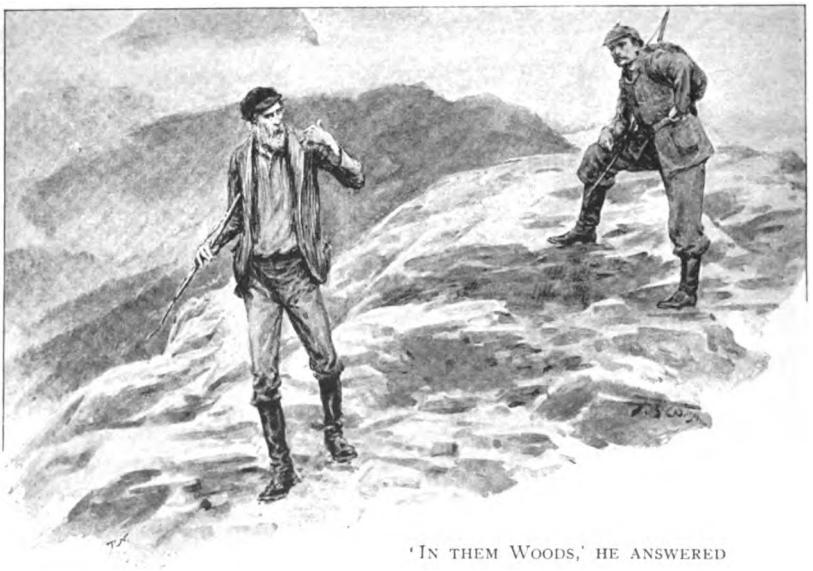
'In them woods,' he answered, again spasmodically tossing his thumb; but he neither paused nor looked back, and I felt a sudden vague touch of solitude which the clinking of his nail-bossed brogans on the loose stones seemed to accentuate. From on high a dreamy influence fell, and from below came up an Arcadian waft.

I stood stupidly irresolute for a while, gazing at the pungled skin on the back of his scrawny neck, and it was not until after he had slouched past a point of rock and dived into a thicket of laurel that I shook myself and turned to face my own enterprise.

After all, however, there was nothing very exciting, certainly nothing at all mysterious, in what I was undertaking. An archer with his yew bow and his quiver of hunting arrows may be an uncommon figure in the wild wood nowadays; but he is real, as I

can prove, and he likes right well a few days of absolute freedom. So I had been for a consideration led by old Ben Sims to a high place, a place of divers temptations, whence I was looking down into the paradise of the log-cock, or, in other phrase, Trussler's Cove, commonly called the Pocket.

A scarf of dove-grey cloud hung on the shoulder of mountain beyond where Sims had told me the still-house, doubtless an illicit one, was hidden. To be perfectly frank, I know that the law did not sanction such a manufacturing establishment; indeed, I had had to use some powerful letters of introduction in order to gain admission to the Pocket; but I had no thought of studying the



'IN THEM WOODS,' HE ANSWERED

secrets of mountain-dew distilling. I cared only for the log-cocks and a few days of solitude.

You will understand my enthusiasm if words may train it upon you; for I had come seven hundred miles by rail; driven in a waggon forty-six miles more, then walked nine miles to where I now stood. And my equipment vouched my sincerity, though my appearance had not impressed Ben Sims favourably at first blush.

'I reckon ye know yer own business,' he had remarked; 'but ye look to me adzactly like er dern fool.'

And likely enough I did both know my business and look a trifle as he said. The point of view, at least, deserves respect.

Besides, a man dressed in loose corduroy trousers and sleeve-jacket, with a pack on his back and a fore-and-aft cap on his head, a large quiver of arrows at his belt and a bow in his hand, is an object to be wondered at anywhere, and especially in the lone places of the Cherokee Georgia hills. But this was not my first outing of the sort; many a time before then I had shot with the bow over choice out-of-the-way places by field and flood; hence my anticipations.

In my pack were five pounds of bacon, a pound of coffee, a little coffee pot and cup, three pounds of biscuits, a large loaf of oatmeal bread, some salt and pepper, and two pounds of dried beef; all of which, well wrapped in paper, had my oil cloth and blanket round it, and these in turn were bound close with a light hammock. It was not a heavy pack; at all events I bore it lightly enough; but, as I have said, I was winded, and I sat down upon a rock to breathe awhile before descending to the wood through which I could see twinkling the water of the brook, like a diamond thread, linking together the green masses of foliage, and looping itself around great jagged fragments of rock. In my hip pocket, pressing against the muscle there, I felt a book, the Odes of Horace, and I saw a buzzard sailing high over the abyss of the mountain's pocket offering the whitish gleam of his under feathers when he turned from me.

Take any good topographical map of the State of Georgia, and look at its north-eastern corner, or say its whole northern end, and the Cherokee hills will be conspicuously marked; but gazing at those contour lines will not give you a fair impression of what the region offers in the way of wild and almost absolutely primeval scenery. You must go into the country itself, tramp the lonely fells, angle in the clear mountain brooks, sleep on a shoulder of some battered cliff and have a season of bow shooting in the glens; then you will know what I am trying to tell you. And Trussler's Cove is without doubt one of the wildest and, perhaps, the least known parts of all the Cherokee region. Revenue officers would give something pretty to know where it is as well as I do.

Would it be right for me to indicate the exact locality, the true name, or even the general neighbourhood of Trussler's Cove? Right or wrong I shall not do it; the revenue officers may do their own discovering. A man who, mounted on a stumbling Confederate cavalry horse a little worse than my own, rode with me into many a cold breeze of lead during the war, is operating that little still-house for the support of his family, and he has but one leg. Even at school we boys thought it bad form to be a tell-tale. Moreover,

the log-cocks are cackling down yonder, scarcely three bowshots away, and I have small interest in revenue problems.

After five minutes of rest I got me down the stony slope to where the irregular fringe of blackjack trees marked the upper line of the mountain's corsage. A cool thrill came up out of the shadowy hollow, and a fruity smell from blooming haw boskets along the brookside gave my nostrils a fine whiff of welcome. Somewhere, far over amid the foothills on the other side of the Pocket, a mountaineer was calling his swine in long mournful notes, half a jodel, half a wail. From the brink of a limestone escarpment fifty feet high, flecked with fossils and stippled with lichens, I looked down and felt as I imagine an eagle does when he poses for an artist like Tennyson. I could see between white plane-trees the spot beside the brook where I meant to camp in my own way.

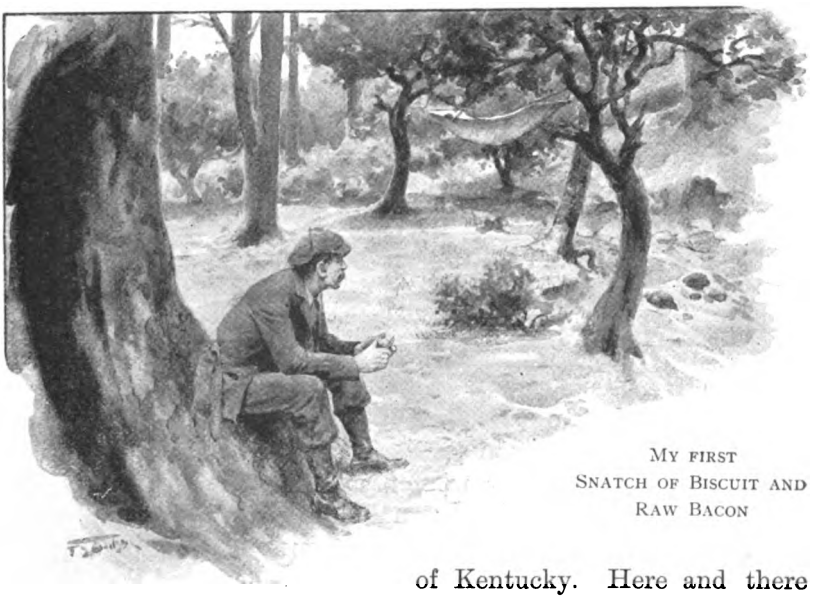
The buzzard, not a turkey-buzzard vulture, but the great hawk properly so called, came nearer as he compassed a wide circle, and suddenly the archer's impulse leaped into my nerves. My bow was strung and an arrow was nocked with the swiftness of thought almost; then I leaned back and drew hard, until the strain forced the shaft's head clean to the bow handle. A second later the old woods and hills heard the primeval note, the sharp twang which had just been heard by the Hebrew of Bible days when he was making ready to say: 'The arrow is beyond thee.' Away like a beam of light sped my gaily feathered missile. It cut the air close to the buzzard's beak, less than a foot in front of it, indeed, causing a sudden and evidently astonished backing of the great wings, a rearward summersault in the air, a downward plunge, and then a rushing flight for safety. And, not being an archer, you can never quite realise to the full what comfort I took watching the high, long trajectory of that shaft. A whisper from the spinning feathers came back to me, with the missile's twinkle as it curved from aloft and went down amid the dark trees five hundred feet below; and then I presently heard the whack when its steel point struck into a solid bough. This was the beginning of a five days' space of untroubled delight with Horace for my only companion, and he (an edition without notes or any German nonsense at the bottom of his pages) did not obtrude himself when he was not in demand. It seemed meet to have an ode of choice Latin before broiling my breakfast bacon of a morning.

The spot chosen for my hammock was between two little trees hard by the brook. I swung it so that the chill water bubbled and swirled almost directly underneath; the rest of my properties

I bestowed at the buttressed root of a grand plane-tree, whose bole had a hollow in it large enough to house a bear. I could sleep all day therein should rain come, which was not probable.

Now, I should thank you for telling me how a man could have a better five days' lease on absolute recreation than Nature there gave to me. Plenty to eat, a hammock to sleep in, a bow to shoot with, and Horace to read; but, best of all, solitude in a primeval forest, and the log-cocks. I heard the birds cackling and pecking at no great distance while I was arranging my simple camp.

And do you know what a log-cock is? Ten to one, if you do, you have seen only the stuffed skin of one, or more likely a picture in an illustrated bird book; for civilisation and the steam saw-mills have swept away the woods where half a century ago the bird was literally cock of the walk, with his immense scarlet crest bobbing like a drum-major's plume, and his coat of coal black trimmed in resplendent white. I recollect many a time seeing him when I was a little child; it was during certain journeys upon which I went with my father through the wildest regions



MY FIRST SNATCH OF BISCUIT AND RAW BACON

of Kentucky. Here and there a 'deadening,' as the pioneers called a partially cleared forest in which a large number of trees had been girdled with the axe and left to die, gave the log-cocks a fine feeding ground. They hammered merrily on the rotting

boughs and boles, and dashed off great flakes of wood and bark in search of insects.

The ivory-billed woodpecker distinctly excepted, our American log-cock is the finest and most beautiful bird of the woodpecker family; and down there in Trussler's Pocket I found the bird dwelling in unsuspicious freedom at home, where for untold ages it had bred, fed, and cackled, changeless in habit, it would seem, and content with its narrow mountain-rimmed world. It was just as Sims had sententiously told me, and I am not sure but that his grammatical oddities truly decorated the subject. 'Ye kin hear 'em er peckin' f'om sun-up ter sun-down, an' er squawkin' permiscuous ever which ways.' There was one splendid specimen hammering away on an old rotten log, not fifty yards beyond the brook, and I got the gleam of his flaring red top-knot in my eyes while I was eating my first snack of biscuit and raw bacon, which if I bolted rather hastily, I do not now make special note of it; for I have never been able to elude the thrill of savage impulse when a bow stood by and a bird challenged.

The particular wood in which I purposed shooting was no ordinary forest remnant; it was a small wilderness of hoary giants protected, since the earliest woody period, from the onset of hurricanes by the mountain walls; and no axe had ever cut a tree from the main body of the dark, cool, and always dampish grove lands. Some of the giants had died and fallen with the passing of the years, and their trunks and boughs lay criss-cross here and there slowly mouldering into loam. In many places there was no undergrowth, and overhead the arches of foliage shut so nicely that twilight of a dewy or hydrous influence was broken but at long intervals by a ray of the sun.

I had come here with my archery tackle to have sport of my own especial choosing. Aware of a certain archaic sentiment and of the anachronism of my taste so intolerable to our *fin de siècle* period, I felt the need of absolute loneliness. A bowman is a solitary, belated and self-sufficient person. His craft in the pursuit of game is based upon primeval cunning. He is a savage of prehistoric days. As for myself, moreover, I had the ancient fletcher's art; had made my own hunting arrows, some of them steel-pointed and barbed, other some ferruled with pewter, the steles all of young hickory wood, the nocks deep and the feathers broad. My bow was a self yew, made in London by Aldred, and of fifty-one pounds drawing power.

Now it may be that, in this busy, burning, materialistic world, as Providence now sees fit to let it wag, I am the only man left

to care about original freedom and the unhindered impulses felt only in the ancient solitude of the wilderness. Very well if it is so; the areas of untouched nature are quite few and small; one seeker after them is, perhaps, just enough; but I do say that there is, for me, a joy indescribable and beyond doubt elemental, to be had for the taking, in those favoured spots where artifice had never fingered even the hem of Nature's robe.

The sense of loneliness, when it takes the form of conscious freedom, is strangely exhilarating; it opens a fresh valve of delight and sends a new emotion through the nerves. I can think of nothing else so suggestive of what we mean by originality as the effect I am aware of when, after months of toil indoors, I am once more at last walking under the trees and seem to be the first man to make a track in the old haunt of furry and feathered things. Some passages in Greek poetry have more than a touch of this aboriginal charm which comes out of a word or phrase or verse, and goes through the blood like a magnetic current rich with nameless perfumes, zests, and flavours. And then the bow; the old weapon adds its charm.

I am in sympathy with the theory that makes it wholesome to live a little romance by way of change and recreation; and when I grasp my bow and hunting arrows and plunge deep into some trackless wood, I have a way of feeling emancipated for a little season from the slavery of these iron years. You may call it a mere gloss of imagination. I deny it; but even if it is, there is a charm in it sweeter and deeper than any poem, or picture, or written romance can ever give. And if I could but dash the strange ecstasy of such an experience into a song, the world would hold its breath to listen, and every human heart would beat time like a plectrum. It is not mere bodily exercise, nor yet outdoor air, nor change of scene and diet, from which the true hygienic recreation is snatched during a hasty outing. Mere animals might find satisfaction within such a limit; but the human imagination demands wider room; the soul must have somewhat to do with the arrangement. And he is a very narrow observer, *me judice*, who does not see that the human soul is at bottom, in its essentials and substantials, so to speak, just what it was when man was fighting his way out from among the beasts. When I have my bow and arrows and am quite alone in the untrimmed woods, I look out of a rear window of existence, as it were, and see the ancient, the archetypal imagination embodied and having its will of nature. I am not yet civilised.

Over there in that wild wrinkle of the North Georgian hills I

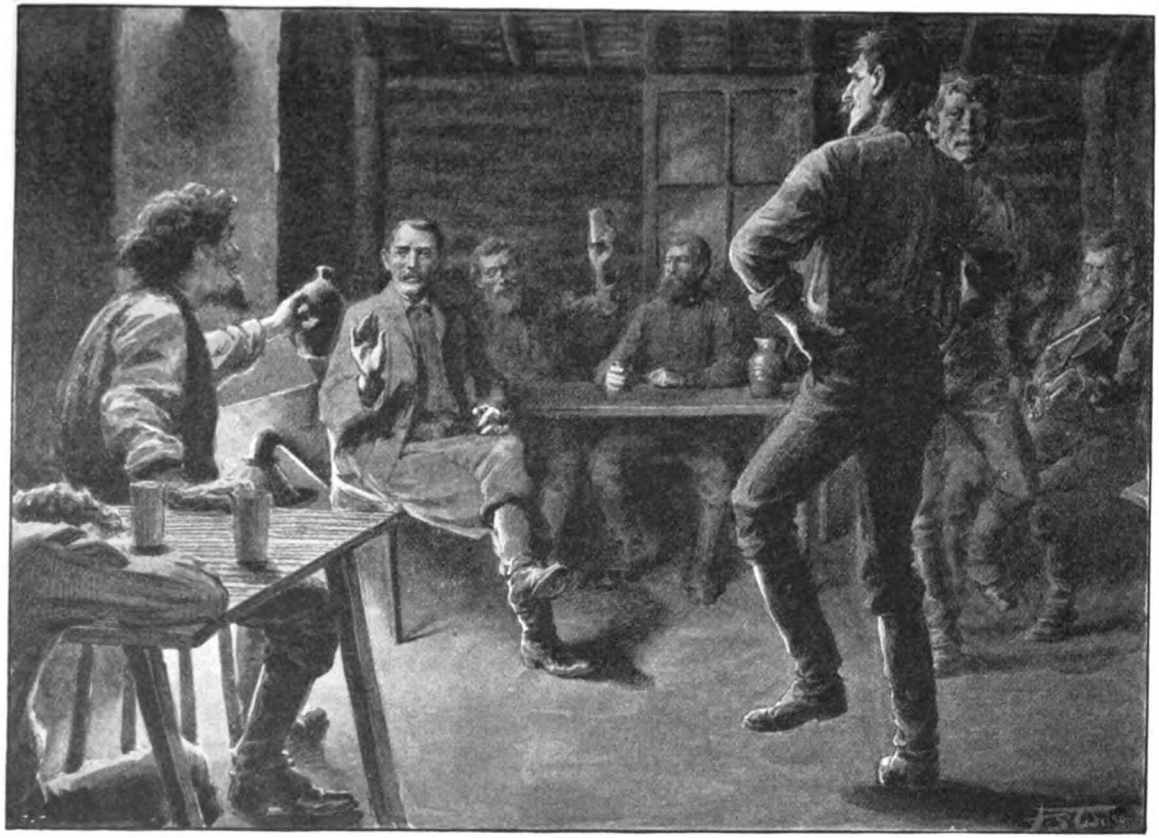
had my little period of play all to myself, save that one morning a messenger in the form of a crisp and withered youth, whose thin hint of beard was like the down on a gosling's head, came to me from Trussler bearing a basket of hard-boiled eggs, fried ham, butter, and scones of maize meal, still warm, done to a turn. The scones were thin, brittle, and deliciously shortened with cracklings slightly scorched. And there was a tiny flask of 'mounting jew whisky seving years ole,' as the record indicated.

'Pap he want ye ter kem over ter the still-house ternight,' said the youth, speaking back at me across his shoulder slantwise after the mountain fashion, as he turned to go away.

I took that invitation as a command from the monarch of the Pocket; but it was also a characteristic acknowledgment of the irrefrangible bond wound about us two in the stormy days of war. Think of it, pray; a battered Confederate cavalry canteen full of cream! My old comrade could not have invented a more effective appeal; far back within me I heard the guns and the multitudinous rebel yell. A ship's cable could not have held me away from that illicit still-house; albeit when I went I found neither pleasure nor profit in the visit. I had changed, or Trussler was not the same, or something cataclysmal had befallen us both; for we could not find standing room on the old common ground; and so I was glad to get away from a rollicking fiddle, a brace of bony mountaineers, who danced a tipsy double shuffle, and Trussler, who wanted me to drink whisky *ad infinitum*, to say nothing of the wheezing little copper still and a pervading smell of sour still-slops. My friend finally let me go without much ado; he doubtless felt my inadequacy, as I felt his; and when at eleven by night I got into my hammock, never did brook bubble forth a sweeter slumber song for a weary man.

Next day I killed seven log-cocks, doing such shooting as no man may hope to do in the presence of his doubting friends; and now five skins from the lot are in as many museums and private collections. One skin, by the way, has a curious history. I sent it to a friend in Savannah; he kept it until in misfortune he had to sell it to a dealer in New York. Not long ago I received a pleasant letter from an English gentleman well known to science. He has my bird skin, and his letter explains that a personal note written by me to my friend in Savannah is still attached to the trophy, along with an explicit description of how its original wearer was killed by me 'with a blunt arrow at the third shot, a paced distance of fifty-eight yards.'

One of the inestimable values of such an outing as this arises



TRUSSLER WANTED ME TO DRINK WHISKY AD INFINITUM

from the after-taste of it, and from certain belated reverberations which follow and overtake the imagination long after one's return to the hard business of life. It is the characteristic distinction of sylvan archery that it bears a man bodily and spiritually out of the current civilisation and gives him certain draughts of immemorial delight dating back to some remote golden period notable for its bowmen, its cool, bird-haunted woods, and its freedom from artificial worries.

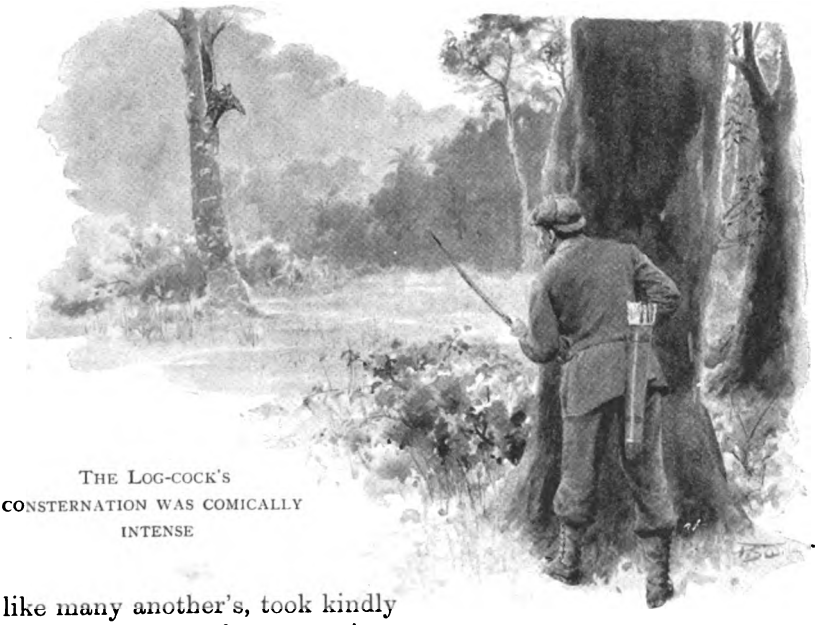
But the bow itself is a real physical blessing, a portable and charming gymnasium, affording the whole round of healthful exercises. To me, however—and I see how certain delicately constituted moral natures may shudder at my confession, on account of ignorance—it is the savage side of wild wood archery which is most fascinating. The return to nature is, perhaps, on one side, the return to the ancient struggle for mastery over other forms of militant organic life. A few days of this primitive delight may be had by the archer, provided that he can enter sincerely into the sport, body and soul. I am sure that some precious gain is added to the store of life's best treasury by such a change of habit as this experience compels. It widens one's vision, discovers a mysterious yet finely marked horizon far behind classical Arcadias and the limits of conventional romances; and, best of all, it makes real for a brief space the universal dream of careless and honey-sweet freedom, sung by the world's master poets. The twang of a bowstring and the hiss of a flying arrow in a dim and lonely space amid the trees of a wilderness set a seal of authenticity upon your communion with the youth of Time.

I read Horace very little, as my notes show; for he is a poet to be bled drop by drop; but one day about noon, while swinging in the hammock above the brook, and mouthing his open-vowelled music, a log-cock called me. I remember the next moment seeing Horace floating, helplessly widespread, down the bubbling current into which I had dropped him as I sprang from the tricksy net; but I let him drift, and grabbed my bow, and slung on my quiver; the poor little book could wait until my shooting was over, and so it soaked and floated I know not whither, while I had an adventure of which my diary of the time bears legible notes.

This particular log-cock, when I came in sight of it, was upon a decaying tulip stump which stood in a bit of flat land at the brookside. The bird was mightily agitated, and was cackling and raucously scolding at a slit-shaped natural cavity in the wood ten feet above the ground. My woodcraft told me that within the

hollow was some predatory enemy whom Mr. Log-cock greatly feared, yet wished to dislodge. I could read the meaning of every toss of that grotesque red head and every leer of those almost reptilian eyes. He was clinging to the side of the stump just below the opening of the cavity, his stiff-pointed tail feathers braced underneath him, and his wings close shut. His broad beak was a target clearly set and tempting.

The log-cock is not game, as every sportsman knows; but it must be remembered that no bird is quite safe where a wild archer roams; and, besides, I was no saint; or, if I was, my saintliness,



THE LOG-COCK'S CONSTERNATION WAS COMICALLY INTENSE

like many another's, took kindly to this form of temptation, which was exactly what I had come into the Pocket to be overcome by. That flaming top-knot, the long bill and the constricted neck were wagging from side to side like the red flag of some frantic signal officer. He had discovered something in the hole, a snake I surmised, and was too busy to notice me, so I had a fair shot.

A very heavy pewter-headed arrow happened to come in my way when I reached to take one from my quiver, and with it I let drive; but the shot was not perfectly aimed, a trifle too hasty, perhaps, and with a resounding blow it struck upon the wood close to the bird's neck, knocking inward a long angular fragment. The log-cock's consternation was comically intense and spasmodic.

All of his feathers appeared to spring erect on his back, neck, and head; his long bill flew open wide, his wings were akimbo, his eyes starting.

And in a wild hurry forth from that hole dashed an owl with his plumage turned the wrong way; he, too, frightened out of all semblance of traditional strigidan dignity, bumping against the log-cock and tumbling downward in a topsy-turvy tussle with him. For a moment the two birds were indistinguishably blent into a sort of mist; and the owl clawed some breast feathers out of his cackling opponent, who, when he got himself free, galloped awing and away through the woods at a dizzy speed. I stood there bow in hand laughing at what had happened, until it occurred to me that the owl himself was no bad target, as he clung there, halfway down the stump, blinking his yellow eyes and grinding his hooked mandibles harshly together. It turned out to be a fine specimen of Wilson's owl, a bird not uncommon, but very hard to procure, on account of its shy and strict nocturnal life, and I considered my shot an extremely lucky one when I saw the heavy-headed arrow whack upon my aim, bear the bird three yards along and bring it down.

A professional hint or two may not be out of place here, for the benefit of the practical archer who may happen to read this sketch. There is one serious objection to bow shooting in the woods which I have done my best to soften, since I cannot entirely remove it. Ordinary shafts, made after the pattern of the best English target arrows, when you shoot them at any considerable elevation, fly so far that they are almost always lost, especially where there is undergrowth. My plan is to give my arrows a very stout stele, a heavy head and broad feathers. Of course, this shortens the shooting range and makes the trajectory very high; moreover, the broad feather gives forth a loud sighing noise which sets a clever bird to dodging or makes it fly before it can be hit. Still, in the long run, the archer gains by using this sort of arrows. I dye two of the feathers red, leaving the cock-feather natural, or *vice versâ*. After all is done, however, you must learn to follow the flight of your shaft and mark where it strikes down. Usually it will stick into the ground, and you soon catch the trick of finding it by the glint of the gay feathers. The bowman who has never tried sylvan archery can easily imagine how exciting the sport becomes where birds are plenty and not too shy and wary.

But not all of what befalls the archer is to be listed with savage affairs, and reckoned against him when his accounts are

settled in the glare of an over-enlightened conscience; for he is gentle enough with the mocking bird, the brown thrush, and all the rest of the wild-wood singers. I have swung in my hammock for hours and listened dreamily to the catbird's wonderful trickle of melody filtered through the haw thickets, or watched a lonely peewee catching flies on the wing.

Shooting, and at a living mark, is, I will own, that which brings me, after all, the smack of absolute delight in the bow. I am content to suffer the criticism of those who consider an evening at the average theatre quite humanising, and my sylvan archery but brutal business. They may be right; still the recoil of a trusty

A MONSTER RATTLESNAKE SLOWLY SQUIRMING INTO COIL

yew, the indescribable low note of a bow-string, and the glad swish of a broad-feathered arrow whirring through the air, give a joy which cannot be set aside for the prejudice or the artificial delights of a *fin de siècle* realism which would throttle every mood save its own.

And so, with now an ode of Horace, and now a snack of savoury broiled bacon and toasted biscuit, a stealthy march stolen upon a wary log-cock, a strong shot and a ringing knock high in some old tree, an all-night's dreamless sleep in the blanketed hammock, and many a discovering of Nature's richest secrets, I licked the overflowing honeycomb of healthful, recreative pastime.

One morning, feeling the need of a fresh viand or the like, I took my tackle and went up along the fell above my camp, where I had heard young grey squirrels barking in some black-jack trees.

Squirrel shooting is one of my tid-bits of sylvan archery, and it had always been the favourite sport of mountain riflemen. In those Cherokee fastnesses the ancient flint-lock gun is still used. Trussler had one with a barrel nearly four feet long, and a wooden stock extending under the barrel to its fore-end, where it was tipped with brass. These crude-looking pieces usually shot a very small bullet with surprising accuracy. But to my archery. I found the squirrels hard to hit, so nimble and clever were they in dodging my heavy missiles, which whacked resonantly against the boughs, making white spots where they bruised off the bark. I was not to be beaten, however, for, aside from the exciting trial of skill, I had a gourmet's vision of broiled squirrel saddles to make me persevere.

When three plump little victims were safe in bag, and I, campward bound, had my thought of broiling them to occupy my mind withal, some glint or movement on a ledge of the rocky escarpment near which I was passing caught my eye. A second glance took in a monster rattlesnake slowly squirming into coil. I shot at him three times before hitting him in the neck, my unsuccessful arrows rebounding with battered heads from the almost flinty limestone. And now you understand why I preferred sleeping in a hammock, and it hung high!

Promptly on the fifth day Sims returned to lead me back over the mountain. My time was up, and old romance must give place to the current realities. I was ready enough for the change, and went without any insistent regret, knowing full well that, if my life should last, many another sylvan outing would follow in due course. Even while the mountaineer was dryly commenting upon my success I was doing up my pack. He condescended to carry my bird skins; but he was 'kinder o' the 'pinion 'at er grown-up man seemed sorter quare a shootin' eroun' all by hisself wi' sich fixin's ez them uns.' And then I looked him over from head to foot, and was content with my lot.

Yes, I shall go again one of these days. In fact, the mood has been coming on me for a week past. I am preparing surreptitiously; my bows are oiled, my strings whipped, and a sheaf of hunting arrows is ready for a se'nnight in a delightful wood beside the Kankakee; and, honour bright, how should you like going with me? Never mind; the archer is a lonely species.

TO SHOOT OR NOT TO SHOOT

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON

THAT is the question; and one that it vexes the host terribly to know how to answer: for it is one of those doubtful days—cold, with a biting wind and occasional showers of deadly hail—a horrid day, and yet not one of those undeniably bad days which settle matters for you, and send you all resignedly to the billiard-room. The out-and-out bad days are not nearly so trying; for in whatever way the host answers the question now, he is sure to be adjudged wrong by some of his guests. So he goes on passing it again and again in his mind as he scans the windward heaven.

Of course, his party will have to do exactly as he tells them—there is no manner of doubt about that. An autocrat more absolute than the host of a shooting party does not exist; and the sense of the responsibility makes the burden of decision so much the heavier. It is not the slightest use taking counsel of his shooters, for he knows perfectly well what each one will say, and is saying, before being asked; and though, no doubt, wisdom abides somewhere in the multitude of counsellors, it requires a very wise counsellor to tell you which of many divers counsels is the perfectly wise one. For, of course, old C—— would like to stop at home because of his rheumatism—he will think you little less than a murderer if you drag him out to shoot your birds on such a day as this, and all his aching bones will cry out upon you subsequently. On the other hand, here is young D——, who has come all the way from the back-of-beyond to shoot with

you—he is a poor man too, and the railway ticket was a consideration to him—bursting with a desire for slaughter, who will call you all sorts of names, of which 'inconsiderate old devil' will be one of the very mildest, if you do not go out and begin to shoot forthwith. Under the leadership of these two generals, your party is dividing itself into two camps, standing gloomily round the front door, of whom one division, looking to windward, exclaims from time to time:

STANDING GLOOMILY ROUND THE FRONT DOOR

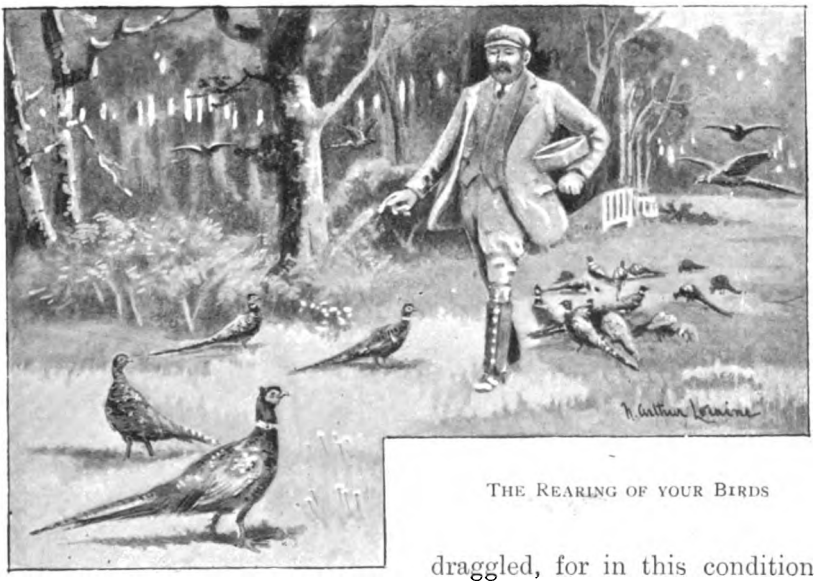
'By Jove! you know, it looks a lot brighter than it did'; while the other shakes doleful heads, and counters with the interjection:

'By Jove! I don't know. Desperate bad-looking day I call it.'

So it is difficult to extract much assistance from the divers weather-wisdom of these prophets.

The factors that must influence your eventual decision are so very various! You have collected this party together to shoot your pheasants from all airts and parts; some of them have come long distances; and you have got together, with infinite pain, the best shots of your acquaintance, in order that they may do justice to all the care and trouble that you and your keeper have bestowed on the breeding and rearing of your birds. And now that you have got them, here comes this nasty 'twixt-and-'tween sort of day to make you wonder what you are to do with them. If you let them go away, after a two days' shoot instead of three, one whole battalion of your birds will have escaped shooting altogether, and you will never be able to get such guns as these together again. Your personal and hospitable wish would be to entertain these gentry a day longer, to make up for the loss of to-day's shooting. But such an idea as that is

altogether out of the question. All these gunners are going on to some other shoot as soon as they have done with yours. Their time in the shooting season is all dovetailed in, in the shape of continual shooting visits, as neatly as the pieces of a Chinese puzzle. To ask them to give you an extra day is asking a social impossibility. Moreover, you want your pheasants killed, and well killed, as these shooters would kill them—it is only due to your keeper that this should be done; and, further, you want some sort of slight return for all the money you have spent on them. Here another consideration enters, pleading on the side of old C—— and his rheumatism; the dealers will not give you good money for pheasants that have been killed all wet and



THE REARING OF YOUR BIRDS

draggled, for in this condition they are not suitable for the market. And certainly the coverts will be wet. One way out of the apparent *impasse* would be to say:

'Well, gentlemen, *I* am going to shoot. Anybody that wishes to shoot may come with me. For those who prefer to stay at home there is a fire and newspapers in the smoking-room.'

This would be a way out, certainly; but it would also be a way out for a good many of your pheasants, and it would not please your keeper. You might, it is true, take those who cared to come out to some outlying beats, leaving the coverts for another day; but, again, the pheasants have been reared to be shot, and, besides,

these are crack shots and expect to be given your best shooting. Your own personal comfort might perhaps be best considered by remaining in the neighbourhood of the smoking-room fire; but there are so many bigger considerations that your regard for personal comfort seems to count for nothing in the comparison.

The difficulty of finding the best, or least bad, answer to the question at issue is a difficulty that those who have never been put into the position of having to find the answer are very apt not to recognise. The great majority of shooters are guests; it is only the few who are in the more graceful and dignified position of hosts. And the complaints and lamentations that we are more accustomed to hear come from the many rather than the few. We are very used to hear the observations of old C——, who has been dragged out at the peril of his life and to the aggravation of his rheumatics, and also the observations, in the opposite sense, of young D——, who has been kept fuming at home, thinking of the cost of his cartridges and his railway ticket. With each of these various forms of complaint we are very familiar. We hear less of the trials of the host, and the many difficulties which beset him, perhaps because his obligations, as the giver of hospitality, are even more sacred, if that be possible, than those of the recipient, and also because hosts are fewer in number than guests, and have fewer mouths with which to voice their lamentations. But, nevertheless, it is well to realise sometimes how great his cause for lamentation is apt to be. It would be well if old C—— would temper his observations on the host's conduct in taking him out into the biting wind by consideration of the claims on the host's courtesy of young D——; and also if young D—— would bear in mind, conversely, the opposing claims of old C——. If this consideration were accorded, the difficulties of the host's position would, at all events, be in a great measure smoothed by a knowledge that, to whichever side his decision ultimately leant, it would be accepted, even by those who wished it otherwise, as an effort to do his best in a world in which compromise is the universal law.

That the question should have arrived even at its present stage presupposes the successful solution of a serious initial difficulty. It is no easy matter to collect a good and pleasant shooting-party, for it is not only necessary that your guests should be good shots, but also that they should be good fellows—which, happily, is much more frequent. A—— may be a wonderfully fine gunner, but he is the sort of man who, after he has spent the day in killing your pheasants scientifically, retires to

his bedroom, as soon as shooting is over, to read social economy or metaphysics. He is all very well in the field, but neither useful nor ornamental in the smoking-room or the drawing-room. Other good shots there may be among your acquaintance whose social qualities are more positively deterrent. Your wife would not let you think of inviting them, any more than she would approve of B——, who is an excellent fellow and a good shot, but who has married the woman who is your wife's dearest foe; and Mrs. B—— would never permit her husband to come *en garçon*. On her side your wife suggests to you the names of many who are very perfect knights on the carpet, but utterly useless, or may be worse, at the end of a covert. Yet these friends of your wife's have claims that must be admitted. E——, the young lawyer from London, dances with your girls in the season. F——, from the neighbouring garrison, has helped them several times with theatricals; and there is old G——, who always asks you to his best shoots, and perhaps will leave off doing so if you do not make him some return; but he could not hit a barn if he were shut up in it.

Of course the quality of shooters that you will feel justified in asking must depend very much on the quantity of the game that you are going to present for their shooting. And this, in

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some coverts, is apt to be a very uncertain quantity. It is morally impossible for you to find out for yourself: you will have to take your keeper's word about it; and unless you have known your keeper long and intimately, you will find it very difficult to know how to interpret his word with accuracy. For scarcely ever do you find a man content to confine himself to the truth in this matter. He may err on either side. Braggarts are, perhaps, not more numerous than those who, out of the pride that apes humility, purposely underrate their birds. Men of the latter temperament wish to astonish you by showing you more birds, when you come to shoot, than their words had led you to expect. This they presume will make you say what honest (?) fellows they must be. These are almost worse than the braggarts. The latter may lead you into terribly humiliating positions, tempting you to invite to your covert-shoot men who are used to slaying their thousands, only to find, to your despair, that you are not able to show them their hundreds. Naturally you dismiss the braggart that has led you into such deep waters of humiliation, and your experience of him induces you to engage a man of the mien of Uriah Heap. Of him you inquire, when the shooting season is at hand, the prospects of your pheasants. He tells you: 'Oh, there is nothing much. A fox has killed so many, and it was not a good hatch out.'

You are depressed, but make up your mind that this shall be the opportunity of your wife and the girls. They shall have the lawyer from London and the soldier from the garrison. You cannot ask good guns to a poor shoot.

Accordingly they arrive, and begin the day inauspiciously by shooting a beater. It is not quite clear who shot him, for the lawyer, professionally acute, comes up to you with his story first.

'I say, you know, very free shooter that young soldier. Quite man of war, eh? He's shot a beater.'

Immediately after comes the warrior.

'Don't think that legal friend of yours knows much about shooting, you know. I'm afraid he's peppered that poor devil badly.'

Meanwhile, whichever was in fault, there is no uncertainty about the shot in the person of the unfortunate beater. They shoot little else; although, as the day proceeds, it becomes apparent to you that never have you had a better show of pheasants. You bitterly regret the absence of your friends, the noted shots, who would have killed clearly and scientifically and with enjoyment the birds that your ladies' men and beater-

shooters are missing or tailoring. But it is no use regretting. At the end of the day the count is ludicrously small. You objurgate the keeper, who replies to the effect that he was afraid you might think he wanted to overestimate the birds, and there is much lamentation, to which the keeper's wife contributes undeniable salt tears.

All this is very aggravating. It is quite the exception to find a keeper who will tell you honestly and without affectation what sort of number of pheasants he can hope to put over the guns, and without intimate knowledge of the man it is impossible to gauge his affectations in kind and in degree with any accuracy. And this uncertainty adds immensely to the initial difficulty of getting together a shooting party appropriate to the sport you have to offer and socially agreeable.

These considerations of a host's difficulties, or of some small fraction of them—for, in truth, their sum total is infinite—should surely make the guests very lenient in their criticism of an answer, not altogether to their personal liking, to the question which a doubtful day requires him to decide—To shoot or to refrain from shooting? It is impossible for him to please all; the utmost he can expect is to satisfy the greatest possible number, and his position will become very much more tolerable if he can be assured that the minority will recognise that his decision is influenced at least by the desire to please. And, finally, let it be said that this plea for some consideration of his manifold perplexities is penned not by one who has been often placed in this position of perplexity, and been exasperated beyond the bounds of silent endurance by the scarcely concealed dissatisfaction of a section of his guests, but by one who has never had the fortune to find himself in that more blessed position of a giver of sport, though often an insufficiently grateful recipient. It has happened to him, times and again, to find himself a member of the dissatisfied and more or less audibly growling section, and it is in the spirit of penitence for these scarcely restrained growls, and in the hope of arousing a similarly repentant spirit, with resolutions for amendment in time to come in others, that he had put on record these observations appreciative of some few of a host's unnumbered trials.

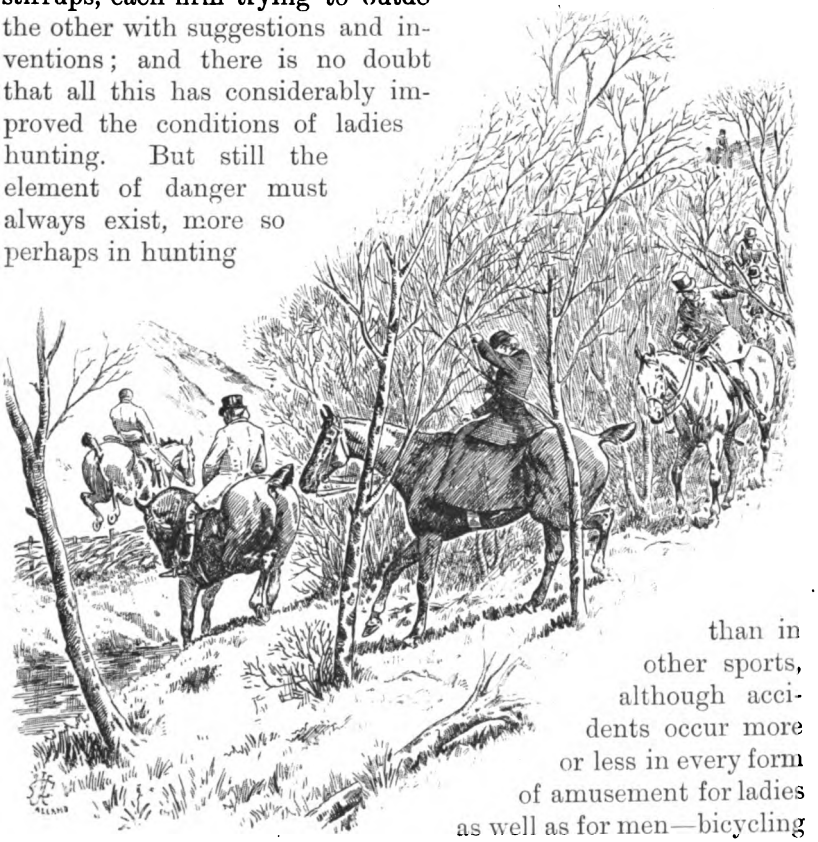
NORTH-COUNTRY HUNTING FOR LADIES

BY LADY MABEL HOWARD

THE subject of ladies in the hunting-field has from time to time been taken up, discussed, alternately encouraged and condemned, and ultimately dropped. So much altogether has been said about it that most people will probably think the theme has been thoroughly thrashed out, and there is nothing more to be added; yet somehow, from somewhere, ideas on it have come to me, and as I speak from the experience of fifteen years in a rough and intricate country, I hope I shall be forgiven if, with all humility and diffidence, I take up my pen in order to make a few comments. I was much amused at being told not long ago by a friend (who has hunted all her life) that she considered hunting a most pernicious habit. She was quite convinced that if she could begin life again she would never indulge in it, only she had not the moral courage of her convictions, and so continued to hunt. It is a remarkable fact, too, that ladies who have hunted practically all their lives are, as a rule, the first to condemn the sport for their daughters, and as long as they have control over their actions, forbid and discourage it in every possible way. The danger element, no doubt, goes a long way to explain this; the world generally—ladies especially—are perfectly happy in being as reckless as they please themselves, but are slow to encourage the inclination in those for whom they are responsible; and I myself know well that piloting ladies under any circumstances, even though the responsibility is their own, is always an anxious and alarming occupation, so that one is thankful when the last

fence is jumped and the day is over: the shock of turning round, as I have done, to see your friend fastened by her habit to the pommel, her head hanging down and the horse trotting across the field, is a sight one does not easily forget, although no evil consequences occur, and 'all's well that ends well.'

Very much has been done of late years to lessen the risk. Every season brings us fresh advertisements of skirts, saddles and stirrups, each firm trying to outdo the other with suggestions and inventions; and there is no doubt that all this has considerably improved the conditions of ladies hunting. But still the element of danger must always exist, more so perhaps in hunting than in other sports, although accidents occur more or less in every form of amusement for ladies as well as for men—bicycling not excepted. It is a great surprise, I must own, to see ladies, whose nerves will not allow them to hunt, ride recklessly down the steepest of hills on a bicycle, without a shadow of fear—I should have thought it would require less courage to jump a fence on a horse who knows his business than to ride down a precipice, feet up, and no control of any sort over the machine. I have seen ladies, too, who for some time past have been debating in their minds as to whether they do or do not like hunting—fair-weather



CROSSING A CUMBERLAND GHYLL

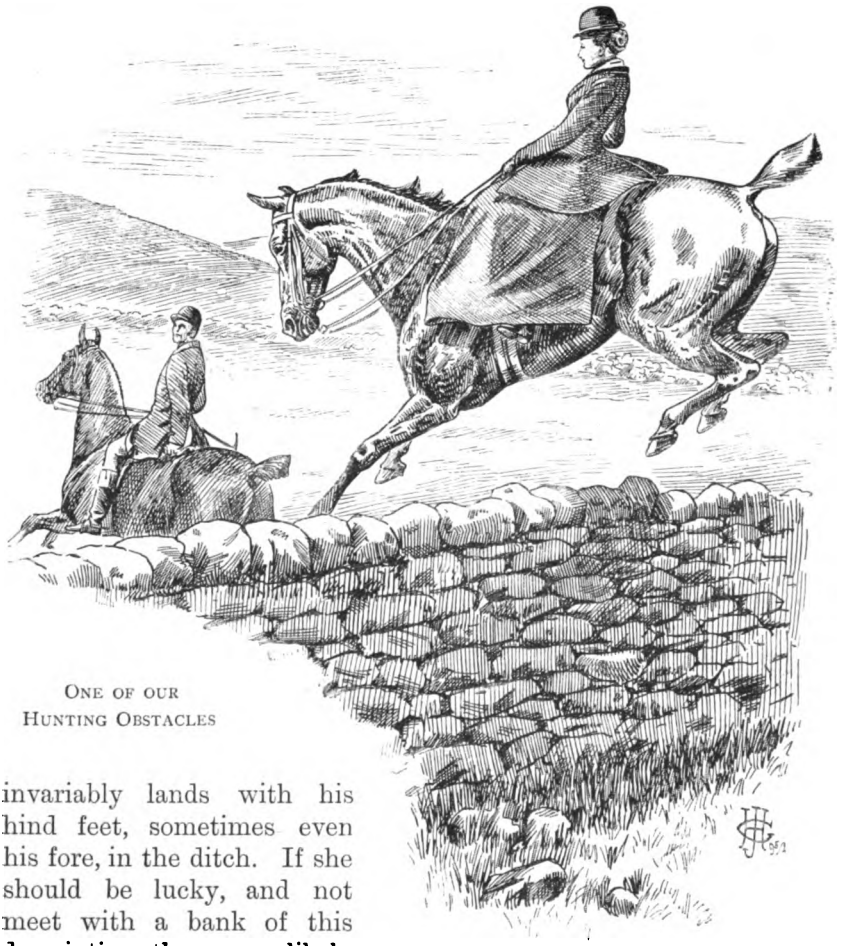
hunters—who have seized upon every shower or breeze to make an excuse for their non-appearance, who reluctantly came out, and joyfully went home, but who have finally made up their minds this year, and reappeared at meets on bicycles. But that is only a temporary craze, and will leave us, whereas hunting is a national sport, which has outlived many crises, and promises to do so still, although in some places it has a hard struggle against enemies in the shape of uninterested landlords, wire fencing and discontented farmers.

Hunting in Cumberland! People smile incredulously, and invariably put the question as to how we ride over Skiddaw and Helvellyn, and further insult us by adding that of course we go on foot! But these are generally the remarks of those who either know Cumberland through the Lives of Southey and Wordsworth, or else entirely connect it in their minds with a visit to the Lake District, and a fortnight devoted to viewing the inevitable lakes and mountains from the top of a coach or the deck of a steamer.

Few are aware that we have, between the mountains and the Solway, a large stretch of country, a surprise to the stranger, and a delight to us who ride across it—a grass country of which we are justly proud, and which, we maintain, holds its own. As a matter of fact the foxes rarely take to the hills except at the end of a long run (and then they often lose their lives) or during the spring, when it is too late for the low country, and we go out with the intention of spending a happy day on a mountain, with a glorious view, and the music of hounds running below, around and above us—a truly happy day for a lover of scenery and hounds.

Only very few ladies hunt regularly in Cumberland, and they who come must be prepared to rough it. We have a bad climate, early starts, no chance of being home to tea, and even dinner is doubtful. These are a few facts which have to be faced and endured, and that it is a difficult and trappy country to ride across we do not deny. I have known ladies arrive from the midlands, bringing with them a great riding reputation, and I have seen them utterly puzzled and baffled as to how to negotiate the fences they find here. Rough banks, with ditches, stone walls, such as the illustration shows, and deep ghylls (which is the north-country definition of a woody ravine) form the greater portion of our hunting obstacles, and in the latter you are irretrievably lost if you do not cling closely to a knowing pilot. A lady appears sometimes with her south-country horse, bent on taking her own

line; probably the first fence consists of a bank with a rough hedge, and an unseen ditch on the far side; if she attempts (as ladies always do) to gallop at it, or even canter, with a horse who knows it not, the result is he takes it in his stride, flies it, and

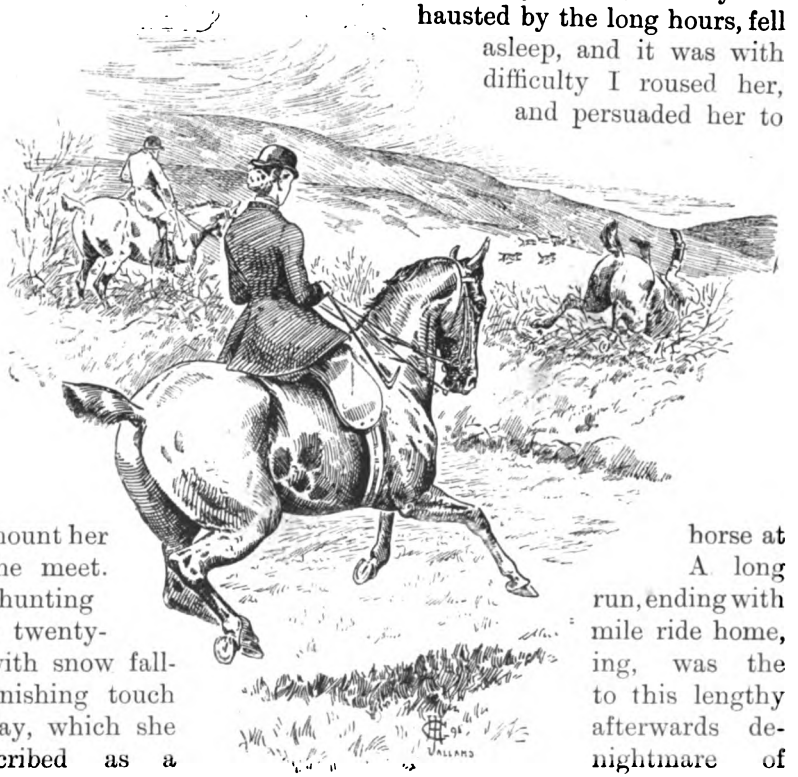


ONE OF OUR HUNTING OBSTACLES

invariably lands with his hind feet, sometimes even his fore, in the ditch. If she should be lucky, and not meet with a bank of this description, then very likely it is a ghyll which entraps her. Looking round in a contemptuous way at the care which some are showing in the descent, she plunges in at her own place, and as generally there is only one way across it, she is probably lost for the day; and if she be your guest, you are bound to return and find her: the hounds have disappeared, and your day too is done.

The distances also are very great, and it requires great consideration in order to get to many of the meets. I remember

starting with a lady who declared herself in good hunting condition and ready for any emergency. We drove two miles in the dark to the station, and changed trains three times, getting a scrappy breakfast at Carlisle between the changes. During the last ten minutes in the third train, my friend, already exhausted by the long hours, fell asleep, and it was with difficulty I roused her, and persuaded her to mount her horse at the meet. A long hunting run, ending with a twenty-mile ride home, with snow falling, was the finishing touch to this lengthy day, which she afterwards described as a nightmare of three days rolled into one. She disappeared to her room for twenty-four hours, and no doubt now maintains that Cumberland is not a fit country to hunt in.



A Trappy Fence

But still, for those who are strong enough, there is great enjoyment and satisfaction; and if you can forget the climate, the distances, and a few other small *contretemps*, you are happy enough. The recollections and reminiscences of glorious days come crowding over me, and I feel my pen could run on through many pages. The long twelve-mile drive in the early morning to the kennels, followed by a hasty breakfast and a jog on of another seven miles to the meet; a find in a small gorse covert, and then away over a big stone wall; a stampede across two grass

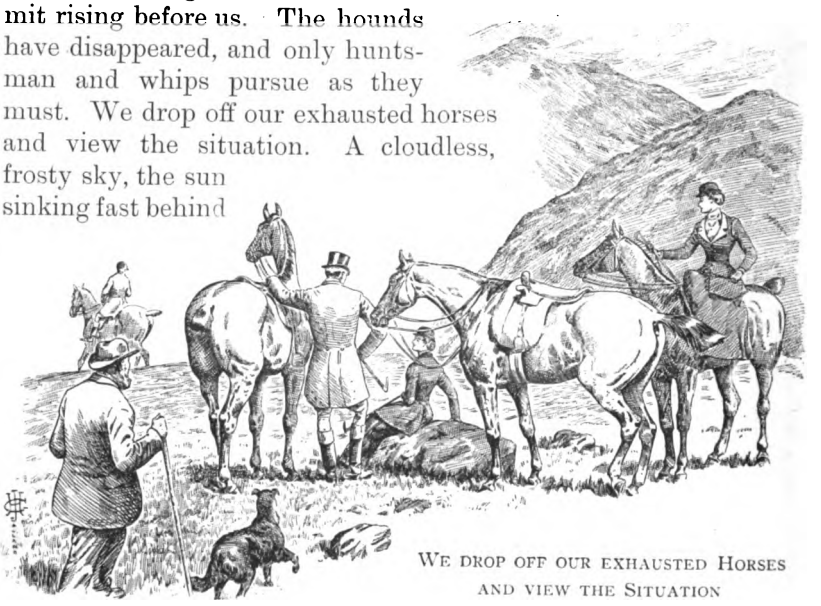
fields, with a trappy fence dividing them, where, as the illustration shows, we leave two or three behind us—then suddenly a pause. A ghyll is in sight, and the hounds throw up their heads and hesitate. The huntsman, who is well to the fore, makes a lucky cast forward, and they pick it up and descend into the ghyll in full cry. The right and the wrong is such a chance here! Shall we cross it, or will the hounds only run alongside? We make up our minds it is to be across, and follow them in, our hands held well over our faces to avoid the thorn bushes, which are generally so thick that they form quite a resistance—the horse has to pick his own way down this stony path as best he can. Single file we all go to the bottom, where a small running brook meets our eyes, with a steep bank in and out, and a wattle fence on the other side. By this time the hounds are streaming up the opposite hill, having settled down well to their fox.

Full of impatience, treading on each other's heels, yet not daring to go fast, we pull the horses up to a walk, and scramble through the water, over the wattle and up the bank, and then full speed up the hill. On we go, with the hounds ever in front of us, sometimes even a field or so. Banks and stone walls follow each other in quick succession; here and there a post and rails. Once

"T' Sheep and t' Dog can tak care of thersels; I must hev' a Hunt.'

or twice the cry of 'Seeds!' meets our ears, and we know the word necessitates a circuitous round, as the Cumberland farmer is firm on that subject; and woe betide the stranger who dares to cross a seed field, be it hard or be it soft.

Here and there the going is heavy; we are on rising ground, some are beginning to show signs of distress, and look anxiously for their second horsemen, who have had no chance of coming up. We are now nearing the hills, and still no signs of a check. As we jump into a road an old shepherd on his pony, driving his sheep, calls out, 'I seed t' fox, nobbut a lal 'un, it's goin' for t'fell.' And then the excitement prevailing on him, he puts his pony at a fence, exclaiming, 'T' sheep and t' dog can tak care of thersels; I must hev' a hunt!' and away he comes with us. We are crossing a piece of moorland now, and Skiddaw looms high above and in front of us. Still we can't stop. Hounds are facing the hills in full cry, and we follow. Here the pace slackens, as far as we are concerned, and we take it easier. A few have turned back, and a few more are thinking of it. The hill gets steeper, and we are forced into a walk. The hounds' notes are fainter and fainter, and as we cross over the top we see a deep valley below, with a still larger mountain summit rising before us. The hounds have disappeared, and only huntsman and whips pursue as they must. We drop off our exhausted horses and view the situation. A cloudless, frosty sky, the sun sinking fast behind

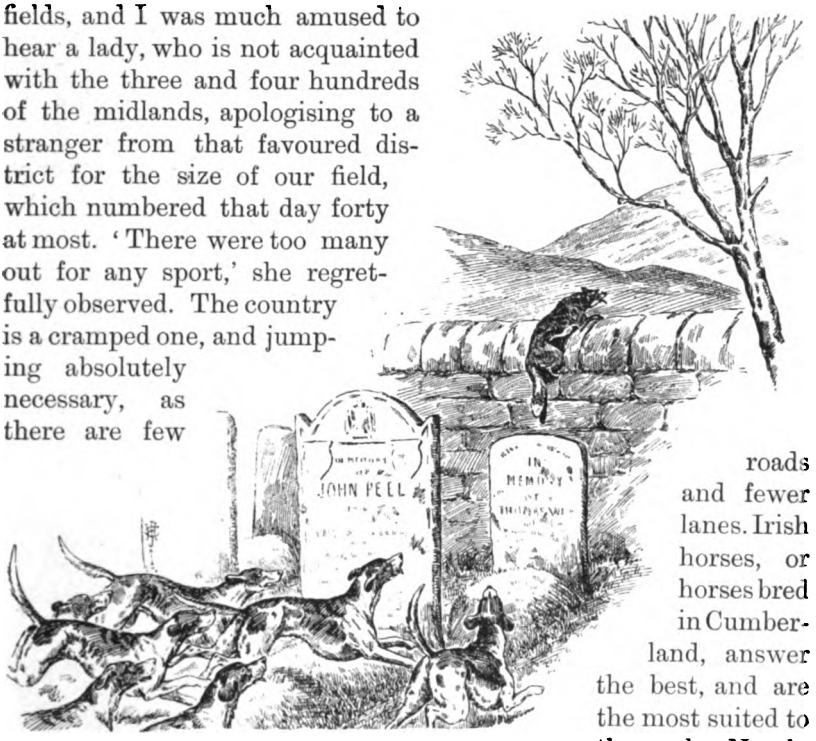


WE DROP OFF OUR EXHAUSTED HORSES AND VIEW THE SITUATION

Skiddaw—four of us, lost to all calculations, and completely out of our ken. By a wonderfully lucky chance a shepherd appears, as it seems from the earth, and tells us we are eighteen miles from home, and twenty from where we had sent our changes and are expected for the night. Reluctantly we climb on our horses again and ride our twenty miles with the feeling that we

have done our best, and lived with the hounds as long as it was possible.

These are some of our many experiences, and perhaps on reading them over it is not wonderful that few ladies care to join us. We have, as a rule, very small fields, and I was much amused to hear a lady, who is not acquainted with the three and four hundreds of the midlands, apologising to a stranger from that favoured district for the size of our field, which numbered that day forty at most. 'There were too many out for any sport,' she regretfully observed. The country is a cramped one, and jumping absolutely necessary, as there are few roads and fewer lanes. Irish horses, or horses bred in Cumberland, answer the best, and are the most suited to the work. Nearly all the field are mounted on either one or the other, those of this country being generally of the short, thick kind, with good constitutions, and they are wonderfully clever, though perhaps a trifle slow. They will gallop and jump all day, and if you have the courage to leave them alone, will extricate themselves from most difficulties, rarely giving you a fall.



IN CALDBECK CHURCHYARD

There are no fewer than six packs of fox-hounds and six of harriers in Cumberland. Four of these packs of hounds hunt the hills almost entirely, and are followed for the most part on foot. I have run with them sometimes, or rather climbed the Ullswater Hills behind them, and it is a wonderful sight to watch the huntsman on foot, making his way to them with extraordinary pace and perseverance up the mountains, which are between two and

three thousand feet high. There is one curious fact worth mentioning, which is, that these fell hounds when they kill their fox never break it up, a peculiarity which I believe I am right in saying is all their own.

I cannot finish this without making mention of 'John Peel,' the hero of Cumberland hunting, whom many of the older men still living remember (he died in 1858). A curious and interesting occurrence took place some years ago. Towards the end of a long run, when the hounds were close on to their fox, he turned into the little churchyard of Caldbeck, and running over John Peel's grave with the pack in full cry, was killed in the open, just over the churchyard wall—an unconscious tribute to the memory of the old sportsman, whose hunting fame will never be forgotten in this country, and is indeed immortalised in the rousing strains of 'D'ye ken John Peel?' without which no entertainment in Cumberland is considered successful or complete. And how can I do better than follow this example?

'Twas the sound of his horn
Brought me out of my bed,
And the cry of his hounds
Which he oftentimes led;
John Peel's view halloa
Would waken the dead,
Or the fox from his lair
In the morning!

AMATEUR FISHING IN AUSTRALIA

BY F. G. AFLALO

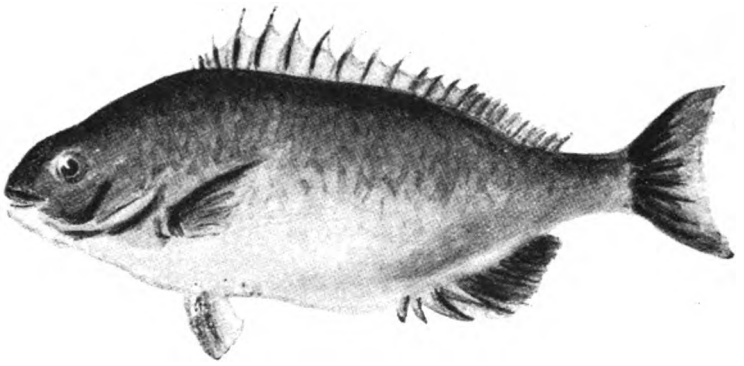
THERE is an enormous variety of fish in Australian seas, although the rivers are poorer in this respect than those of any other quarter of the globe. In a list, with which the Secretary of the New South Wales Fishery Commission has been good enough to supply me, I find that no less than fifty species are to be found at one time or another on sale at the Woolloomooloo market. About one hundred other kinds are met with round the coast which are considered comparatively or wholly unfit for food.

So that the amateur has a fine field here, whether he chooses to confine his operations to the always calm, and often picturesque, landlocked bays and harbours, or whether, more venturesome and less bilious, he defiantly passes the heads and seeks sport in the open ocean.

It is a terror at times, this Pacific, and is only as good as its name on rare occasions. More often, the long high rollers dash themselves in frenzy against the unlovely coastline, imparting to the insides of small boats and their passengers a particularly trying form of perpetual motion. Scientists would repudiate the term, but not if they were out in a heavy sea hereabouts! By way of additional attraction, large and hungry sharks swarm around, and the sight of a sharp black fin cleaving the undulating water suggests a most unenviable train of thought.

Less frequently the brute will display a gaping maw, for which might appropriately be borrowed Dante's famous legend from the gates of hell—'*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate.*'

Sydney fishermen are more than usually blessed in waters landlocked and open for the pursuit of their hobby. The harbour



BLACK FISH

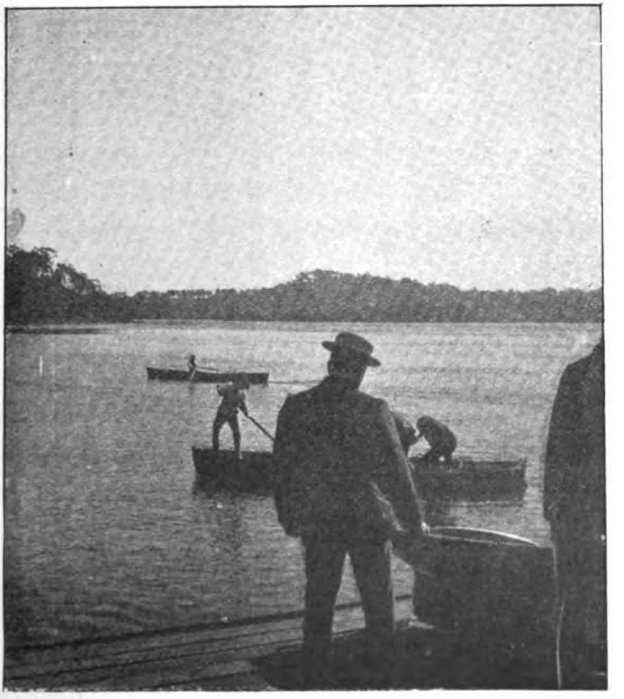
—the famous harbour about which Colonials 'blow' and polite visitors rave—is not a good fishing ground, ceaseless steam traffic and thirty years and more of over-netting by Greeks and Italians having all but depleted its once apparently inexhaustible supplies. In Middle Harbour, its most picturesque arm, there is still, I believe, a good deal of sport with small black bream and flathead, but the chief piscatorial performance in that sheltered inlet is rod fishing for black fish, a curious vegetarian creature that feeds only on a kind of sea cabbage which grows very freely on parts of the wharves. As food it is in little esteem; indeed, I give an illustration of it, as it is not to be seen on the fishmongers' slabs. It is about the only fish that the lads hereabouts attempt to catch with the rod. For all other fish—the mighty schnapper and the little trevally—in the deep sea or up the shallow creeks, handlines are in universal request, and the rod is rarely in evidence. At Brisbane, on the other hand, I found the rod as much used as at home, and some very fine Jew-fish I saw caught near a sugar refinery on the Brisbane River. Of the building I managed to get a 'snap' as I was passing in a steam launch bound for a place called Humpy Bong. There are some favourite angling 'pitches' in the vicinity of these sugar works.

To finish with Brisbane, Moreton Bay is not nearly so full of fish as was the case but a few years back. The sharks, how-

ever, are a terror, and affect as seriously as ever the plans of the convicts on St. Helena. An escape is rarely attempted.

Of the many inland waters dear to Sydney fishers, the George's River, which runs into Botany Bay, is one of the favourite. Large parties go by train every Sunday in the summer months to Sans Souci and Como, where there is a rush for the boats and the best 'swims.' The prawn is the bait most in use, and, as the fish run up to six and eight pounds in weight, and only the finest silk twist lines are used, a good deal of skill is requisite in the scoring of a good basket.

There are two methods of working the boat here, according to the kind of fish sought after. If it be flathead, a hideous ground fish, with sharp, protruding bones capable of inflicting very angry



SUNDAY MORNING AT COMO

wounds, the boat drifts with the breeze or tide, whichever happens to be the strongest, one of the occupants keeping it broadside by an occasional stroke of the paddle.

If, on the other hand, the beloved black bream is, as is more

usually the case, the special goal, the boat is simply moored a hundred yards or so from the rocks. There is a deal of fishing, professional as well as amateur, done in these upper reaches of the George's River, and more especially at Como, the netsmen living in not unpicturesque little shanties right down by the water's edge. Two-thirds of them are Greeks or Italians. The sentiment 'Australia for the Australians,' which in the larger towns amounts to a creed, in which the chosen class all Englishmen, Chinese, Germans, and Kanakas together as Philistines, has not yet penetrated into the rural fishing districts.

Very similar are the operations in the 'arbour, as it is called; but, as I said above, the sport, save on very exceptional occasions, is not worth the trouble—although now and again there are good catches, more especially down at Watson's Bay, the pilot station. I have seen the crew of the pilot steamer, the 'Captain Cook,' haul up trevally, a kind of mackerel, as fast as they could bait their hooks, each fish going over a pound. And the manager of the Lyceum Theatre assures me that he gets very large baskets just off Garden Island in the direction of Fort Denison, a little disused islet with a crazy fortification close up to the city.

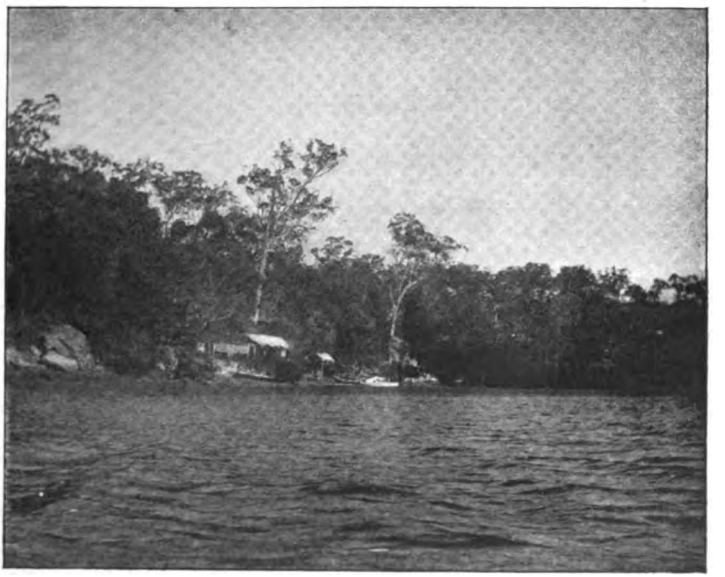
Very fine handlines are used in such places, where the water is still and clear, and the fish almost well educated enough to read and write; a whole prawn divested of its head and tail is used for bait, and a terrible mixture known as 'burly' is either thrown around to bring up the fish, or else pinched in lumps around the line for the same attractive purpose. I shall not discourse at any length on the merits, or otherwise, of 'burly.' If I say that it contains sour herrings, *condemned* tinned salmon and cheap cheese, I need not add that it can be detected at a distance of several miles; when I further remark that it gets all over your hands and clothes and cannot be got rid of, I think the recommendation is complete. There is burly and burly, and he who has the secret of concocting the right thing is the recipient of many an invitation to go a-fishing.

But all this fishing in closed harbours is finnicking work, if one may use the term, and, however popular among colonials, will not commend itself much to the fishermen out from home. It is neither the one thing nor the other. It is pond fishing without a rod and sea fishing without the sea. The bilious may take kindly to it, and that is about all.

For real sea-fishing, for stand-up fights with big fish, one must go outside the heads, whether on the rocky ledges at Manly, or

further south, or out on the rolling waters. For the latter diversion winter is the proper season, as the prevailing winds are then westerly, or off-shore, and a spell of comparatively smooth weather can generally be relied on. In summer-time, southerly 'busters' spring up at short notice, what time the 'Pacific' is a treat to contemplate—from the cliffs!

The schnapper, a great red bream with a curious and unaccountable hump on its forehead, usually lends its name to these boating expeditions outside. Schnapper parties are got up for distinguished guests, and schnapper clubs are organised in every



FISHERMAN'S HUT NEAR COMO

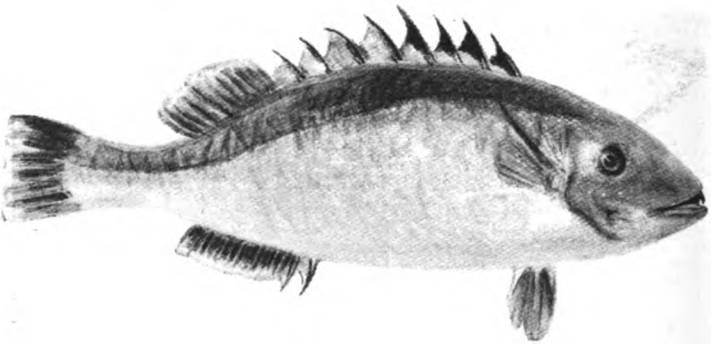
bank and government office. I belong to two myself. The advantages of such co-operation are obvious, as these fish are usually sought about ten miles from land, and a steam tug is called into requisition, saving much time in shifting from one ground to another, and some risk in running in quickly before a gale. The expenses of such a trip are necessarily not small, five pounds being about the minimum, so that, but for the excellent expedient of a club, one's outings would have to be once a year instead of once a month.

The secretary looks after the bait, an item of ten or fifteen shillings in itself, and as we steam down the harbour he chalks

out the requisite number of places along the port gunwale, and lots are then drawn for each place. The heads are reached in about half an hour, during which a few of the more knowing ones put out their lines astern to stretch out the kinks; others with sadder thoughts uppermost swallow a modest sandwich while they may, and take furtive sucks at slices of lemon the while they look apprehensively ashore for signs of wind stirring the trees. The hands are busy cutting up the bait, a medley of trevally, yellowtail, mackerel, squid, &c.

There is a heavy backward roll as we fly between the heads, and as a first trial we take up over a small reef right under the Macquarie Lighthouse. One achievement that will, when their history is fairly penned, redound to the credit of Australians, is the manner in which they have illumined their dangerous coasts.

But the fish are few and far between, principally pig-fish, a red wrasse, particularly importunate and equally unwelcome.



Pig Fish

'Pig' it is called, from the thick, fleshy lips so typical of the wrasses, and still more prominent in another and far larger Australian fish, to which I may presently have occasion to allude.

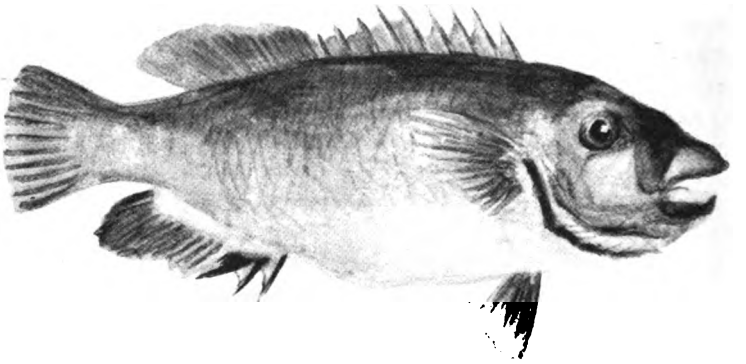
But we want schnapper kind—'right colour,' as they call it here—and so 'Up lines!' is the order, and we are soon steaming out to the Red Road reef, abreast of Manly.

A few bream now put in an appearance, and a large number of nannygai, beautiful vermilion fish, with great black eyes and large metallic glinting scales. These delicious fish are a welcome sign, as schnapper are generally found in their company, and feed greedily on the same baits.

Presently the back fin of a large shark is seen cruising around, so we steam a mile or two northward and get on the Long Reef. Sport, however, is slack, and after one or two more halts, picking

LINE-FISHING FROM THE ROCKS

up a few fish of all shapes and hues, silver morwong, rainbow-tinted Sergeant Baker, red rock cod, and black leather jacket, off each ground, we steam back to the 'Red Road' over which we drift for the rest of the afternoon. At length, just as the sun has fallen behind the cliffs and the powerful Macquarie light is flashing



BLUE GROPER

its great beams in a fifty-mile radius, we steam back to the harbour, and the boat's crew are once more busy cleaning and salting a couple of hundred of fish.

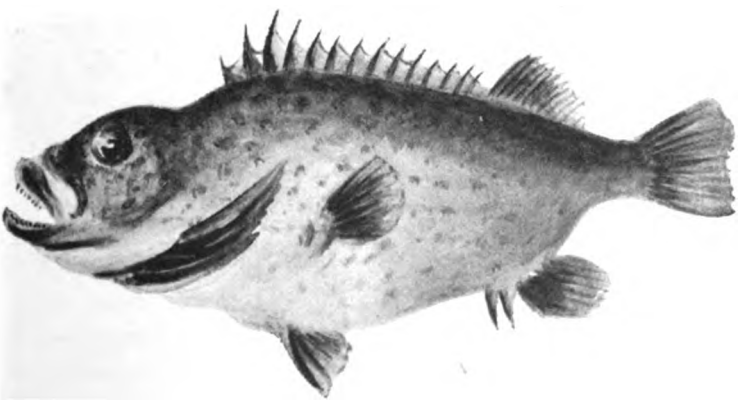
Such a day's outing is immensely enjoyable, and cannot of its kind be beaten anywhere. Now and again the day starts fair, and without warning a 'southerly' will spring up, its coming almost unnoticed by those intent on sport; in fifteen minutes it becomes half a gale, and then coal is piled on below and we race back through the blinding spray. The element of excitement is considerable. On one occasion some years ago, it was a trifle too considerable, for there was a terrible sea running, and two amateurs were washed overboard and never heard of more. Another little episode occurred to three men in a boat quite recently. A large whale was sporting with her calf just outside the heads, when the little one, having a game of hide and seek, took refuge under the lee of the boat. The mother misinterpreting how matters stood, came at the boat open-mouthed; but fortunately the calf swam towards her, and further trouble was averted, the unwieldy couple plunging away northward to the gratitude of those fishers three. Great albatross sometimes come wheeling round the boat, and molly hawks are always met with outside. So that sea fishing in these waters is replete with interest, and no visitor should fail to try his hand.

One other method of fishing in the open sea there is, with

some short account of which I shall bring these remarks to a close. It is rock-fishing, and is about the only branch of the sport quite unique, quite novel, so far at least as anything we have at home is concerned. The Australian coast is, though less beautiful in colouring, not unlike that of Cornwall, miles and miles of bold headlands often un-get-at-able save by sea, and altogether out of reach here, since no boat ventures, save on some errand of mercy, within a hundred yards of the rugged zigzag.

This rock-fishing experience is certainly unique, but I am not sure that it is quite pleasant. In the first place, you cannot reach the fishing ledges without undertaking a most perilous scramble down an almost perpendicular track, which was fashioned rather for the leaping kangaroo or the flying-fox. Nor, when the bottom is at length reached, goodness knows how, are one's troubles over, for there are yet several hundred yards to be covered by leaping from boulder to boulder, until you reach some favourite spot for that huge *labroid*, the blue groper, generally a deep pool almost landlocked, into which swirls the overflow from each mighty roller.

Bait has to be obtained *in situ*, in the form of young crabs, which are speared in the dark slimy crannies, and 'congevoi,' a remarkable mollusc like a sea-urchin, which is removed from the



WIRRAH

submerged rocks by a dexterous turn of a rusty knife kept for the purpose.

All being ready, the good lead is swung laterally over the head, and the baited hooks fly out between the rocks. The skill with which experienced rock-fishers will pitch a lead twenty

yards between two rocks not six feet apart must be seen to be believed. I do not expect to be believed. I have received too many shocks in that direction.

Presently there is a bite, and the cunning piscator hauls in, not the coveted groper at all, not the thick-lipped monster of twenty or thirty pounds, but a leather jacket may be, or a 'wirrah,' as likely as not, a thick-set, ugly creature with terrible teeth and a very coarse flavour. There is another fish of a highly poisonous nature which is also taken hereabouts, the toad-fish. Some small boys caught and ate some last year and were buried two days after. The black trevally too, which occurs abundantly near the foul sewer outlet at Murivery, a favourite Sunday camping ground, is also, like bonito and others of the mackerel ilk, poisonous at certain seasons.

This rock-fishing is calculated to provide excellent exercise, unequalled training for several faculties, the eye and brain being on the alert against mischances (the nose also, should one pitch within a mile of Murivery!), everything in fact, save fish.

I have risked life and limb several times in the company of an experienced rock-fisherman, yet the only groper I have as yet seen has been in Chinnery's fish-shop.

On these occasions I had more than one narrow escape of falling headlong a hundred feet or being cut off by a tidal wave, and I do not think, somehow, that I shall see those rocks again. I have been there often enough to see and describe all that is likely to be of practical use to those who intend following in my footsteps, and in the interests of science and enlightenment, I shall not further risk my precious neck. I should like to witness the capture of one of these huge groper, but I fancy it will be by the aid of a powerful telescope and a steam launch.

Sydney fish and fishing are by reason of their variety and novelty a fascinating topic, but I must not forget the editorial limit nor call in the click of the editorial shears.

'THE DOWNING OF "OULD JOE BUSH"'

BY OWEN RHOSCOMYL

As many men, as many minds,' is a proverb to the full as applicable to hunters as to any other type of man. If one were to put the set question round a hunter's camp-fire at night, 'What do you consider the best bit of work you ever did?' the answers would probably reveal as many standards of judgment as there were speakers present. First, however, the question would elicit the prompt response:

'What kind of game?'

For the hunting of different kinds of game, though in the same country, brings into play each its own especial circumstances, surroundings, and emotions, so that—but to come down from the general to the particular of this paper.

Put to myself, the question would puzzle me for an off-hand reply. I have 'been thar' in those evanished days, which the prairies and foothills know no more, when lassoes ('ropes' we called them) were dropped on some big buffalo bull—for the old-time cowboy boasted himself ready to rope or ride anything that wore hair—while some long Texan or lank Missourian sprang

astride the heaving, panting frame, and, after setting his spurs well home in the trailing mane, would give the word—

'Now, boys, turn him loose!'

The next five minutes would decidedly stow themselves away in a handy place in one's mind, and be prominently in view whenever one opened that storeroom afterwards.

Sometimes buffalo would give place to bear, especially in the skirts of the Medicine Bow or Big Horn mountains, where we might any day look to run into a party of roachback, or drop across some big cinnamon or silvertip, his eyes twinkling with unctuous satisfaction as he sat on his haunches and closed his jaws on bunch after bunch of wild cherries, slowly drawing his head backwards after each bite till the twig could fly upright again stripped of every cherry. Only in this case there would be no riding.

Once, even—in the Black Hills this was—one of the boys, chasing a flying calf, started a mountain lion, and in a twinkling dropped the noose upon the 'yellow streak.' A couple of turns on the saddle horn, a touch on the rein, and then the horse sat back and planted his feet for holding. The subsequent two minutes—assuredly it was not three—were about the swiftest I ever knew, and, until the cracking loose of six-shooters heralded the final 'I guess that fixed him!' the case was one of very close chances.

Such incidents may not strictly rank as 'hunting,' but 'sport' they most indubitably were. Especially in the case of the bear, when, as usually happened, 'Old Eph' would stop scuffling off and sit straight up on his haunches the instant he felt the first loop tighten on his neck. Then, with a wicked twinkle in his red eyes, he would begin to haul upon the rope, bringing horse and rider nearer and nearer, hand over hand, towards him, till some other loop dropped suddenly over his head from the rear, and in another instant he would be jerked sprawling over upon his back.

Half a second more, as it used to seem, and he would be up again, making play towards his new tormentor, and so on, till in three or four minutes he became blazing mad, whereupon the spectator would begin to wonder what 'everlasting fool' it was who first spoke of a bear as clumsy. 'Old Eph' with his 'dander riz' is really an experience, and it commonly required the best of even cowboy skill with the six-shooter to pacify him in the end.

Putting such-like incidents aside, however, and coming down to strictly legitimate hunting, there is one long forenoon and one

big buck antelope which stand out in my memory across the fifteen years between then and now, and which I still label the finest bit of work I ever did after antelope.

At that time in that country it was hardly the thing to brag about the number of antelope 'downed' in a day. At the beginning of the previous fall an outfit of half a dozen fellows or so had gone over to the cañon of the North Platte, bent upon 'pure business.' At a spot where there was hardly room between rock and river for a pack mule to pass, they built a corral, both strong and high. The first of the antelope, drifting down from North Park at the warning of the first snow, broke back in timid fear at sight of the corral, and a casual hunter passing that way jeered genially at the corral builders over the coffee as he took dinner with them. They advised him to wait.

But presently winter in grim earnest sheeted North Park with eighteen inches of snow, and all the countless herds which through the summer had pastured therein were gathered into a mass, the like of which only one man had ever known before. Behind the snows piled deeper still; before the wide prairie stretched, where always the wind swept some part bare for grazing—and the way lay through the cañon of the North Platte now, just as it had done for dim unnumbered ages.

As a chasing wolf bunches up and drives the timorous sheep, so did the winter bunch and drive these antelope, and they struck the corral in a tossing sea of moving horns and hides. The outfit turned out with axes and knives at first, but presently fell back upon plain clubs, and the wretched antelope were knocked on the head by hundreds. Towards evening of the second day the pressure told, and the corral was laid level, but not till even the butchers themselves were sickened with the whole disgusting business, and only sat and swore wearily as the myriad hoofs raced past, trampling to ruin nearly every skin killed since the beginning. This was the story as it went about the country; therefore hunters were chary of boasting about the numbers they had killed, for fear some listener should drily query, 'Did ye do it with a club?'

Thus the tale, which, after so long a preliminary, I am now to tell, is a tale of the other extreme, when, in a country then swarming with antelope, the aim was to down a certain famous old buck, that buck and that buck only—a feat reckoned impossible. He had first come into prominence with the ranchmen on the river some three years before, and, on account of his immense horns, had bred a rivalry amongst them as to who should

get him. So hot did the notion grow, that at last it bred a bye-word: 'Well, there's nothing much sticking out to be done to-day. Guess we'll go out and plug away at old Joe Bush.' For the latter bit of floating slang had stranded itself on the old buck's horns, and he was known to all his hunters by that one name, set like some dominating gem in the midst of a jewel of descriptive adjectives, chiefly profane and variously fantastic.

Likewise, as a logical result, there followed a proverb, 'Might as well try to down old Joe Bush,' used when any man attempted the obviously impossible.

At the end of the second year the hunting slackened, and old Joe came to be accepted as one of the natural features of the country, in like manner with the river or the mountains; and any stranger stopping for a few days at any of the ranches was taken out to empty a magazine or two at him, as a sort of rite conferring subsequent citizenship in the community.

When I first struck the river, in the middle of the third year, I found that old Joe was now free of all worry, except the public rite above mentioned, saving only for the persistence of one stubborn hunter, old Buck Shaughnessy to wit. It was this last who explained the situation to me when I came over to see about the brood mares.

'It's a this way,' said he. 'When I lets out the mares at break o' day—there's a hunderd an' odd of thim widout the foals—they strike straight across the flat for the bluffs, three mile away yonder. When they rise that bluff there's five-and-twinty mile of a plain, barring that half-way over there's a couple o' mile of a step-down, where the lakes lie in. Now it's at thim lakes ould Joe Bush camps overnights, and thin whin he wakes up to the first feed after midnight he grazes out this way, so that he's well out an' along whin he lies down for the sleep at sun-up. Thin whin he wakes again he sees the mares just a-risin' over the bluff out of the flat here—for there isn't as much cover as would hide a jack-rabbit in forty mile of that plain—an' he comes over to thim, sometimes walkin' Spanish and sometimes lopin', accordin' as he feels.

'He does have no truck wid the other antelopes, an' he nivir stops till he gets to the ould bell-mare, and then he goes straight to grazin'. He knows you can't pot him wid any long shots or Creedmoor sights, for fear of hitting the mares, an' moreover he always keeps between two an' in front of one. At the mid-day sleep he waits till the mares stand dozin' before he goes to sleep,

an' thin not so long as anything's moving in all that billiard table of a flat.

'Thin at the wakin' he feeds this way wid them till they drops down the bluff an' begins to string out for water. The minute, thin, the ould bell-mare gives a shake and starts off tinkle-tankle for the river, ould Joe he shakes his horns an' makes a shirt-tail shoot back for the lakes again, an' if he spies hoof or hair of a man in all that five hunderd square mile of perary, he'll go—man, you can't see him going for heel-dust!'

'But it should be easy enough to get him,' objected I, 'when you know just where he is and what he is doing, day and night, and all the time.'

'Yes,' answered Shaughnessy, stopping his dhudeen solemnly, 'I do know where he is, an' so I do know where the sun is, an' the moon; but you don't see me ridin' back here to the shack wid 'em tied on the saddle—no more wid ould Joe Bush. I've hunted every creek from Omaha to Ogden these fifteen years back, an' I've spint the cost of a winter's keep on cartridges these last two years; but ould Joe he comes over to the bluffs ivery mornin', and goes back to the lakes ivery night, all the same. Divil! man, the ould heathen never cem near the mares till nobody else would hunt him; he enjoys it, and he thinks it's his right to have a lot of moss-backs out a-shootin' up the dust all the way from here to the Black Hills. Upon me sowl, he knows me to spake to, for whin I forget to shave for a week or two, he shakes his head reproachful at me whin I've waited for the smoke of a magazine full to clear away. But if I'm shaved and dacint, he only turns and flicks his tail at me, or lifts his heels at me like a mule that ye want to catch for the harness.

'Oh, yes, your talk is not new; 'tis the talk of every man that comes on to the river. 'Tis the same ould tale; an' in the mornin' you'll go—I can see it in your eye—an' you'll try a round wid him on your own account. An' I'll lind you the "Divil"—he's out yander grazin' on the picket rope: I call him the Divil because he's the quietest ould schoolmarm of a horse that iver lived—an' you an' he an' ould Joe will have your little amusement together, an' thin at sundown you can fetch up the mares wid you from the water-hole as you come. Thin we'll have supper, an' I'll listen to the latest news from me ould frind Joe.'

Buck proved his faith in his 'ould frind' to the hilt. All that evening we discussed nothing else but to-morrow's attempt, and through the hours he gave me every possible hint and

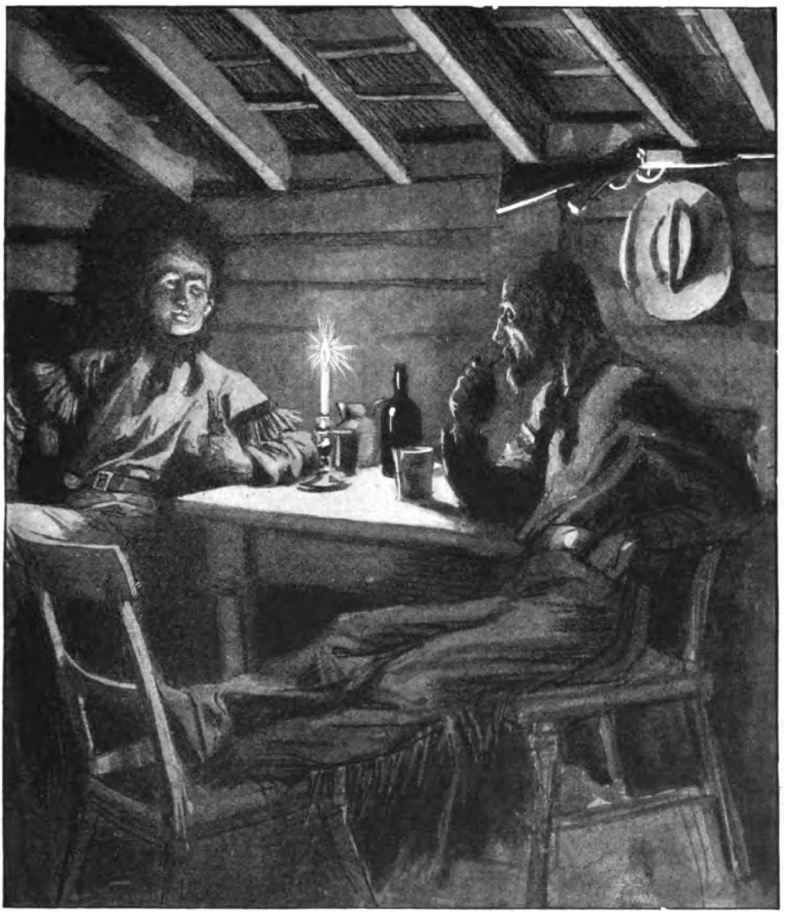
suggestion which could in any way aid me, illustrating each with some tale of a futile former attempt where old Joe's cunning had triumphed conspicuously. Before we finished I had grown to admire the veteran almost as much as Shaughnessy himself, though I need hardly say that, in contradistinction to him, I firmly believed that 'ould Joe Bush' was then sleeping his last sleep by the waters of the lakes.

Next morning, immediately after breakfast, I saddled up the Divil, an old sweybacked sorrel pacer, and rode slowly out towards where the mares were grazing, a mile or so short of the bluffs. My first work was to accustom them to the presence of the Divil and myself *amongst* them, instead of at the outer edge of the herd. This I did by slipping off the Divil's bridle when within a quarter of a mile or so of them, and letting him graze along in a seemingly casual manner till he reached them. The *jaguima* (a Mexican halter) was quite sufficient to control him at a pinch, and was also a security against my spoiling the whole business by any forgetful touch of the bit, which might have brought his head up with a jerk. The nearest part of the herd was the 'drag,' composed of the old, lame, or lazy mares, and, after one or two failures, I had at length the satisfaction of finding myself well in advance of the hindmost of them. A few minutes later, however, I nearly lost both that advantage and the whole day with it to boot.

Just in front of me I roused a knot of half-a-dozen fillies in a peculiarly excited frame of mind. A couple of days before one of their set had produced a foal, and had therefore been separated from the herd to give the youngster a chance. This morning the two had been returned to the herd, and accordingly the fillies were in a state of bustle and agitation similar to that of a bevy of young ladies when first they are allowed to touch and admire some erewhile companion's first-born. The snorts, the distended nostrils, the angry archings and bowings of the crest, and all the threatenings of immediate fight with which they bounded to and fro between me and the foal, roused the whole herd, and I was just making ready to grin over a sharp disappointment, when the old bell mare shook her head and turned to graze again. The tinkle, tinkle of the bell soon soothed the rest, and presently the stillness of myself, coupled with the studied absence of any direct look from my eye, bore out the meekly deprecating aspect of the Divil so well that the suspicions of the young ladies died down also. So much so, that when, shortly, the Divil raised his head and gazed mildly at them while he munched a couple of straws,

they turned to one another as though they said, 'Phooh! such an old buffer of a horse couldn't hurt anything.'

But for all that, at any time during the next hour or two, the slightest move on my part served to startle some member or other of the herd, and I began to think that my quarry had need



ALL THAT EVENING WE DISCUSSED NOTHING ELSE BUT TO-MORROW'S ATTEMPT

be famous to repay what I should have to go through in getting it. When the sun was about two hours high, the leading mares began to top the bluff, so that it was time for me to do likewise. But Joe Bush would be risen from sleep by this time, ready instantly to spot any rider appearing. Caution was therefore the word, and accordingly I reined the Divil to take the crest of the

bluff aslant, and continue out on the plain above obliquely, while I slipped down on the near side of the saddle, thus being hidden from the view beyond.

The motion startled the mares, and in between their movements I got a glimpse of 'Ould Joe,' away out on the plains more than a mile distant. Even so far off there was no mistaking him amongst the various bunches of antelope grazing within close range of him. He had been coming across with a steady purpose, when the commotion amongst the mares startled him, and he straightway stopped dead, head lifted, snuffing and cogitating, as his attitude plainly betrayed. Evidently Buck Shaughnessy was right when he characterised the gentleman in front as 'the most suspicious ould cuss on the plains.'

Not till all the herd was well out on the flat, grazing along unconcernedly—a matter of at least half an hour—did that old horner lower his head and resume his gait. But by especial fortune there was not the slightest breeze to carry the scent, and so he could not wind the 'human.'

All this time I had been clinging, limpet-like, to the side of the saddle, aching and racking in every bone and sinew, and mentally blessing my idiotic stubbornness in sticking to what I termed 'such a fool job.' Certainly I could not have kept that position so long for mere money. So cramped was I that in desiring to ease my position I lost my grip and one foot went to the ground. But the mares were becoming more used to my vagaries, and only the suspicious knot of fillies took much notice of me.

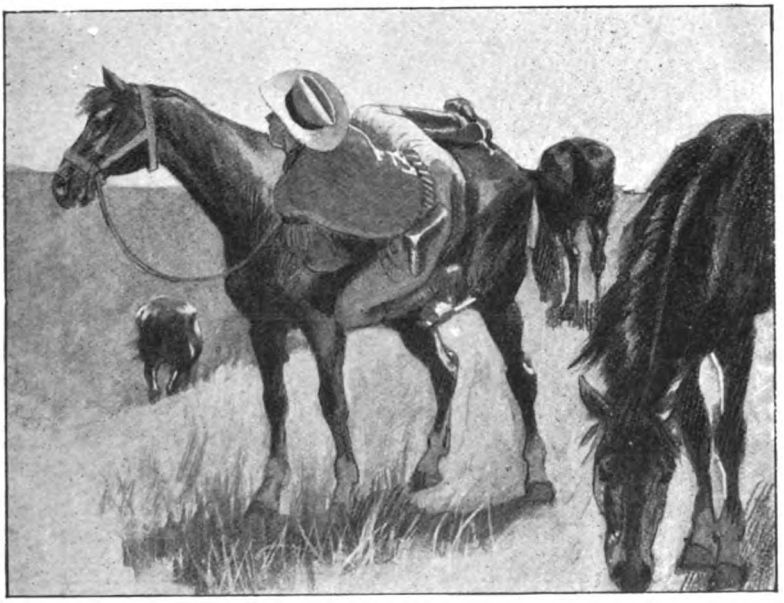
And yet that unspeakable antelope had stopped dead short again!

How long he stood gazing, and how long I hung, mentally devoting him to fanciful varieties of misfortune, I cannot say exactly; but it was with a tremendous sigh of satisfaction that at length I saw him resume his lordly promenade, yet still stopping every now and then to sniff suspiciously.

All this while the mares had been grazing forward and absorbing, so to speak, two or three small bunches of less suspicious antelope, so that when finally my lord strode past the bell mare and dropped his head to feed, the danger of discovery was increased by my having to hide also from several scattered groups of his kind. The mares themselves were distributed in twos, and threes, and half-dozens over something more than half a mile in length and a quarter in breadth. But I had now come to a pitch when it was, physically, no longer possible to hang on the side of

the saddle. As cautiously, therefore, as I could, I dropped both feet to the ground, and began the last phase of perhaps the most delicate stalk I ever did. As the Divil moved his legs at sluggish intervals in grazing, so did I move mine, keeping his always betwixt mine and whichever antelope was nearest, while working ever towards ultimate Joe Bush.

The pace of a grazing horse would hardly win the Derby at any time, but the pace of the Divil was something phenomenally slow. It could not have been better for my purpose, however, or worse for my comfort, for all this while I was bent half double.



CLINGING, LIMPET-LIKE TO THE SIDE OF THE SADDLE

Every time we went about on a fresh tack, too, the Divil hung so long in stays that I was all a-grin with a fever of fear lest I should be detected. Twice during that morning was I within range of my quarry, and then had to remain, rigid with suspense, between hope for a shot and fear of discovery. He had attached himself to a group of seven mares, five of which had foals, and this had one value for me in that it aided me in keeping hidden, for to get within range of him was of little use, unless at the same time the range was a clear one.

My weapon was the ordinary small ·44 cal. Winchester;

good enough, say, up to a hundred and fifty yards or so, but with a flat-nosed bullet none of the truest; and should it, in striking a bone, come out at an angle, my usual and peculiar luck would warrant its hitting some mare or another, the most valuable for choice.

Once I had actually to retreat something like fifty yards, in order to keep the off-side of the Divil presented to a knot of four yearling antelope, who idiotically gallivanted in my direction. How I threatened vengeance upon them when once I should have downed Joe Bush! And yet they were pretty to see, stepping so statelily, with the sun lighting so rarely the dusky liquidity of their eyes.

Then at last the mares began to slack the frame and ease the hock for the midday sleep. Now was the time when I must get within range, for, if once the whole herd were stood to sleep, I should no longer dare move the Divil until such time as they should rouse again. Feverishly did I prompt the old sorrel in his movements, for I saw that he also was feeling the soporific influence. Step by step I prodded him on, and step by step he grew more wooden—more like some penny-in-the-slot automaton, and less like a natural horse.

And now the tinkling ceased, for the old bell-mare stood to doze, while I could see Joe Bush's company settling one by one. So! and in another minute the fattest of them lay fairly down. This appeared to prompt Joe Bush himself, for immediately he began to sniff and peer on every side to find if the coast were clear of danger for his own sleep. But it was now turned the noon of one of the hottest days of the year, and the heat whirled up from the flint and sand of the prairie with a blast so fierce as killed all scent, or carried it up to the burning sky above. I was safe enough from his nostrils.

Then I fetched a little sigh of delight as he lay down, not a hundred and seventy yards away; and next, as if by special order, another of the mares sogged down, not six feet from him, broadside between us.

I fairly gasped at such a kiss of fortune. 'Now, old Divil,' muttered I behind my teeth, 'you've only to go steady for another five minutes, and then we've got the biggest buck that ever flicked tail on these plains.'

Then I gasped again as I recognised that fortune had only been playing seesaw with me. 'I might have remembered my especial luck,' quoth I to myself, ere I relapsed into speechless disgust, staring fiercely at the blandly unctuous content pictured

in the face of the Divil. For in that one minute's halt he had eased the hock and slacked the crest and settled into a fair, square, front and back doze—

Oh, beautiful!

To waken the old dunderflunk would have required something so vigorous as to have roused the whole herd, Joe Bush included, and I had now the ecstatic prospect of standing there in a torturing attitude through all the long hour of the siesta, at a temperature of more than a hundred in the shade, and with the curving tips of those great horns mocking me, motionless, over the outline of the mare's body.

I did not swear—words were mere mockery at such a moment—and, after another sigh or two, I relaxed into a grin. It was either stay the hour or lose the day, and so I took another turn of the mental screw and set myself to wait and watch. Wider and more fantastic grew the long mirage yonder to the right, for all the tawny plain was a-shimmer with the roasting heat, and even the horns of Joe Bush seemed to glimmer and twinkle as I watched them.

At last, when my brain had apparently begun to simmer in my head from heat and cramp together, some of the mares woke and stretched themselves ere leisurely falling to grazing again. 'Of course!' grinned I through cracked lips, as to my chagrin I saw that they were now heading back towards the bluff. Their next move would be to descend and strike out for water at the river.

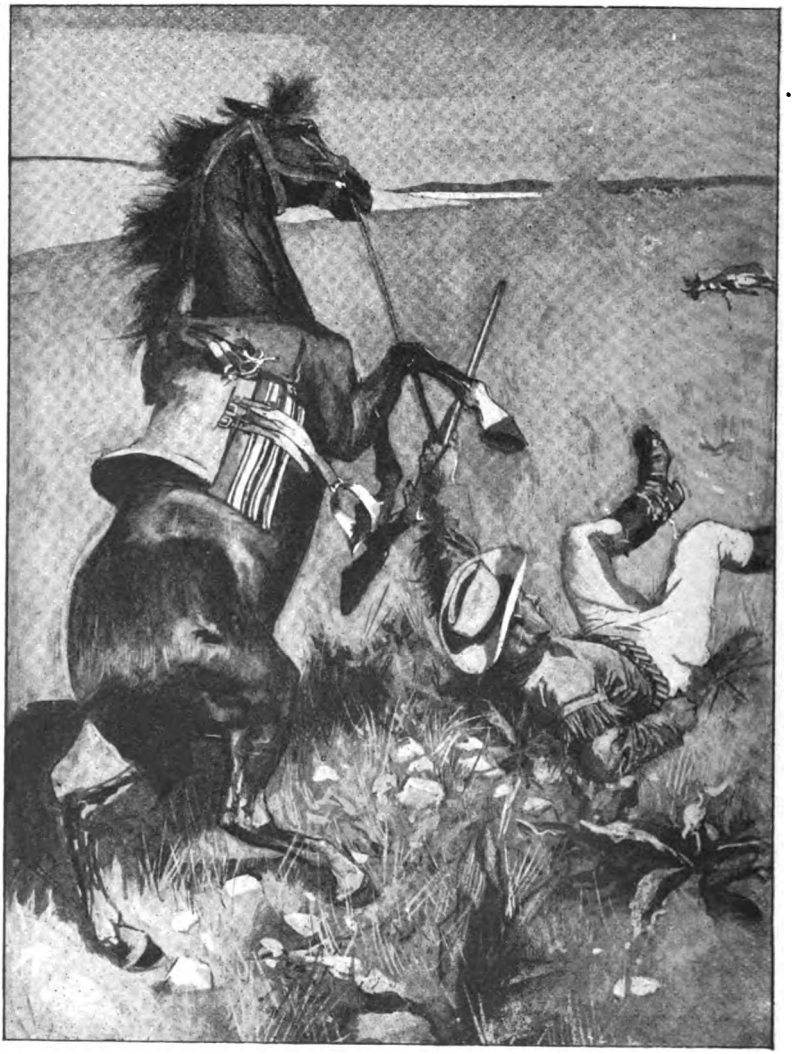
Three or four of them still remained asleep round Joe Bush, but a few minutes more and all the herd, with the exception of these, was behind me. As it drifted away, the Divil seemed to stand up all lone on a lone prairie, till, to my tortured imagination, he seemed to loom up as big as an elephant.

Yet another moment and then, one by one, the mares around those horns rose, stretched themselves, and grazed away, until at length the last of them, the one between, got up and stood aside; and there was nothing now between me and my quarry save forty yards too much of distance for my rifle.

Then Joe Bush was awake. He did not rise, he did not move—not so much as the flick of an ear; but, all the same, there was no mistaking: he was wide awake. What was more, he suspected the stillness of the Divil. The last mare strolled dozily off, but never a wink budged he. Full fifteen minutes he lay and watched me; full fifteen minutes I bent and blessed him; and then the Divil himself woke up with a fright at finding the herd gone, and in his haste he nearly trod me down.

That was enough. Up jumped Joe Bush, and started straight for the lakes.

'But I'll plug at you once for luck,' shouted I in wrath to myself, as I dropped upon one knee right under the Divil's nose.

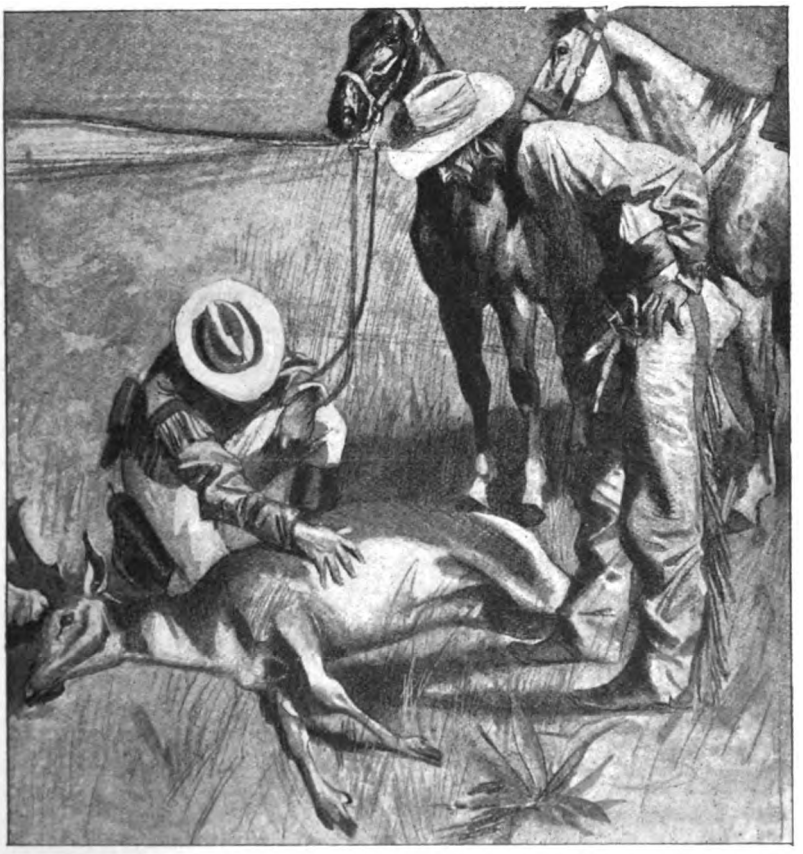


THE EXPLOSION SENT HIM REARING AND JERKING BACKWARDS

That move was my salvation, for Joe had been running with one eye over his shoulder. He saw me kneel forward, and his curiosity brought him to a halt, broadside on, but yet with muscles

gathered to go. Two hundred yards and twenty, and the nickel foresight was glimmering like the mirage itself as I drew a full sight on him, the tip upon his withers.

With the flash, off like a flash went Joe Bush one way and I the other; for the Divil had not yet recovered his watery wits, and the explosion right under his nose sent him rearing and



'AN' WHAT'LL I SHOOT AT IN THESE DAYS AT ALL?'

jerking backwards, all a-snort with terror, and dragging me over flint and prickly pear by the rein to which I clung. But naught cared I for flint or prickly pear—nay, I loosed a yell that scared him still more; for as I went I saw Joe Bush—the famous 'ould Joe Bush' whom no hunter could kill—pause at twenty paces, pause and kneel as if to lie down, pause and rise from kneeling, and then deliberately sit squarely down on his haunches for a second or so ere he tumbled broadside over on the prairie—dead!

I was too giddy to do any war-dance just then, but very soon I was on the Divil's back going like the divil back to the ranch to fetch out old Buck Shaughnessy to identify the kill. He was quietly and sceptically amused at my story. 'I make no doubt ye've killed some good big buck—some great-grandson of the ould gossoon's; but as to ould Joe himself—so! But I'll be out there wid ye now at once.'

All the same, I knew that I had not spent the time from sun-up to something like two hours past noon on any grandsons; not four hours within two hundred yards of anything less than the old gentleman himself. And so it proved; for we had no sooner reached the carcase than Shaughnessy turned to me, and looked me steadily from the lace of my sombrero to the silver of my spur.

'Sure, man, 'tis the same ould Joe himself! An' 'twas a youngster widout a moustache yet that downed him.' He turned to the prostrate form, and continued: 'Sorra! but this perary looks mighty lonesome, Joe, wid you stretched out like that across it. An' what'll I shoot at in these other days at all?'

Then we examined the track of the bullet, and found that it had ploughed a slight groove in the extreme lower tip of the heart, not high enough to pierce the wall or touch any of the valves.

''Twas good shootin',' said Buck.

'Good guessing and chancing it,' retorted I, for that was the sober truth. There was no need for boasting, with my knife at work on that magnificent head.

As we rode back across the flat, 'Don't you tell the tale on the river just yet,' said Shaughnessy; 'lave that to me. You see 'tis mighty hard on the boys to have an outsider come in an' down ould Joe that sorter belonged to us. They'll take it kinder rough at first, I guess, an' like as not they'd tell you that you lied—an' that would mean six-shooters—for they thought a dale of ould Joe Bush, they did.'

I did not tell the tale there then—I did not have the time if I had wanted so to do; but I came through that country the next winter, and tarried overnight with old Buck. When I unsaddled in the stable I noticed some harness hanging on a peculiar hook, and instantly recognised the horns of old Joe.

'Yes,' quoth Shaughnessy, as his eye followed mine, 'I guess they make right smart harness pegs. But the boys don't like it at all at all.'

And, for all I know, those horns are holding harness on that wall to this day, to witness to the truth of the tale whenever Buck Shaughnessy is moved to tell of 'the downing of ould Joe Bush.'

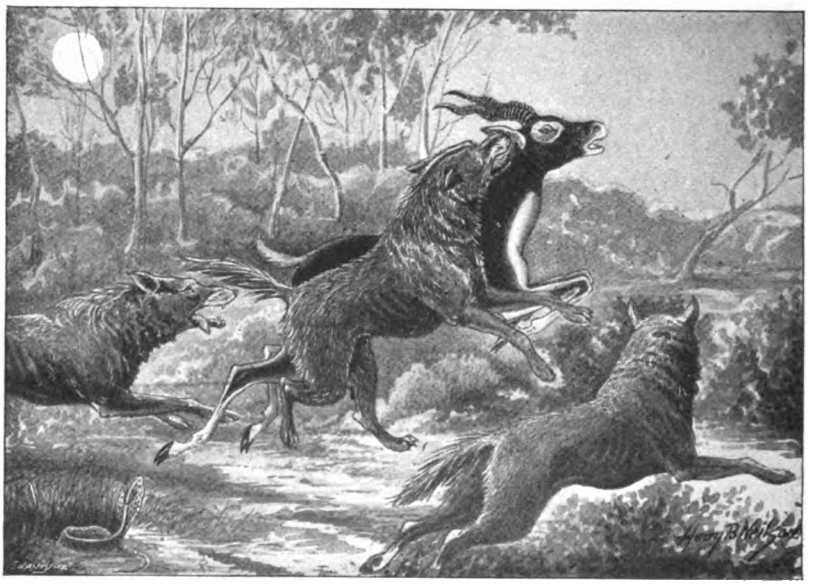
WOLF-CHILDREN

BY H. B. NEILSON

> The Only Son lay down again, and dreamed that he dreamed a dream;
> The last ash dropped from the dying fire with the click of a falling spark,
> And the Only Son woke up again and called across the dark:
> 'Now, was I born of womankind, and laid in a mother's breast?
> For I have dreamed of a shaggy hide whereon I went to rest.
> And was I born of womankind, and laid on a father's arm?
> For I have dreamed of long white teeth that guarded me from harm.
> Oh, was I born of womankind, and did I play alone?
> For I have dreamed of playmates twain that bit me to the bone.'
>
> RUDYARD KIPLING, *The Only Son.*

DURING my early Indian experiences, when I was still a 'Griff,' full of enthusiasm to learn all that was possible about the many strange and wonderful things the East has to unfold, I heard at a 'chotā hāzirī' table a conversation which greatly aroused my wonder and interest. The matter discussed was wolf-children—that is, children stolen when very young, suckled, and fostered by wolves. At first I was incredulous; but after listening and asking some questions was soon convinced that the stories related were certainly true. However, there was more to learn, for none of those present had ever actually seen a wolf-child, and all spoke simply from hearsay, which, however, was evidently well authenticated. After this I never lost an opportunity of acquiring from likely people additional knowledge on the subject. The natives themselves supplied me with some information, though it was rather hazy; still, they proved to me that there could be no possibility of doubt as to the existence of such beings.

A jemadar told me that when he was a lad he remembered going with others to see a wolf-child which had been netted. Some time after this, while staying at an up-country place called Shaporeoundie, in East Bengal, it was my fortune to meet an old Anglo-Indian gentleman, who had been in the Indian Civil Service for upwards of thirty years, and had travelled about during most of that time, and from him I learned all I wanted to know of wolf-children; for he not only knew of several cases, but had actually seen and examined near Agra a child which had been recovered from the wolves. This gentleman kindly gave me a detailed description of the boy, and thus enabled me to make pencil studies for the accompanying drawings. The story of Romulus and Remus, which all schoolboys and the vast majority of grown-up people regard as a myth, appears in a different light when one studies the question of wolf-children and ascertains how it comes to pass that boys are found living on the very best terms with such treacherous and rapacious animals as wolves, sleeping

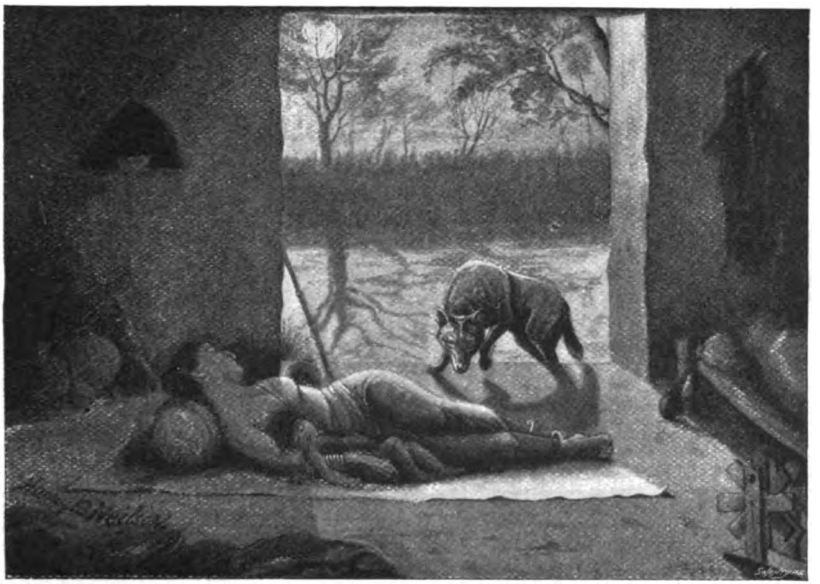


WOLVES HUNTING FOR FLESH FOOD

with them in their dens, sharing the raw flesh of deer and kids which the she-wolf provides, and, in fact, leading in all essentials the actual life of a wolf.

A young she-wolf has a litter of cubs, and after a time her

instinct tells her that they will require flesh food. She steals out at night in quest of prey. Soon she espies a weak place in the fence (generally constructed of thatching grass and bamboos) which encloses the compound, or 'ungnah,' of a poor villager. She enters, doubtless in the hope of securing a kid; and while



WOLF STEALING CHILD

prowling about inside looks into a hut where a woman and infant are soundly sleeping. In a moment she has pounced on the child, and is out of reach before its cries can attract the villagers. Arriving safely at her den under the rocks, she drops the little one amongst her cubs. At this critical time the fate of the child hangs in the balance. Either it will be immediately torn to pieces and devoured, or in a most wonderful way remain in the cave unharmed. In the event of escape the fact may be accounted for in several ways. Perhaps the cubs are already gorged when the child is thrown before them, or are being supplied with solid food before their carnivorous instinct is awakened, so they amuse themselves by simply licking the sleek, oily [1] body of the infant, and thus it

[1] Hindoo mothers daily rub their boy-babies with some native vegetable oil, after which the babe is turned over from back to front, and undergoes a very thorough massage treatment. This they believe will greatly assist his muscular growth and development.

lies in the nest, by degrees getting the odour of the wolf-cubs, after which the mother-wolf will not molest it. In a little time the infant begins to feel the pangs of hunger, and, hearing the cubs sucking, soon follows their example. Now the adoption is complete, all fear of harm to the child from wolves has gone, and the foster-mother will guard and protect it as though it were of her own flesh and blood.

Of course many hundreds of unfortunate children are yearly taken by wolves throughout India, and only in very rare instances do they escape death. Late statistics published of the mortality from wild beasts and snakes in India show a total of 24,300 people during a year, out of which 218 fell victims to wolves alone. These, we may be certain, were nearly all little children, from the fact that Indian wolves, though so strong and fleet, are great cowards, and will never approach, much less attack, adults. Moreover, wolves are not gregarious, only uniting in large troops in very cold climates to hunt, though when thus united, and pressed with hunger, they will attack almost anything. In India I have never seen more than two or three wolves together.

Perhaps the following facts will show in a homely way how natural it is, under certain circumstances, for the she-wolf to adopt the child.

A gentleman of my acquaintance had a fox-terrier, which pupped on the same day that the kitchen cat kittened. Out of curiosity my friend exchanged two of the puppies for two kittens: they were held in the respective nests for a few minutes and then left. The result was that the cat reared the two puppies, and the dog the two kittens. The fox-terrier lived in the stable, and, after her kind, would certainly worry any cat she could catch. Still, the two kittens grew up to be cats, and she never thought of molesting them. In another case, a young tabby cat had her first litter of kittens in a farm hay-loft, and, being over-anxious for her family, brought a young rat to them. The kittens, whose eyes were scarcely opened, were not ready for flesh food, and the young rat remained with them unharmed till discovered by a stable-boy. The matter was reported to the master, who gave orders that the young rat was not to be interfered with. So the rodent throve well with its strange foster-mother, and, maturing much sooner than the kittens, would, on being disturbed, leave the nest and hide under some hay till the supposed danger had passed, when he would return and creep under the cat for warmth. This cat was seen on more than one occasion, returning to her kittens with a newly caught rat in her jaws.

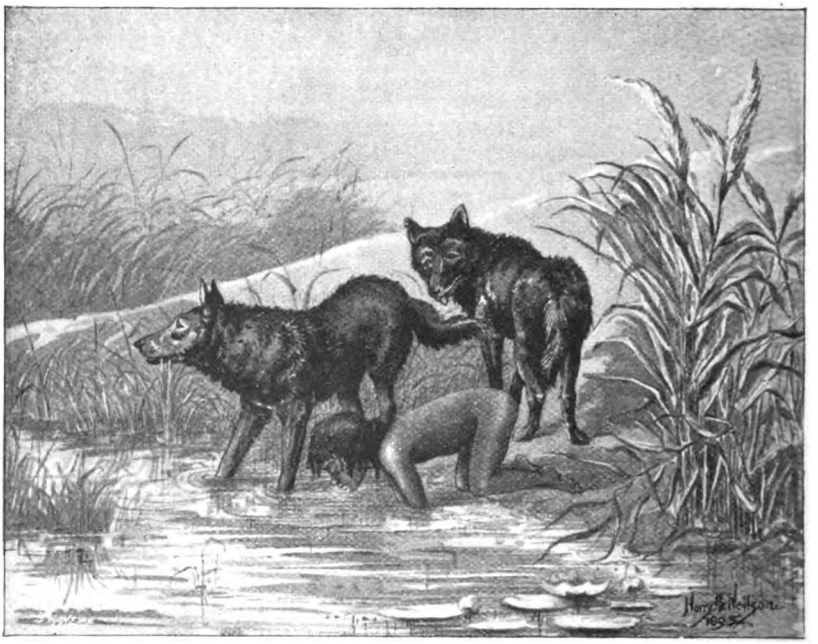
Children recovered from wolves at different times have been identified by their parents through birth-marks and other means. I have never heard or read of a girl wolf-child having been found. The reason for this may be that they have soon broken down under the strain of so terrible an existence, and have perished in the jungle, where the stronger male child has survived. A little girl of eighteen months was stolen from a Hindu's hut by a wolf not twenty yards from my bungalow, and was never recovered.

The appearance of the wolf-child is forbidding, the features being coarse and brutalised, and the expression sad, timid, and

THE ADOPTION

anxious, without any signs of human intelligence. I believe that even after the unhappy creatures have been reclaimed and kindly treated none have ever been seen to smile. Their mode of progression is on all fours—not, as a rule, on the hands and feet, but on the knees and elbows. The reason the knees are used is to be accounted for by the fact that, owing to the great length of the human leg and thigh, in proportion to the length of the arms, the knee would naturally be brought to the ground, and the instep and top of the toes would be used, instead of the sole and heel of the almost inflexible foot. Why the elbow should be employed instead of the hand is less easy to understand, but probably it is

better suited to give support to the head and fore part of the body. One would naturally suppose, however, that by using his arms instead of his hands the head of the child must be brought very near to the ground, and, the eyes being directed downwards,



THE EVENING DRINK

he would have difficulty in looking before him, as also that while travelling through the underwood and over rough ground, the face would be torn by brambles and stones. The skin covering the knees and insteps, elbows and forearms, of course grows very hard, horny, and burnished from constant contact with the ground. The fact of the creatures travelling in this manner should prove interesting to naturalists, who affirm that, owing to his peculiar conformation, man is the only animal truly bimanous and biped, and could not, if he wished, walk on all fours with any degree of comfort. Children in all countries crawl along before attaining strength for an upright position, and the wolf-child, having only wolves and other jungle quadrupeds to set him an example, naturally copies their mode of locomotion, having to follow his foster-mother and family through low jungle runs, caves, and under brushwood which would not permit of an upright position.

Old scars and scratches have been noticed on the legs and arms of some of these wolf-children which, from their appearance, would lead one to believe they had been inflicted at some time by the young wolves while either quarrelling over their food or romping in play with their human foster-brother.

An interesting case of a wolf-child was reported, many years ago, in *Chambers's Journal.* In the Etwah district, near the banks of the river Jumna, a boy was captured from the wolves. This child was after a time restored to his parents, who, however, 'found him very difficult to manage, for he was most fractious and troublesome—in fact, just a caged wild beast. Often during the night for hours together he would give vent to most unearthly yells and moans, destroying the rest and irritating the tempers of his neighbours, and generally making night hideous. On one

A ROMP

occasion his people chained him by the waist to a tree on the outskirts of the village. Then a rather curious incident occurred. It was a bright moonlight night, and two wolf-cubs (undoubtedly those in whose companionship he had been captured), attracted by his cries while on the prowl, came to him, and were distinctly

seen to gambol round him with as much familiarity and affection as if they considered him quite one of themselves. They only left him on the approach of morning, when movement and stir again arose in the village. This boy did not survive long. He

QUARRELLING OVER FOOD

never spoke, nor did a single ray of human intelligence ever shed its refining light over his debased features.'

Some of these poor waifs have been recovered after spending ten or more years in the fellowship of wolves, and though wild and savage at first, have in time become tractable in some degree. They are rarely seen to stand upright, unless to look around, and they gnaw bones in the manner of a dog, holding one end between the forearms and hands, while snarling and snapping at anybody who approaches too near. The wolf-child has little except its outward form to show that it is a human being with a soul. It is a fearful and terrible thing, and hard to understand, that the mere fact of a child's complete isolation from its own kind should bring it to such a state of absolute degradation. Of course, they speak no language, though some in time have learned to make known their wants by a few signs. When first taken they fear the approach of adults, and, if possible, will slink out of sight; but should a child of their own size, or smaller, come

near, they will growl, and even snap and bite at it. On the other hand, the close proximity of 'pariah' dogs or jackals is unresented, in some cases welcomed; for I have heard of them sharing their food with these animals, and even petting and fondling them. They have in time been brought on to a cooked-meat diet, but would always prefer raw flesh. Some have been kept alive after being reclaimed for as long as two years, but for some reason or other they all sicken and die, generally long before that time. One would think, however, that, having undoubtedly very robust constitutions, they might be saved if treated in a scientific manner and properly managed.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's lately published book, 'Many Inventions,' contains a delightfully written ideal story bearing directly on this subject, from the pages of which I have borrowed the lines quoted at the head of this article.

OLD SPORTING PRINTS

BY HEDLEY PEEK

HUNTING. No. IV.

Foure maner beestys of venery there are
The first of theym is the hert, the secunde is the hare
The boore is oon [1] of tho,[2] the wolff and not oon [1] moo
. . . . . .
Now to speke of the boore the fyrst yere he is
A pygge of the Sounder [3] called as have I blis
The secunde yere an hogge and so shalt he be
And an hoggestere when he is of yeris three
And when he is of four yere a beore shelt he be
From the Sounder of the swyne then departeth he
A Synguler is he so, for a lone he wilt goo.

The Booke of St. Albans, 1486.

ANYONE who is acquainted with Strutt's 'Sports and Pastimes' may possibly recognise the headpiece of this article, but it is doubtful, unless attention be called to it; for the neat line-engraving to be found in Strutt's work is a very different production from the best result that can be obtained by photography even with the aid of orthochromatic plates. It is none the less interesting to be able to reproduce an exact outline of the oldest British hunting picture, which was painted about twelve hundred years ago, for in it is represented undoubtedly the old British hound, which in the original work seems to me to resemble a large bull-terrier, and not, as we should fancy from Strutt's line-work, an Italian greyhound. All the artists of this date incline towards over-attenuated extremities (see the Saxon's legs, for example), and Strutt has in the case of the hounds exaggerated

[1] one. [2] these. [3] herd.

the defect and invented bodies to match. Though there have been many so-called copies of this picture, not one of them seems to have been taken from the original; they are all more or less bad imitations of the later woodcut. The miniature represents some Saxon chief, attended by his servant and hounds, pursuing in a dilatory manner five swine which appear utterly callous to their impending fate. Considering the critical position of things, one would have expected the servant to have refrained from blowing his horn, but he does not seem to be doing any harm, for two of the animals are so busy with a fruit salad that they have evidently no intention of moving on for any trifle of that description.

If the artist is correct in his drawing, the development of botanical life must have been very remarkable in this island. It is possible to recognise the centre tree as an oak; the one to the left may be a primitive ash, a vine, or a giant thistle; but where are the descendants of the sunflower-tree, on the left, to be found at the present time? For fear, however, that after reproduction some of the details may be lost, I have thought it well to give Strutt's version for comparison (No. 1).

The original of our second illustration is an illuminated miniature belonging to the Breviary of Cardinal Grimani, which is preserved in the Library of St. Mark's at Venice. It was painted about 1350, and represents the conclusion of a boar hunt, which seems to have taken place at some northern town. Here we see

No. 1.—Swine Hunting
From Strutt's '*Sports and Pastimes*'

again in the foreground two old English hounds. They are painted a light fallow colour, and are distinguished from the rest of the pack, which seems made up of greyhounds and spaniels, by their brilliant red collars.

The 'Boar-hunt' (No. 3) is taken from a lithograph by C. Straub

from a picture painted by Rubens. It is a fine example of this great artist's work, and was painted to decorate the house which he built for himself at Antwerp in 1610. This, with many of his finest pictures, all painted about the same time, remained in his possession until 1627, when he sold his private collection to the Duke of Buckingham for a hundred thousand florins. In

No. 2

Miniature from Cardinal Grimani's Breviary at Venice, 1350

1648 Archduke Leopold Wilhelm bought the 'Boar-hunt,' and presented it to the Prague Gallery, whence it was acquired for the Dresden Gallery at the cost of eight hundred florins.

In this picture we see an example of the two-pronged boar-spear, which was similar in shape to a modern pitchfork. This variety, and also the triple fork, are mentioned in ancient writings, though seldom depicted in illustrations. 'The hunt-spears of the

drivers,' says one writer, 'must be sharp and strong, branching forth into certain forks, so that the boar may not break through them.' The ordinary boar-spears of the huntsmen were usually longer than those represented here, being used by the men on foot as leaping-poles, 'with the help of which they were often enabled to rival the horsemen in speed, unless the chase was long protracted, or when the boar was driven to the open country.'

It will be noticed that the beast here shown has got one of the spears in his mouth, the huntsman having made a bad shot,

No. 3.—Boar Hunt
From a painting by Rubens, 1610

probably, at the vital point between the eyes. When this happened, 'such is the nature of the boar that he snatcheth the spear out of their hands, or else sendeth the force back again on the hunter, by which means he is in great danger of his life.' The boar, at this point, seems often for a time to have had the best of it, but my authority is not very clear as to the method the infuriated animal adopted—whether with the butt end he continued the contest, or if, after having thrown his enemy, he dropped the spear and used his more primitive weapons; but this we are told: that 'there is but one remedy—another companion must charge

the boar and pretend to wound him, but not cast his spear for fear of hurting the prostrate man. The boar, seeing this, forsaketh the first man, and rushes on the second, who must look to defend himself with all dexterity, composing his body and ordering his

No. 4
From a painting by FRANZ SNYDERS, 1630

weapons according to the artifice of a boar-hunt.' To do this at such a moment must require nerve, especially if the huntsman believes with our author 'that whatsoever the boar biteth, the heat of his teeth burneth, and that if they but touch the hair of a dog it will shrivel up as with hot iron.'

Although there is undoubtedly much of Rubens' work in this picture, notably in the general design, I feel confident that the hounds, and possibly other parts of the work, were executed by Snyders. To confirm this view it is only necessary to carefully examine illustrations Nos. 4 and 5.

No. 4 is an engraving by J. Passini from a picture painted by Franz Snyders which, at the time this engraving was made, was in the Belvedere Gallery at Venice. No. 5 is an engraving by Louis le Grand of a picture by the same artist which was then in the Le Brun Gallery. These two pictures, and the magnificent example of Snyders' work in the Munich Gallery which was produced in my last article, seem to me, from the point alone of artistic merit, unequalled by any other hunting pictures. The

subjects are, unfortunately, painful, and the realistic force which the artist has thrown into the scenes intensifies the effect.

As we look at the old boar, in his well-chosen position, making a last fierce battle for life against the hounds, we recognise at once the hand of a master: not the boar only, but the whole picture bristles with life, from the cunning old hound who is trying to discover a back door to the castle, to the attitude of the unfortunate beast who has just been so ignominiously hurled from the front entrance. With what eager haste the late arrivals hurry up; with what angry hesitation the early comers wait a timely chance, warned by the melancholy song of their too rash companion!

Turning to the other picture we have an excellent contrast, and our sympathy is with the pursued and not with the pursuers. The sow's expression lacks all the fierce hate to be seen in that

No. 5

From a painting by FRANZ SNYDERS, 1620

of her consort; watching, yet apparently hopeless, she waits to take the spear on her snout if possible. She would like to retire into the swamp, but could not leave her little pigs behind. So pathetic does she look that we feel the unsportsmanlike nature

of the man, and even a contempt for the hound who has just secured the little *pygge* by the back as it fancied itself in the arms of safety.

Unless a sow is barren, when she much resembles the male in appearance, she is seldom found without her young in the wild state. Having but one litter a year, she keeps the growing family with her until fresh ties compel her to drive her previous charges forth.

It will be observed that notwithstanding the expression which Snyders puts into the faces of his animals, he avoids the fault of

No. 6

From a painting by J. JACOBSON, 1640

making the expression human, which is so noticeable in one or two of our great animal painters.

The same remark applies equally to illustration No. 6, which might also easily be mistaken for an example of Snyders' work, but was painted by his celebrated pupil Juriaen Jacobson; it is reproduced from a lithograph by C. Straub. The original picture is in the Dresden Gallery, but most of this artist's works, many of which are very fine, will be found at Amsterdam, where he resided for many years. He was born at Hamburg about 1610.

If it is hard to select the most important and interesting illustrations on this subject, it is still more difficult to reduce within reasonable bounds the information to be found on boar-hunting in manuscripts from the ninth, and books from the fifteenth, century to the present time. Many of these are in old French,

No. 7
Etching by JAN OSSENBEECK, 1657

German, Spanish, Italian, not to mention Latin. I have before me, whilst writing, selections collected at various times on this subject alone which would fill a substantial volume.

There were so many methods of hunting the boar that it will be only possible for me to refer to the most important. The

illustrations, therefore, in these two articles have been chosen partly for this purpose and partly to give examples of the styles of the chief painters, etchers, and engravers. Where, on account of the merit of some important painter, I have given more than

No. 8
Line-engraving by NICOLAS DE BRUYN, 1600

one example of his work, it has been my endeavour to reproduce them from engravings by various masters of this art. For example, of the three pictures by Snyders, one is by Wölff, one by Passini, and one by Louis le Grand. Sometimes the painter etched his own pictures, as in the case of Jan Ossenbeeck (see illustration No. 7). This artist was born at Rotterdam in 1627, and after receiving some instruction in his native city, he went to Italy and distinguished himself at Rome; thence he proceeded to Vienna, where he became Court painter.

The subject chosen is a good example of his work, and it illustrates also the use of firearms. To show how far the musket was considered legitimate at this time, I will give a short translation from a contemporary treatise on hunting:—

'The huntsman who strikes the boar with a spear must be careful to jump on the other side, for the animal always turns to the side whence he has been attacked. If, however, he is so furious that there is danger to the hounds or huntsmen, it may

be well to give him a bullet. This is for the person in command to decide, and there is nothing in it to offend the laws of the hunt, for the use of firearms is permitted when the life of the hounds or huntsmen is in danger.'

In the illustration before us the man is only getting ready in case of emergency.

No. 8 is the best example with which I am acquainted of the work of Nicolas de Bruyn, who was born at Antwerp about 1571. He formed his manner from Lucas van Leyden. His works are numerous, and it seemed well to give this example, though not only are the arrangement and blending of light bad, and the effect generally disappointing, but it is doubtful if he knew much of his subject.

It is also probable that Albert Flamen, the celebrated Flemish painter, who worked chiefly from 1648 to 1664, knew little about hunting. He lived mostly in Paris, and may possibly have witnessed some such scene as is shown in illustration No. 9. It represents the Castle of Peray, near Corbeil. In the foreground

No. 9
Etching by ALBERT FLAMEN, 1659

a boar which, allowing for perspective, would be about the size of an elephant is literally flying before the gun. It would seem that the two gaily-attired sportsmen had originally nothing to do with the hunt, and may probably have been engaged in trying to slaughter the inhabitants of the pigeon-cot. Whether they

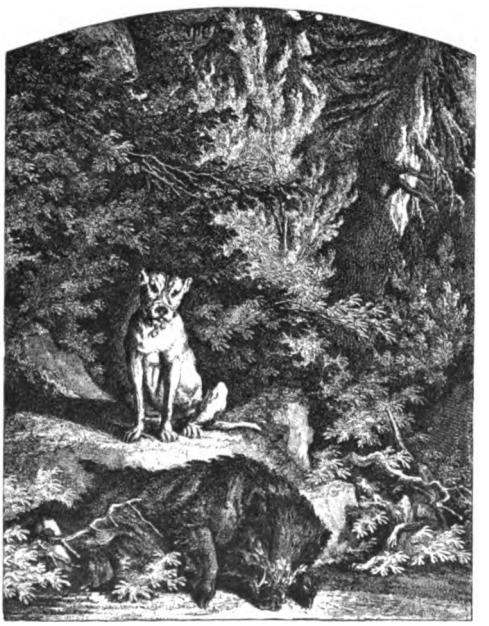
turned upon the boar in self-defence, or, like some modern so-called sportsmen, were unable to resist the temptation to kill whatever came in their way, it is impossible to decide.

It is with some relief that I turn now to the work of a man who was not only one of the greatest artists, but a true sportsman. Johann Elias Ridinger was born at Ulm, in Swabia, in 1698. He was brought up as a huntsman, and applied himself to the illustration of animal life and to the modes of the chase. His close study of nature and his love of sport enabled him to portray wild life and hunting scenes with spirit and force, and to avoid the many mistakes to which his brother artists were liable. But there is something more than this in his work to which I wish to call attention—that in all his illustrations he avoids dealing with subjects which are painful, cruel, or revolting. It is a common error among those who know little of sport except from report or superficial observation to say that those who love

No. 10
Etching by J. E. RIDINGER

it are callous at the sight of pain and generally inclined to cruelty. If this superficial verdict were true, we should meet in this case a rather curious exception; for, whereas those artists who looked upon the subject simply as a good opportunity to display their talent have depicted in nearly every case some more or

less painful subject, the true huntsman who was born with the gift of art avoids these more dramatic and gruesome scenes, preferring to depict the life and habits of the wild denizens of the forest, and, when selecting a hunting subject, chooses the least painful moment. True sportsmen will recognise in this taste no exception, but a rule. Cowardice and cruelty go hand in hand, and the genuine huntsman is never wantonly cruel, nor does he love to dwell upon painful incident. A certain disregard of danger or even death he may show, but this disregard is as much for his own risk as for that of others.



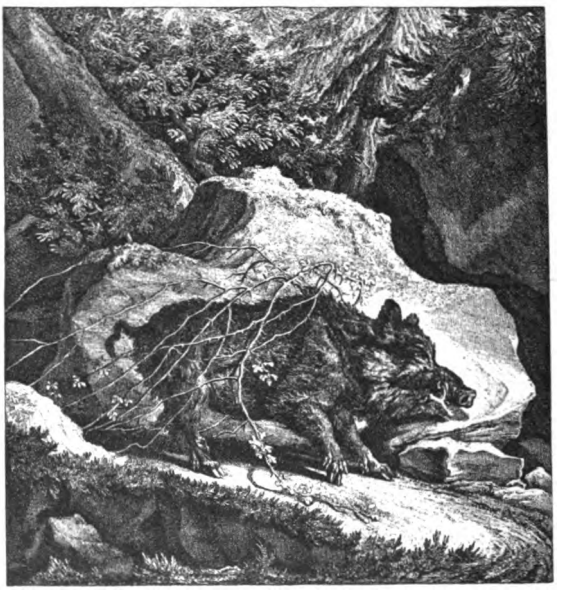
No. 11
Etching by J. E. Ridinger

But to return to this artist's work. No. 11 represents a scene in the Forest of 'Allerheigen'—a misprint, probably, and should be 'Allerheiligen.' A wild boar lies dead at the foot of a rock. Above him, with a disconsolate expression, sits a muzzled hound, whilst on the left another late-comer is breaking through the undergrowth. It will be noticed that the ears of the boar are clipped; and there is a history connected with the picture.

It is said that in 1737 his Highness Landgrave Ludwig, of Hesse, captured a young pig, and, after marking it by clipping the ears with his 'high mighty own hand,' let it loose again. Twelve years afterwards, while boar-hunting, he killed it, the date given for the death being January 30, 1749. If this is accurate, the artist has taken liberties with the foliage. I am in this case inclined to give the author the benefit of the doubt, as Ridinger delighted in leaves, and very few of his etchings can be found in which the trees are seen 'naked, yet unashamed.' Strange as it may seem, it is as difficult to draw a tree truthfully without her

drapery as the human form unclothed; and a good artist, when aware of his limitations, avoided the danger into which many of his less skilled contemporaries have fallen.

There is also a short story to be found connected with the etching No. 12, by the same master. It is in old German, and



No. 12
Etching by J. E. Ridinger

not very easy to interpret; but I fancy this is the history or legend:

There was once an old boar of more than usual cunning, which, finding that the huntsmen never tried to kill the gentler sex, made, after much thought, a careful study of the difference between his wife and himself for the purpose of deception. His lady at that particular time was much engaged and harassed by a numerous family, and the scratchings and clawings of these children had disfigured her bristly coat, leaving many bare patches. This, thought the husband, is undoubtedly the reason of her safety. My coat is far too beautiful for peace. Having thus decided, he, as shown in the print, straightway set about disfiguring his personal appearance, and with such marked success that during many years he was mistaken for a sow, and his life spared. Whether he at length grew careless or whether his deception

was discovered my authority wrote not, but in 1731 the boar was killed, and the marks of the clawings, or rather scratchings, were still upon him.

The hounds which Ridinger always depicts differ considerably from those used in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, resembling as they do a cross between the bulldog and mastiff. This change in breed was adopted on account of the serious loss of life to the hounds, whenever they were able to get away from the huntsmen. Du Fouilloux, in his 'Venerie,' 1561, relates an incident that he witnessed, in which a boar being pursued by a pack of fifty hounds, turned suddenly as soon as he saw them well together, and charged the whole pack, killing six or seven at once and wounding so many more that only ten were taken home sound. This kind of thing may have been tolerated by kings and princes, but, independent of the cruelty, it was found too expensive

No. 13
Etching by J. E. RIDINGER

for the eighteenth-century sportsman; thus a slower, stronger and more tractable breed came into favour.

It is curious to notice that in no early print has an artist consciously endeavoured to portray the humorous side of sport, though often the pictures are in themselves comical enough. This could not have been owing to the want of subjects, and boar-

hunting must have furnished not a few. For instance, we are told that on one occasion as a rider was endeavouring to spear a passing swine, he struck too soon, and not having apparently a good seat, was transferred to the back of his would-be victim, who carried the huntsman triumphantly along for some considerable distance; at last, getting tired of the weight, the brute rubbed his burden off, and, with a parting snap at his leg, retired uninjured into the forest.

No. 13 introduces us to a method of hunting to which hitherto I have not referred. Yet it was at one time common throughout Europe, and though carried on in a somewhat different manner, and confined chiefly to the fox, it is not absolutely unknown in England at the present time. I refer to trapping animals and reserving them for future use. The following was the most general method adopted in ancient times, as far as I have been able to gather from illustrations, with the help of books, manuscripts, &c.

If the King or Lord desired to have what he was pleased to term a hunting party without the labour or uncertainty of the chase, he sent word to that effect to his chief huntsman—namely, that 'black game' were to be taken in nets and brought into the royal enclosures. It would take up too much space to go into all the minute details of this complicated business. The expense must have been enormous, and, as one of my authorities remarks, 'it belonged only to great princes on account of the great requirements appertaining thereto.' As far as possible, the swine were driven into an enclosure surrounded by very strong nets, two and a half ells high, which were fastened to stout trees; and even with these precautions many swine escaped either by breaking or jumping over the nets.

The picture to which I have already referred shows the swine, some entangled, and some in the act of escaping. One writer states that when once in the net, a boar can 'without much trouble be taken alive in a cabinet, and conducted wherever he is wanted.' I do not vouch for the truth of this, but 'trouble' is a relative word.

'As soon as the King has fixed the day, the officer who has reported that all is ready leaves to choose a place for the park into which the beasts can be driven before the King. The place was then levelled and made free from trees, and a scaffolding erected for the ladies, covered with leaves in summer and with cloth in winter. Also carpets and chairs were placed thereon for the King and Queen, and seats for the ladies.' A good collation was, moreover, considered indispensable. As soon as

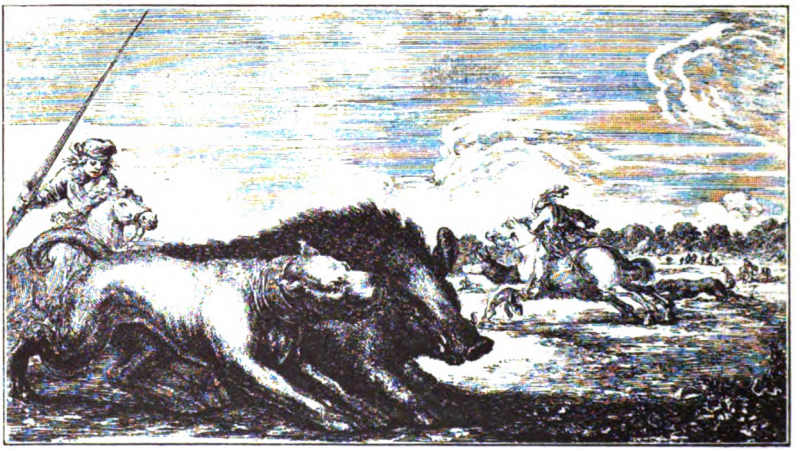
the company was assembled, and the eating and drinking over, one, two, or more swine were let into the enclosure, a company of

No. 14

Drawing by JAN MIELLE, *a Dutch painter and etcher, who was born at Antwerp in 1599. He worked chiefly in Italy, and died at Turin in 1664*

archers standing round and beating the nets to prevent the beasts escaping. If no full-grown or 'head boar' was let out, 'the

archers will cut big sticks and give them to those Lords and gentlemen whom the King will permit to enter the park afoot; but should the King enter he must be on horseback to be in better safety, not so much on account of danger from the beasts, but rather for fear of the cudgelling he might receive from the gentlemen. . . . When the beasts are inside, the gentlemen will beat them down as they pass; the mortal blow is on the snout. When a head boar is admitted, only four or five gentlemen on horseback



No. 15
Etching by STEFANO DELLA BELLA, 1610-1664

must go in with drawn swords, and hounds must be admitted, unless the gentlemen want to kill the beast themselves, which will cost a few horses.'

As soon as the beasts were all destroyed, an offering of the best was made to the Queen, and then to the Lords and gentlemen. 'Let the hounds also have a good feed.' And certainly they are the only members of the party who seem to deserve it, if we are to judge from the illustration (No. 14).

This is the best picture I can find referring to this particular method of so-called hunting, and the artist even here seems a little confused, or is mixing up the various parts of the entertainment together.

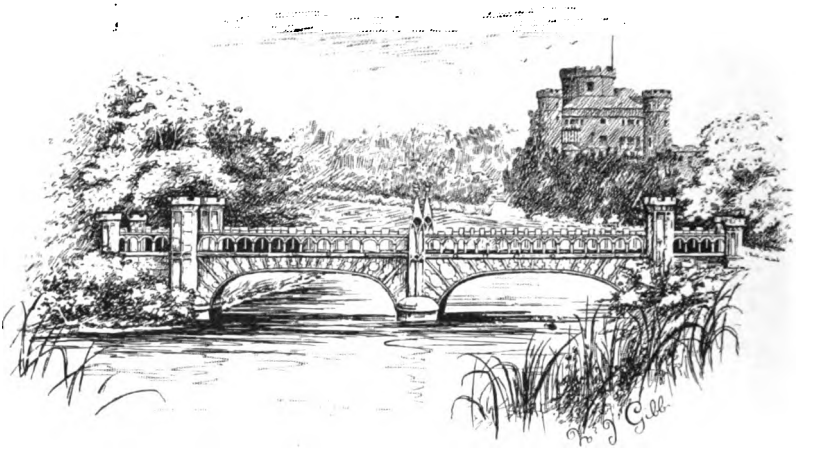
There is one reference, and only one that I know of, in which a variety to this entertainment was afforded by turning in two wild boars to fight each other. Though I can find no illustration on the subject, the passage is of sufficient interest to quote. It

is taken from a Latin manuscript, written by FitzStephen in the reign of Henry II., and runs as follows.

Speaking of London the writer says: 'On the north are cornfields, pastures, and pleasant meadows, through which run fair streams of water: many a mill stands there, the hum of which is grateful to the ear. Beyond this extends an immense forest, beautiful with woods and groves, and full of the lairs and coverts of beasts and game, stags, bucks, boars, and wild bulls. . . . The youths were entertained with boar-fighting, and among the common people hogs, full-tusked, which were about to be converted into bacon, were often used for the same purpose.'

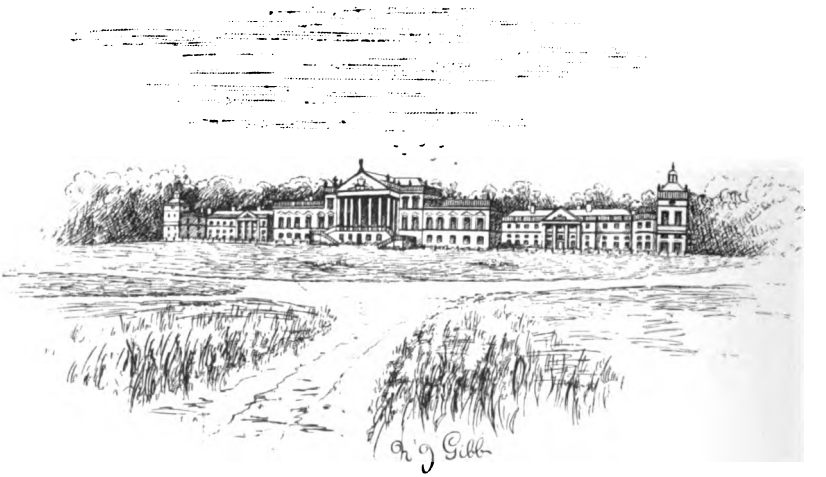
I think I have now in these two articles afforded adequate space to this subject. However important boar-hunting may once have been, the interest in it is now naturally less than in those other branches of the same sport which, though changed in form, still survive among us—fox-hunting, for example, the early days of which we have not yet reached. It is my intention in the next article to select certain curious early hunting prints which require special notice, and then to pass on to general hunting in the seventeenth century. Belonging to this period we shall find a large number of most interesting prints, many of which, though well-nigh lost sight of, have considerable historical interest.

FAVOURITE MEETS



EGLINTON CASTLE

SEAT OF THE EARL OF EGLINTON, M.F.H. FIFTY COUPLES OF HOUNDS; HUNTSMAN, JIM BEAVAN; KENNELS, EGLINTON, KILWINNING, AYRSHIRE; HUNTING DAYS, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, SATURDAY.



WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE

SEAT OF EARL FITZWILLIAM, MASTER OF FITZWILLIAM FOXHOUNDS. FORTY-FIVE COUPLES OF HOUNDS; HUNTSMAN, FRANK BARTLETT; HUNTING DAYS, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY

GUY'S CLIFFE, WARWICK

SEAT OF LORD ALGERNON PERCY, MASTER, NORTH WARWICKSHIRE FOXHOUNDS. FIFTY-TWO COUPLES OF HOUNDS; HUNTSMAN, TOM CARR; KENNELS, KENILWORTH; HUNTING DAYS, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND FRIDAY.

GAWSWORTH OLD HALL, MACCLESFIELD

ONE OF THE SEATS OF THE EARL OF HARRINGTON, MASTER, SOUTH NOTTS FOXHOUNDS. FIFTY COUPLES OF HOUNDS; HUNTSMAN, THE MASTER; KENNELS, GELDING, NOTTINGHAM; HUNTING DAYS, MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND FRIDAY.

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

FROM letters that have reached me on the subject of some Notes I wrote last week, I find that the remarks I made on sportsmen and shooting have been entirely misunderstood by some readers—I hope, not by many. I am very far indeed from despising 'little days,' and did not for a single moment wish to speak slightingly of the man who goes out with his dog or dogs to beat hedgerows and copses to see what he can find. Altogether, on the contrary, I have had sport as delightful in this fashion as on the 'big days,' when the barrels of both guns grew untouchable. It is true, moreover, that on big days one misses the special pleasure of seeing dogs work, and, indeed, I most cordially admit that the little days with one friend, or even by one's self, have a distinct charm of their own. My point was that because Mr. Blank went out quietly and attained small results, it did not necessarily follow that he was a model sportsman; and, on the other hand, because Mr. Dash was fond of driving, and fired off six or seven hundred cartridges a day, he should not be straightway put down as a mere butcher, with no true instincts of sport. My criticism was directed to the absolutely ignorant town journalist, the class of public instructor who used to tell his readers that 'the first of September had come, and the crack of the rifle would be heard over the turnip fields.' Then he slowly acquired the information that partridges are not shot with rifles,

but his knowledge seems to go very little farther. One critic of Lord Granby's article on Grouse Driving in the first number of this Magazine was dreadfully satirical about 'getting poultry into a corner and massacring them wholesale.' That is what he understood driving to be, and he regarded grouse as poultry. It was at the writer of this sort of rubbish that I aimed.

—•—

It is not only ephemeral articles in newspapers that contain rubbish about sport and ludicrously misrepresented facts, the truth of which might easily be ascertained. I have before me some American 'Recollections of Lord Coleridge,' by a certain Mr. Fishbank. The book is dedicated to 'The Honourable John M. Harlan, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States,' and it was Mr. Justice Harlan who introduced Mr. Fishbank to the late Lord Chief Justice, so that (for those who do not know better) the book presumably has a certain weight. In one chapter the action brought against the Duke of Rutland by the man who so mischievously and maliciously interfered with the grouse-driving at Longshaw is recounted, as Mr. Fishbank supposes—burlesqued, as a matter of fact. The hero (in Mr. Fishbank's eyes) is described as having 'frightened some tame, hand-reared pheasants, so that, instead of flying towards the place where the noble Duke and his sons were ensconced with their guns, the poor birds avoided the ambush.' Mr. Fishbank evidently imagines that pheasants are the chief occupants of grouse moors, and that sometimes a pack of grouse pass over the batteries—if they go right—but generally a pack—shall we say 'a pack'?—of pheasants. That does not betray any very intimate knowledge of the subject; scarcely enough, perhaps, really to justify a man in writing a book about it, or even in treating the subject incidentally. 'Would' Mr. Fishbank 'be surprised to hear,' as the subject of his memoir used to remark in a notable trial, that the Duke of Rutland never shoots—I believe I am right in saying never did shoot—and so was not 'ensconced with a gun' anywhere? That is a not unimportant detail. However, Mr. Fishbank, not to be influenced by trifles of this sort, continues his thrilling narrative. His hero 'talked back to his Grace until his Grace's patience was worn out; whereupon his Grace ordered one of his lackeys to set upon and beat the offender and knock him down.' Down, therefore, is Mr. Fishbank's moral, with the brutal aristocracy, of which this bloodthirsty and barbaric Duke is a typical example. And it is thus that history is written, contemporary history indeed!

Will Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's St. Frusquin come down the hill from Tattenham Corner is a point which excites much controversy just now, when next year's racing season is under discussion, for what will win the Derby is of course *the* question. Some excellent judges of racing are convinced that his victory is certain if he reaches the post fit and well, and though they do not quite assert that he goes down a hill as well as he goes up one, they scorn the idea of the descent at Epsom seriously interfering with his chance. I confess that if I had any special interest in St. Frusquin's success—beyond satisfaction in seeing the success of a good and enthusiastic sportsman—I should wish that the Derby could be run at Ascot. Undoubtedly the son of St. Simon and Isabel, good horse—and game, honest horse—as he is, *did* lose ground in both his races at Newmarket when going down into the dips on the July and Rowley Mile courses. When he ran in the Chesterfield 'Behind the Ditch' there were shouts for Lord Londonderry's Nenemoosha at the bottom of the hill, though St. Frusquin very speedily put the issue beyond doubt as they sped up the hill. There is something to be said on both sides of the argument.

It is very satisfactory to read that all the prominent three-year-olds are beginning to do work, and that nothing has happened during the winter to depress the hopes and anticipations of their owners and trainers. Of course, the animals are only cantering so far; as already remarked, it is much too early to find out anything about them; and it is not until they are sent along at a strong pace that symptoms of weakness appear and develop. Still, even when passing through an average winter the careful trainer too often has his suspicions aroused with regard to something he does not like to see. Persimmon has grown, and done so, moreover, the right way I am told—for I have not been to Newmarket myself lately. Why an idea should prevail that he may be found unable to stay, I cannot divine. Certainly his own brother, Florizel II., is a genuine stayer, and it is said that the royal owner of this notable pair is of opinion that Persimmon shares his brother's capacity. I am aware of no ground for doubts on the subject; but they exist. Knight of the Thistle is the only three-year-old I have looked over since the Houghton Meeting, and my inspection of him took place two months ago. The best judges were emphatically of opinion, when they saw him in the Middle Park Plate, that he was certain, with ordinary

luck, to grow into a specially nice horse, and he greatly takes my fancy. To all present seeming it is from Kingsclere that the chief danger to the best of the Newmarket horses will come. John Porter is not particularly loquacious, or at least he is not given to very frank disquisitions on his own stable; and in this he is, of course, perfectly right and wise. But there was a twinkle in his eye when he spoke of Regret last October at Newmarket which was in itself sufficiently eloquent. The half-suppressed smile said as plainly as words could have done that in this plain-looking son of Sheen and Farewell he knew that he had a good horse.

The beautifully-bred Roquebrune (St. Simon—St. Marguerite, a fascinating parentage indeed!) has apparently quite recovered from the splints which incapacitated her after she had won the New Stakes at Ascot last year, and—danger again from Kingsclere—Omladina is reported to be doing steady work and moving well. But that either of these highly promising fillies will fulfil that promise is one of the many things which, to use the conveniently vague expression, 'remains to be seen.' Nothing can be more futile than solemnly to sum up the form of two-year-old fillies and assume that it will be repeated the year afterwards. It may be, or it may not. Float, last year, is one of scores of cases that might be instanced. What business had La Sagesse to beat Float in the Oaks, after the running in the Free Handicap the October before? She took the liberty of doing so, nevertheless—but if I once begin to quote examples, I shall not know when to stop. Omladina certainly does look like 'coming on,' and that she was a really good animal was seen, not only in the races she won, but also in the Middle Park Plate, when she was beaten half a length by St. Frusquin. Doubtless Mornington Cannon—a rider for whom I have the most cordial admiration—was strictly obeying orders in 'making use' of the mare, as the phrase goes. It seemed good policy to cut down Persimmon, who had not been doing well, and might not be at his best. I do not know whether John Porter fancies that Persimmon does not stay, but it may be so, and that would constitute an additional reason for 'coming along' with Omladina. But I have always fancied that if her jockey had been allowed to ride his favourite waiting race, and had dropped down on St. Frusquin at the finish, she would have won the race.

Steeplechasing does not seem, on the whole, to have been carried on with much spirit during the winter. A few owners of position who would take a real interest in the business are the chief requisite, and also a more vigorous investigation into questionable running. The tone of the sport is by no means 'all that could be desired,' to use a conveniently conventional phrase. I have heard men whose integrity is undoubted make such remarks after a race as 'Yes, I backed it from what I saw last week at Kempton,' and that does not sound well. What they saw may have been some little mishap or blunder that escaped general notice, and possibly just prevented the horse from winning; but what is generally implied by such a phrase is that the spectator found reason in what he saw to believe that the jockey was not trying to win. It may be human nature to take advantage of what is seen in these cases, and yet it is benefiting by a knowledge—at any rate, by a suspicion—of fraud. Of course, I know quite well how very often suspicions are utterly unfounded in all Turf affairs, but it strikes me that the tone of sport under National Hunt Rules is lower than under the Rules of the Jockey Club.

As an almost invariable rule, however, a good field is gathered together for the Grand National, and by that race the character of chasing is to a great extent sustained; in addition to which there are a few other interesting 'chases' during the season. The Newmarket Spring jump meeting is, I understand, to be limited to one day because the date fixed clashed with Plumpton! These fixtures at Newmarket promised to do much for the sport, and it is a sad pity that they should be interfered with by anything that happens, or does not happen, at such a trumpery meeting as that in Sussex. As regards the National, it has for some time past been known that we should not see Cloister, whose victory three years since is a spectacle I shall never forget, nor the amiable demeanour of the good horse after the race, when his owner kindly took me to look him over in his box. Last year's second, Cathal, will, no doubt, be seen again if all is well, and one can imagine how keen Mr. Reginald Ward will be to ride the winner; but I do not fancy that will be his luck next month. Writing so long before the race as I am doing at present, it is impossible to say whether the three past winners that are available—Wild Man from Borneo, Father O'Flynn, and Why Not—will run again, though all are entered. The first two of these were far behind the average of merit, and

when Why Not was successful my belief is that he was not half the horse he had been in previous years, when he ran so creditably against good fields. A repetition of any of these successes I regard as improbable in the last extreme. If Horizon is reasonably handicapped, I fancy he will take all the beating the best of his opponents can give him, and from what I saw of Count Schomberg at exercise the other day, when he jumped admirably, though he had only just begun to be schooled, it will much astonish me if he does not make a great reputation at his new game; though he is not entered at Liverpool this year.

Except for the hunting man, February is one of the poorest months for sport. Shooting is over, chasing is not conducted with much vigour, it is a bit too soon to find out anything very definite about even the early two-year-olds, and the most interesting of the three-year-olds have not begun strong work. There are fish to be caught, it is true, but, on the whole, it is not strange that so many men betake themselves to that fascinating line of seascape between Nice and Monte Carlo, with extensions on either side to Cannes and Mentone. It is a longish way, no doubt, but if one can sleep well in a *wagon-lit* or a *lit-salon* between Paris and Marseilles, the tedium of the journey is gone; for from Marseilles along the coast to Vintimille—and no doubt beyond, but that has been the extent of my journeying on the P.L.M.—a traveller must have very little appreciation of natural beauties if he is not made happy and contented by looking out of the window. It is curious to leave Monte Carlo and drive a little way into Italy, to note the extraordinary care and cultivation, the evidence of wealth and luxury in the domains of the Prince, and the contrast to these things across the frontier—though, by the way, just at the entrance to Italy, as it were, beyond Vintimille, the little town of Ospedaletti with its handsome casino looks very fresh and spick and span.

One does not hear so much of systems at the tables as one did a few years since. Men learn wisdom slowly, but by degrees it *does* seem to have been borne in upon the *salon*-frequenting world that systems are delusions. I think the remark of the old croupier, made in the course of private conversation to a sanguine player who had been winning, and fancied he could go on doing

so—dozens of systems *may* do well for a time till bad luck begins to come—disposes of the question. 'Many of the croupiers here are shrewd men, sir, and our pay is small,' the ancient spinner of the wheel said. 'If there were any system of winning, watching the game as we do, hour after hour, day after day, year after year, I think one of us would have found it out.' It does indeed seem likely! Was there ever a player, by the way, who lost a lot of money without a conviction—and an emphatic assertion to his friends—that he had experienced absolutely the worst luck on record, a totally unprecedented run of misfortune? The charm of the game lies in the fact that you can lose your money in such a pleasing variety of ways. My own foolish method usually is to find a table where no single number—nothing lower than 10—has come up for a certain time, and to play the *carré* of 5 and the *quatre premier*. If I am even more foolish than usual, I double and treble my stakes, if nothing between zero and 9 inclusive appears after several more spins; and if you once begin to do that, it is astonishing how much you can lose in a very short time.

I am admitting the folly of my custom, because I have known no fewer than thirty-four double numbers come up without a break—and, indeed, very likely there were more than thirty-four, because, when that total was reached, I found that I had business with Mr. Smith, the amiable banker on the Terrace. All the same, looking over many cards on which I have written down the numbers as they came up, I find that a fair proportion of single numbers is noted, and occasionally a run of them. If this happens, I see whether it is very long since a teen or a 20 something, or 6 *dernier* has appeared; and having discarded my *carré* of 5, it is *then* that 5's or 2's, 4's, 6's and 8's (which pay better than 7's and 9's or than 1's and 3's, unless you go for the *quatre premier* as well) roll up time after time. After that, of course, I go round the room to find a sympathetic friend and tell him of my cruel luck in phrases precisely similar to those which always seem so stupid to me when other people employ them. If any man told me that he played as I usually do, I could furnish him with the most undeniable reasons why his anticipations of success were unjustified; but the truth is that one scheme is just as good or as bad as another.

THE
BADMINTON MAGAZINE
March 1896

'THE FOREST'

BY LORD RIBBLESDALE

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon, aut Mitylenen,
Aut Epheson—

OR Wokingham or Gerrard's Cross, but every Tuesday and Friday in October the Queen's hounds meet on Ascot Heath at ten o'clock—not the Ascot Heath of Sir F. Grant's well-known picture, but on the grass immediately in front of the Royal Hotel. A brass band discourses here during the race week, but the hounds and Hunt servants look much nicer there than the band-stand. The field is small, unconventionally dressed, and uncertainly mounted. The Hunt servants wear their oldest coats, and, in my time at all events, did not ride their most precious horses.

The deer-cart is sent either to Red Lodge, Gravel Hill, or South Hill Gate, which are all within a couple of miles of Ascot. The First Whip rides on to uncart, and, after giving him (the Whip) a few minutes' law, hounds move off and are laid on in the usual way. Unless we were fortunate enough to have harboured an outlying deer, this accurately describes the routine preliminaries of a day's forest hunting.

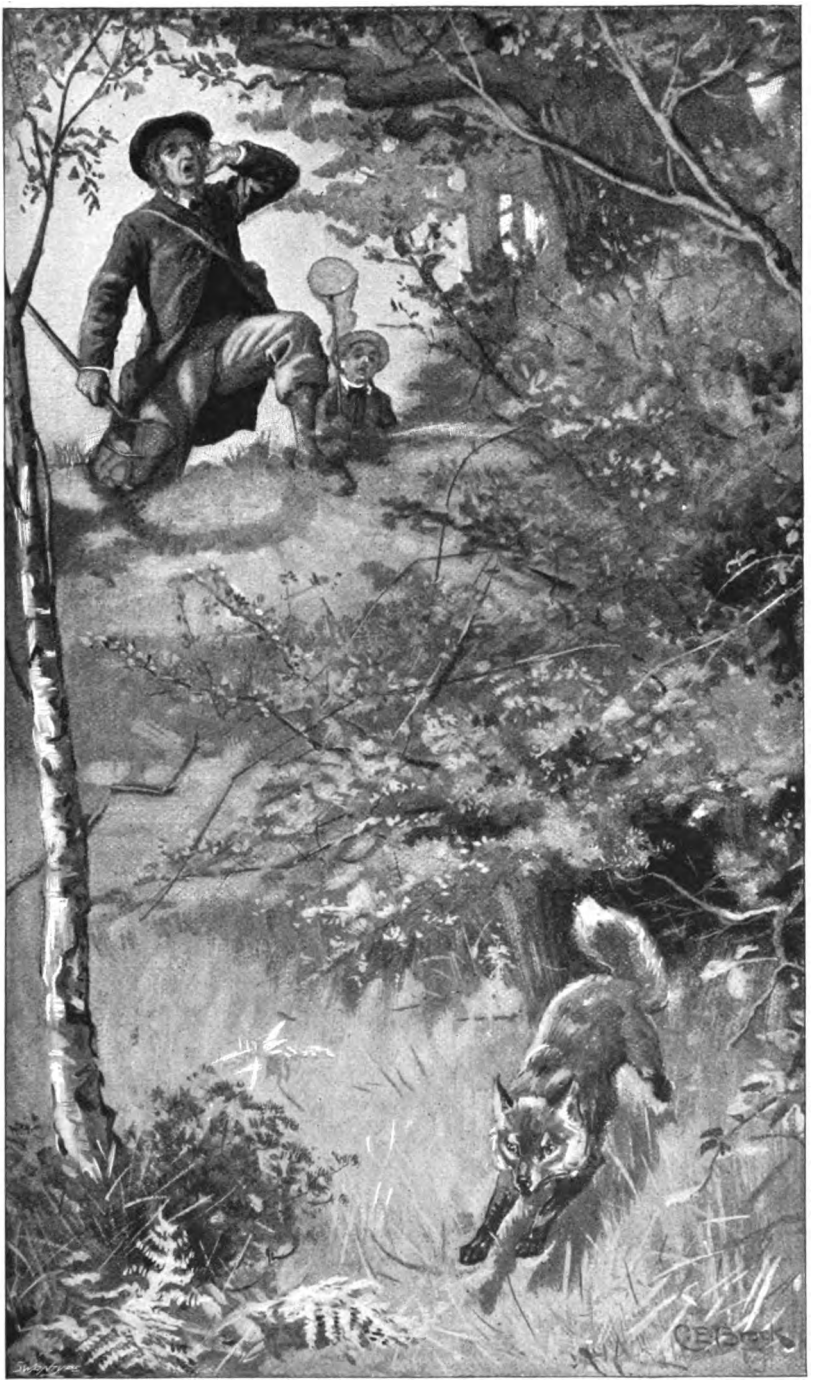
Anybody who has hunted with many different packs of hounds must have observed that every hunt enjoys some native characteristic of its own which the stranger is invited to notice. There will always be something or other which the country claims as a more or less satisfactory distinction. These distinctions are often anything but reassuring: such, for instance, as drains—which to get into means to be there for hours, and a sovereign to

pay for a team of cart-horses—menacing stone-faced banks, or impervious doubles. On the other hand, you may be congratulated upon the first draw being in the centre of 'our vale,' or on the sporting indifference of the farmers about seeds and roots.

The Queen's country has one or two melancholy peculiarities which I shall be forced to notice later on; but the forest hunting and the forest are things so entirely by themselves that they deserve something more than a passing mention.

To my mind, the forest is not enough appreciated by the Lacedæmonian phalanx who ride after—it is most difficult to get them to ride wide of—the Queen's hounds. They think it dull. According to a recent article in the *Spectator*, 'to ride hard and straight is the ideal of modern hunting,' and an accident its pleasurable objective. What would Sir Roger de Coverley and the stone-grey horse have said to this? I quite admit that stag-hounds are things to ride to. I quite admit, too, that, tried by the æsthetic canons of a riding country, it is better fun to set a nice horse going after a Reading-bound deer from Hawthorn Hill rather than through the fir-trees and Spanish chestnuts of Swinley; but, still, much of the wide landscape stretching away from Ascot to Winchfield and Farnham and Guildford and Woking possesses a chief essential of any hunting country, and the very first essential of a carted-deer country—wildness. I do not mean to say that all this country is forest. A low margin of cultivation, the course of a stream, a kinder soil, have here and there invited enclosures and tillage, a farmhouse or two, and a few cottages. But this makes a little change. It is true that the sour grassland is boggy, that the banks are rotten, and that there is a good deal of untidy trailing wire. But you squelch and scramble on in the hope, which always animates the cross-country rider, of soon getting into a nicer bit of country.

Thus the forest and the heather make up for much which the encroachments of population have taken from the wide provinces over which Charles Davis hunted the Queen's hounds thirty years ago. You cannot quite get rid of the deer-cart, nor of the mysterious attraction this 'very pulse of the machine' has for a considerable public on wheels and on foot. Three large colleges, Mr. Waterer's extensive nurseries, and the Gordon Boys' Home are disenchanting occurrences; and I remember a humiliating pursuit in the grounds of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, owing to our civilian horses not liking the look of the abattis and inundations, revetments and trous-de-loup which train our youth to arms. But you can still ride for miles in certain directions



VIEWING AWAY A FOX

without meeting a soul or seeing a house. No cattle, no sheep, only sand and heather, birch and fir, and sweeps of yellow bog-grass. Red brick, tarred palisades, and residential amenity stop short at the Bracknell and Bagshot road.

I never dared to turn out on the sly, and, as it were, draw through the forest until we hit the line. It would have disappointed so many people, and, after all, would only have been a distinction and not a difference. Besides, five minutes after hounds are laid on, given a little luck and a little imagination, you are hunting a wild animal in a country as wild as Uam Var.

No one knew this country I have outlined better than Charles Kingsley. He has described it in a way I can never hope to arrive at. The thrill of hunting things was in his blood. When I was a little boy, I was at a famous private school at Winchester, kept by the Rev. C. A. Johns. Mr. Kingsley, as he was then, and Mr. Johns were old friends and brother naturalists. I remember, one July afternoon, Mr. Kingsley taking our class in Xenophon. We felt flattered, but nervous. In the first three or four sentences we came to *ἦν δὲ μέγας παράδεισος*. He forgot all about the rest of the lesson, and went off into a ringing description of hunting cheetahs and Persian greyhounds, and bustard and florican, and antelope. And then, having made us see the *παράδεισος*, he told us about the Chase at Bramshill, and its Scotch and silver firs, and the bishop who shot the forester by mistake and built the almshouses at Guildford to his memory.

One of the happiest days of the year was when we all went down to Lyndhurst to hunt white admirals and fritillaries. Twice, I think, Mr. Kingsley came with us. I can see him now, with his trousers turned up high over famous lace boots and a butterfly-net and collecting-box, coursing a purple hair-streak over an intricate country, in the hope of catching it before it spired—which is the way of purple hair-streaks—into the high oak-tops. But I remember something better than that. I can hear him viewing away a fox we put out of a snug patch of whitethorn. His scream was as 'remarkable and susceptible' as Jack Raven's.

At three-and-twenty, Kingsley tells us, his brains were full of bison and grizzly bear, mustang, bighorn, and adventure; but, fortunately for us, these things were not for him. Had it been otherwise, 'Westward Ho!' and 'Hypatia' might never have been written. His lines fell in quiet places, amongst quiet people. Eversley is close to Bramshill, on the skirts of the Hampshire moorlands. It is not in the forest proper, which,

I suppose, is confined to Windsor and Swinley Forests; but the country round Eversley and Bramshill is still rougher and wilder. The Queen's hounds ran over it several times in my day. I remember one particular day hunting a deer on a cold but fairly holding scent across Hartford Bridge Flats. As they hunted like beagles, and chanted their Gregorian, and now and again spread like a sky-rocket, the men and I—to use a West Riding expression—were 'rarely suited.' Last season we had an outlying hind about Bramshill; we never caught her, but she came back of her own accord one day to the Paddocks, and in at the Paddock gate, which Groves, the deer-keeper, propped open for her. She was so difficult to harbour that we called her Hide-and-Seek. Like an enchanted deer in a German fairy tale, she seemed to know what we were about. Once she had been harboured in a small wood below Bramshill House for several days, and used to go out and feed every night on some turnips. The very day the Queen's hounds met at Bramshill to try to catch her, they hit a line on their way to the meet over Hartford Bridge Flats. Of course, we never found Hide-and-Seek, and the very same afternoon she was seen hanging about Swinley Paddocks. As far as I remember, she again worked her way back to Bramshill, and eventually came home to her friends and the old beans and clover hay at Swinley.

When Nimrod made his tour of inspection of the reputable hunts of his day, he dismissed Sir John Cope's country, as it was then, in a very cursory way. My boy was at school just against Eversley Green, under Bramshill, and I remember his saying in a rather homesick letter, 'The fir-trees are very dismal.' Nimrod was of the same opinion. 'It [Sir John Cope's country] partakes,' he says, 'of a sort of Cimmerian darkness in November,' and he warns the hunting aristocracy, whose society he affected, against its clays and sands, bogs and heath, immense fuel hedges, deep, blind ditches, and bad foxes.

But Mr. Kingsley never tired of the firs and their 'saw-edge' against the red sunsets and all their belongings and incidents.

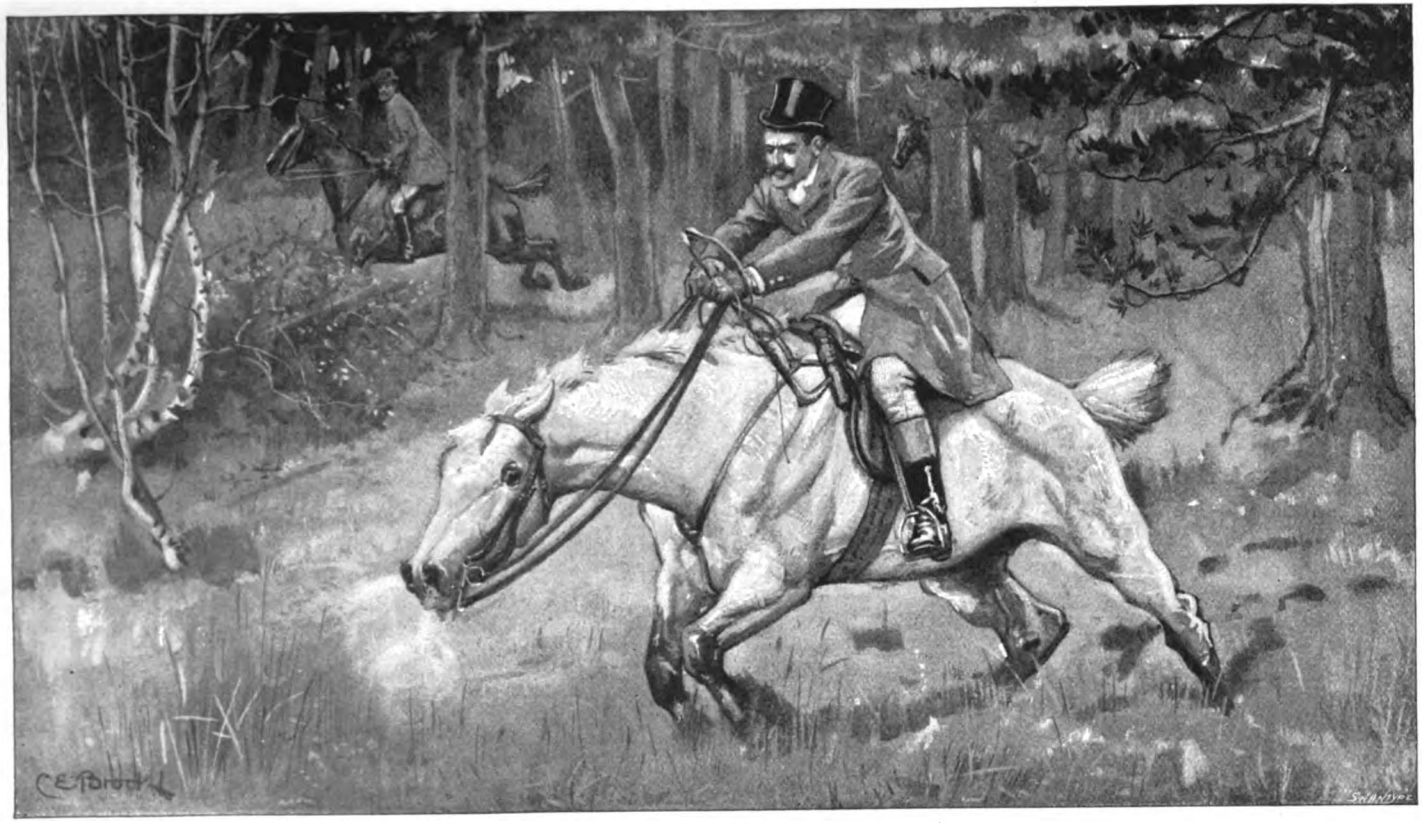
Mr. Garth in his scarlet and Mr. Cordery in his green coat were ever welcome sights, the hounds and Hunt servants his chosen brethren and companions. And so one afternoon, he tells us how, after visiting his sick people, he rides the old mare away through the fir-woods, under the dome of buff and grey cloud, and comes right across Mr. Garth's hunted fox. Shall he holloa as he did in the New Forest? It is needless. Louder and louder, nearer and nearer, swells up the chorus music of hounds running in woodland

Perhaps he may have written the 'Ode to the North-East Wind' when he got home that day.

Through the black fir forest
  Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snowflakes
  Off the curdled sky.
Hark the brave north-easter!
  Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
  Over heath and bent.
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
  Through the sleet and snow,
Who can override you?
  Let the horses go!
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
  Down the roaring blast,
You shall see a fox die
  Ere an hour be past.
Go! and rest to-morrow,
  Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
  O'er the frozen streams.

Somerville never wrote anything like that. There you have the life and character of the well-bred foxhound in verse.

This is what he says of the foxhound in prose: 'The old savage ideal of beauty was the lion, type of mere massive force. That was succeeded by an over-civilised ideal—say the fawn—type of delicate grace. By cunning breeding and choosing, through long centuries, man has combined both, and has created the foxhound, lion and fawn in one; just as he might create noble human beings, did he take half as much trouble about politics (in the true old sense of the word) as he does about fowls. Look at that old hound, who stands doubtful, looking up at his master for advice. Look at the severity, delicacy, lightness of every curve. His head is finer than a deer's; his hind-legs tense as steel springs; his fore-legs straight as arrows; and yet see the depth of chest, the sweep of loin, the breadth of paw, the mass of arm and thigh; and, if you have an eye for form, look at the absolute majesty of his attitude at this moment. Majesty is the only word for it. If he were six feet high instead of twenty-three inches, with what animal on earth could you compare him? Is it not a joy to see such a thing alive? It is to me at least. I should like to have one in my study all day long, as I would have a statue or a picture; and when Mr. Morrell gave (as they say) two hundred guineas for



FLOUNDER IN A BOG

Hercules alone, I believe the dog was well worth the money, only to look at.' The last sentence would have delighted Captain Cook, a great authority in his day. In his book published in 1826, the Captain complained that, while people thought nothing of giving three hundred guineas for a hunter, they would not give money enough for hounds; 'whereas,' says the Captain, excited into italics, '*everything depends upon a pack of hounds.*' I do not like the prose so much as the verse. It is a little excessive, and the 'breadth of paw' will not do for Peterborough.

But old Virginal has hit it off, and Kingsley turns the mare's head homewards. Is not this a capital description of forest-riding?—'So homeward I go through a labyrinth of fir-stems, and, what is worse, fir-stumps, which need both my eyes and my horse's at every moment. . . Now I plunge into a gloomy dell wherein is no tinkling rivulet ever pure; but, instead, a bog hewn out into a chessboard of squares parted by narrow ditches some twenty feet apart. Blundering among the stems I go fetlock deep in peat, and jumping at every third stride one of the said uncanny grips half hidden in long hassock grass . . . out of it we shall be soon. I see daylight ahead at last, bright between the dark stems. Up a steep slope and over a bank which is not very big, but, being composed of loose gravel and peat-mould, gives down with me, nearly sending me head over heels in the heather, and leaving me a sheer gap to scramble through and out into the open moor.'

I said just now that the forest was unpopular with the riding men. They dislike the unfairness of its emergencies and the certainty of its vicissitudes. A Jim Mason may be cast in a pot-hole, a Jock Trotter flounder into a gobble-cow bog, and the hidden prehistoric ruts, made nobody knows how, leading nobody knows where, may at any moment discountenance a Gambado.

'It is these plaguy holes on the heath throw a horse down,' observed Mr. Garth to a friend of mine, after watching him recover from one of those long-drawn-out blunders that seem a lifetime to the rider. This is danger unredeemed by distinction. Yet, assuming you escape all the untoward possibilities of a forest run, it is a great mistake to think that it is an easy thing to ride to.

In hunting jargon you must keep right at the tail of hounds. A deer will hardly run the present fast foxhound pack out of scent on a good scenting day. He does not go much faster at one time than another, but he goes no slower, and he keeps going on. So do the hounds. Under the fir-trees, and even among the birch and Spanish chestnut, there is no undergrowth to stop them. On a

really good scenting day hounds can carry a head through a great deal of the woodland, and there are none of the high palisaded enclosures which the economics of forestry have recommended in the New Forest. The forest banks and grips mean nothing to the necks and shoulders and the dash which their inheritance of the best blood in England gives the Queen's hounds, and outside on the open moorland, the heather, except here and there in the deeper hollows, is not high enough or strong enough to make hounds go appreciably slower. It makes them string, and individual hounds single themselves out. A rather long-backed hound named Hotspur, which Harvey brought with him from the Isle of Wight—a great favourite of mine—always led through the really thick heather. Thus, when hounds really run, and the man really rides to them wherever they go—following the rides on such occasion is a mere hope-for-the-best affair—a really fast forest run is in some ways a greater test of horsemanship than crossing the obvious enclosures of a fairly fenced hunting country. In the latter case on a free and experienced horse the rider need only be a passenger, but in the forest the man must *ride* his horse, he cannot be merely carried.

In the forest, as anywhere else, it is an advantage to be on a fast horse; but, whatever you are on, you have often got to ride him fast, under circumstances peculiarly unfavourable to fast riding, and which are often irritating to the temperament of a high-couraged and sensitive animal.

I remember hunting for a few days with Lord Lonsdale some years ago when he hunted the Woodland Pytchley. One afternoon, latish on in the season, we literally rode into an old dog-fox in Boughton woods. He jumped up between us. I started with Lord Lonsdale. We both started on the back of hounds, and the hounds on the back of the fox. I was riding a handy, quick horse by Berserker, and those stately woodlands have been well administered and thinned. But Lord Lonsdale lost me in three minutes—not so much because he was riding a faster horse, although I dare say he was, but because of his superior horsemanship and his knowledge of *manège* riding, which, to my mind, especially distinguishes him from other celebrated riders to hounds. It is your legs, and not your hands, which take a horse through trees.

Since then circumstances have given me plenty of opportunities of learning to ride quickly through woodlands; but I am no good at it. Perhaps on that account I may be overrating its difficulty.

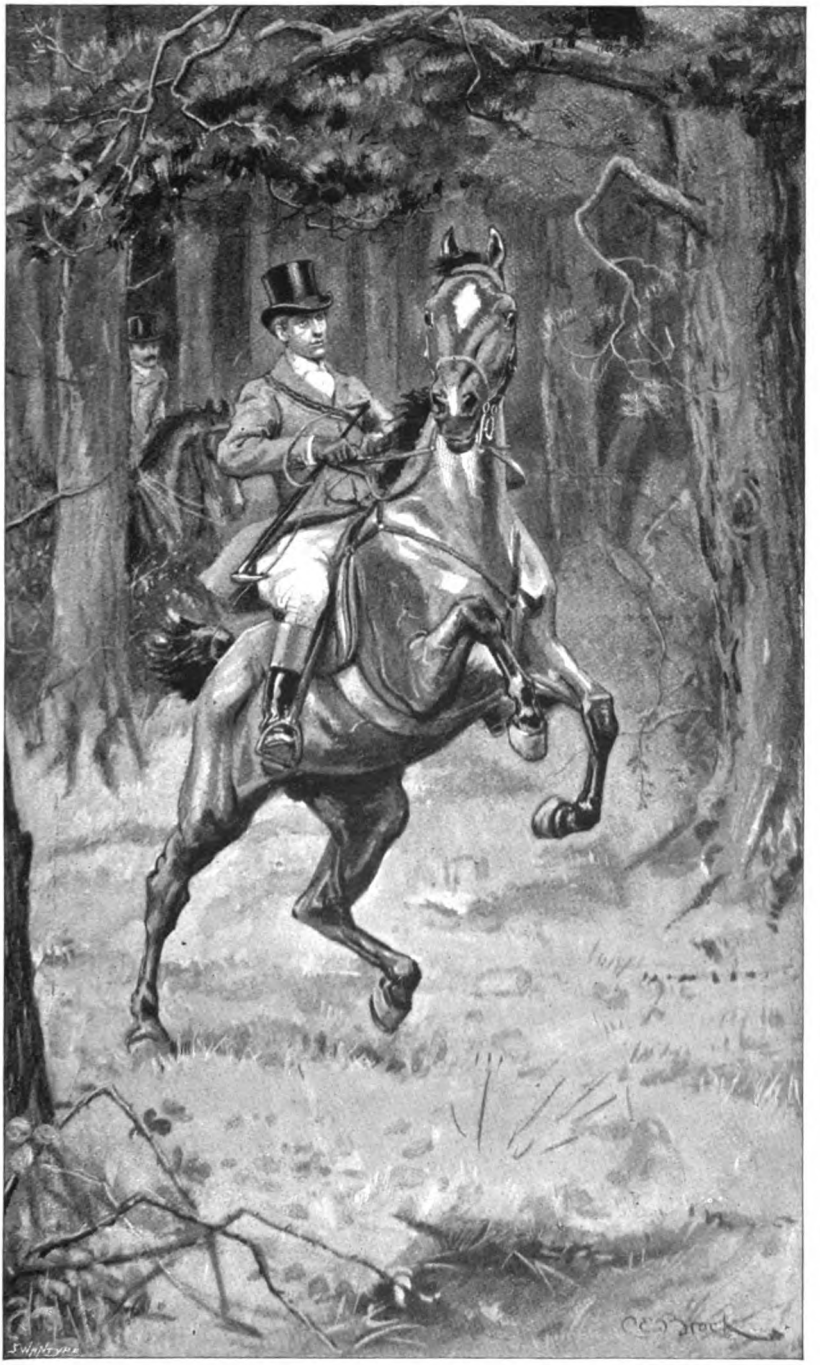
But whatever the forest may be for the rider, it is a famous place for hounds. No huntsman with Swinley Forest within five

hundred yards of his kennels can find an excuse for not having hounds in condition, almost at any season of the year. It is a mere platitude to say that there is nothing like big woodlands to teach a pack of hounds to run together and hunt together. We all know that. But the anomalous and inevitable conditions of hunting the carted deer give to forest hunting a quite particular value. Thanks to the forest, or the forest country, the Queen's hounds enjoy advantages without compare, and which should be turned to the fullest account.

Once forest hunting begins, the young entry get their chance. They begin to realise themselves. Life is not to be made up of snubbings from the surly old hounds, of dull constitutionals, of quarrels with Splendour and Streamer, of the unbroken monotony of regular hours, regular meals, and of kennel-life generally, with not nearly so much to do as there was in and about the pleasant farmyard near Wokingham or Slough.

The first two or three days' forest hunting it is advisable to check hounds every now and then; Charles Davis always did this. It gives the stragglers a chance to get up. But towards the end of October these artificial checks should not be necessary. A hound hates being lost in a great lonely wood with no familiar sights or sounds for miles, and a hound which is always getting lost is either peevish, faint-hearted, or slow, and not worth Scotch oatmeal at 13*l.* a ton. The open heather country is a capital test of drive and action. I like to see hounds lay themselves right down over the rough ground or the patches of burnt heather as if it were permanent pasture. Some hounds, good ones too, have a sort of high, romping action at these times which I never approved of. On a scent a hound should streak along.

And now as to horses in the forest. The horses, I think, are cleverer than the men. I have seen wild, light-headed horses never put a foot wrong. They make their riders and themselves hot, cross and uncomfortable; but, in apparently constant jeopardy, they seem to enjoy the same sort of protection which Providence is said to accord to drunken men in railway accidents. But it is difficult to say how a horse will carry you in the forest. I still have a black horse called William which I rode for three seasons with the Queen's hounds, and which I always rode a good deal during the forest hunting. William is a very free horse in the open, childishly fond of galloping and jumping, and indeed, unless ridden in front, he 'pleasantly tightens the rein,' to quote a dealer's euphemism; but in the more gloomy and mysterious parts of the forest, or in deep, suspicious-looking heather, William



THE SWISH OF BRANCHES USED TO EXCITE HIM

would always go behind his bridle, ringing a sort of tune on his bit at an extravagantly actioned trot. At such times he seemed to have laid upon himself a self-denying ordinance, neither to catch hold nor to gallop until things were more like what he was used to. This kind of pace has two objections: it does not get you on very fast, and it gives you a tremendous cropper if anything goes wrong. I have a lively recollection of William, when conscientiously escalading an ineligible bit of riding ground near Minley, being betrayed in a thicket of rhododendrons; no shoulders can save you—as the French say, *On tombe raide.*

I had another horse called Agitator, by Republican; he was own brother to Doneraile, and had won one or two steeplechases himself. Agitator was a charming hunter, with fascinating ways and style about him; but the swish of branches used to excite him, and he would bound about in a most foolish way at times if I rode him through the stuff. He was 16·3, and not at all the sort of horse which you would pick for the forest; but however close the grips came together, you could not make him put a foot wrong, and you could not have filled a sand-glass from the damage he did to the crumbly little banks you occasionally have to cross. This instinct some horses have of putting in a short one has always seemed to me like the instinct of time which some people possess in a greater degree than others. There is no better test of an active, resourceful horse than to canter him along the grass siding to a high road, with different-sized grips at short intervals. If he times them all without disturbing the smoothness of your seat, or making you involuntarily job him in the mouth, you may be sure it is all right. It is not a trial an intellectual dealer will often recommend to you.

I always liked the forest as a school of morals for excitable, fractious-mouthed horses, which are often treated with greater consideration than they deserve. Nine times out of ten, so far from being humoured, they should not even be consulted. 'He wants very light hands' is an implied compliment to a horse's courage and to his owner's riding; but it usually only means that this undesirable animal has always had his own way about his neck and head and mouth. Light hands are not the same thing as good hands. Very often light hands only mean that the rider has a good seat, and is consequently willing to accept of compromises imposed upon him, and to put up with the various liberties a light bridle permits of his horse taking. The late Mr. Chapman, one of the hunting horsemen of the century, once told me that you should think of your horse's mouth

as a piece of delicate pie-crust. It is a pleasant fancy, but the fact is a manufactured article. Mr. Chapman himself always rode in strong bridles and asserted his prerogatives. A long cheeked sliding-bar double bridle, a Cheshire martingale, a leather strap instead of a curb chain, turnings here, twistings there, plenty of fir-trees, and the discontents and surprises of the forest are the best things in the world to make your Rupert and Lady Clara Vere de Vere lose the self-consciousness which so often renders them a nuisance to themselves and their riders.

And so farewell to the forest and the heather, to the lean cultivation, the ineffectual turnips, to the commons and the geese, the jays and the unfashionable side of the Queen's country.

Let all stag-hunters remember that Charles Davis, the great tradition of the royal pack, was devoted to the forest.

One October, on the last day of forest hunting years ago, he said to Dr. Croft, of Bracknell, who knew him well, and to whom I am indebted for a great deal of information about his ways, 'Now my fun is over—on Tuesday my troubles begin.'

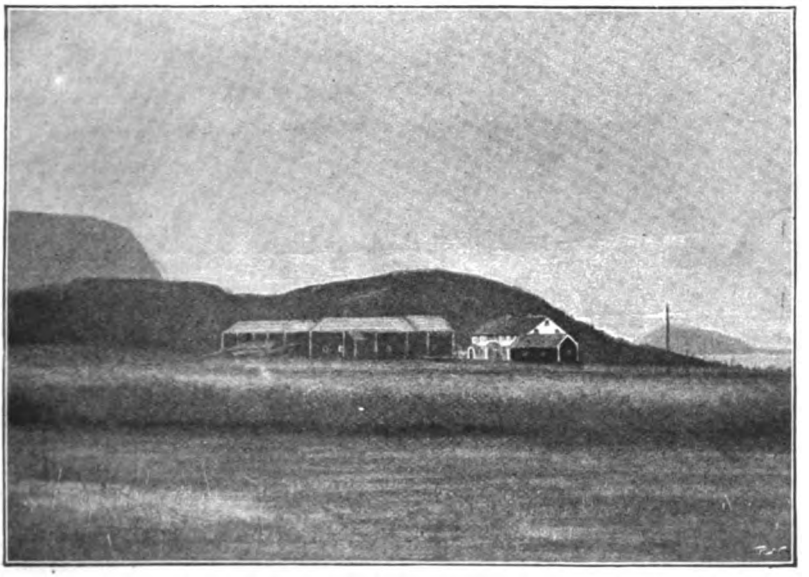
THE RIFLE IN NORWAY

BY SIR HENRY POTTINGER, BART.

THE wild animals of Norway which may be classed as 'big game' are seven in number. Three of these, of the deer kind—the reindeer, the red-deer, and the elk—are nominally under the careful protection of the law; that is to say, the legal season during which they may be killed is very short (with some local exceptions, about a month all round), and in the case of the latter two there are strict limitations, enforced by heavy fines, as to the number that may be shot in the districts where they are found; no more than a single elk, of either sex, or two stags, being granted to each so-called farm or registered division of the land. But where the farmer can allege damage to his crops by red-deer, he has the right of killing the marauders, whether stag or hind, at any time of the year. It is to be feared that this right is locally abused, and that, in addition, a good deal of deliberate poaching goes on all over the country. That the Government has hitherto found it impossible to impose any restriction whatever on the indiscriminate slaughter of reindeer on the high fjelds is a matter for great regret.

The other four animals, belonging to the tribes which bite and scratch, and are on occasion partial both to venison and the flesh of domestic creatures—namely, the bear, wolf, lynx, and glutton—have from time immemorial been proclaimed outlaws, and nowadays substantial rewards are still offered by the authorities for their destruction. From the official returns of kills—

which, considering the said rewards, are probably almost exhaustive —it is clear that during the latter half of this century the beasts of prey have greatly decreased in numbers. Taking consecutive returns of from forty to fifty years ago, we find that, on a rough average, considerably over 200 bears were killed annually in Norway, about the same number of wolves, half as many lynxes, and a quarter as many gluttons. Whereas in 1893 and 1894 the returns give us: bears, 72 and 57; wolves, 50 and 37; lynxes, 56 and 44; gluttons, 40 and 46. The fact that the number of gluttons killed last year was greater than the annual average from 1850 to 1855 speaks volumes for the stealthy habits of these



HEAD QUARTERS

animals, and the secure fastnesses which the Norwegian wilds afford them. They alone of all the outlawed tribes have succeeded in holding their own against the vengeful persecution of man.

But it must be observed that the diminution in the numbers of beasts of prey, great as it is, is probably not quite so great as appears at first sight from the modern returns; the Government of Norway having unwittingly extended to them also a kind of protection. For whereas, in the old days above mentioned, it was lawful to kill them, and indeed the elk also, by any and every means—by traps, pitfalls, spring-guns, tree-catapults with iron arrows, drop-logs, and the like—the use of all these abominable

engines and devices is now forbidden, the Storthing having been induced to pass a prohibitory Act by the occurrence of many serious and not seldom fatal accidents to human beings. Despite compulsory advertisement on the local church doors, it was scarcely to be expected that wanderers in the forest, especially towards nightfall, should detect the awful peril whose very essence lay in careful concealment. Nowadays, therefore, the beasts of prey, freed from the danger of automatic suicide, must, like the deer, be openly sought for, and killed with the rifle; and one may, I think, fairly suppose that the official returns do not indicate the numbers of them existing in Norway quite as clearly as they did in old times. Far be it from me, however, to suggest that the said beasts are at all numerous, even under the most favourable conditions. And, regarding the seven animals which I have classed as big game, I may as well state at once that my practical acquaintance with some of them is very slight, and that with others I have never made acquaintance at all. After a long series of seasons in Norway, spent almost entirely in fishing and bird-shooting—if I except one or two feeble efforts in the direction of bears—I took rather suddenly and very keenly to substituting the rifle for the shot-gun, and since that comparatively recent date have devoted myself chiefly to the pursuit of the elk, being consequently better prepared to gossip about that grand beast than any other. I feel, however, bound to begin with the one who, single-handed, can on occasion prove himself his master—the bear.

Of the seven Norwegian bears that I have set eyes on in the flesh, two were already dead when I beheld them, having fallen victims to spring-guns set by the farmers, after we—a band of Britons—had consumed several nights in patient watching, and abstinence from tobacco, by the carcases of cows which they had slain. These determinately carnivorous malefactors were part of a gang which a long while ago haunted the extensive wilderness bordering the Alten river in Finmark. Consciousness of guilt doubtless rendered them unusually cautious, for not one of them, to our knowledge, came near any of the ambushes. They most probably prowled around until their keen noses warned them of the presence of some foreign body, when they retired to sup elsewhere. There were too many of us; the forest must have reeked with the scent of aliens of suspicious character. No sooner had we agreed unanimously to postpone further vigils for a day or two, than the farmers arranged their 'Selvskud' with great care and ingenuity, and triumphant success. It was but small

satisfaction to us to go and inspect the lifeless bears, and marvel why they preferred so ignominious a fate to death at our hands.

The other five bears were all grubbing, by which I mean using their noses and claws in search of something edible. I beg that this last statement may be carefully noted, because, in answer to several inquiries as to the most likely way of getting a shot at a bear, no better advice has ever occurred to me than to bid the inquirer go and find one grubbing. If this counsel appear somewhat vague and unsatisfactory, I can explain my reasons for it briefly: I have never in my limited experience seen a live wild

THE HUT ON ELK WATER

bear who was *not* grubbing. My first grubber I espied late one evening when I was looking for capercailzie and sneaking noiselessly through the forest; he was busily engaged in demolishing an ant-hill. As he was some seventy yards away, and I had only No. 4 shot in my gun, I paused to consider the position, when the wary beast looked round, saw me, and after a short stare bolted at a gallop. During a series of hunts subsequently organised we failed to find him. Why the ursine tribe should be, as they notoriously are, so fond of formic acid, I know not; possibly they take it medicinally, or as a kind of relish, like cayenne pepper. But when not—or even when—habitually carnivorous,

they display a babyish taste for all kinds of trivial and diminutive dainties.

Of the other four grubbers, seen during the last five seasons, three were sighted when after elk, accidentally so to speak, although we had previously noted their spoor here and there; but I have made a rule, based on disappointment, never to be seduced, when in pursuit of the deer, into deviating after bear. All three were occupied in nosing and scratching the soil, doubtless in search of some atomic 'delikatesse,' insect, berry, root, or fungus, on the sides or summits of rather high eminences, and on ground so bare and exposed that near approach by stalking was impossible and long shots compulsory. The fourth was similarly engaged in a natural meadow beside a river running through a high-level glen, where, on a first visit, I was taking a Sunday stroll. Being on the flat, he alone of the four bolted uphill—up a precipice, I might say, after my experience in trying to follow, for I carried a rifle—and sought refuge on the interminable fjeld above. The others all galloped downhill as hard as they could.

I observe that in the Badminton book (vol. i.) on Big Game, Mr. Phillipps Wolley, writing of American bears, advises the hunter never to shoot at one uphill unless he feels sure of killing it, and adds that a wounded bear will almost always run downhill, and 'may take you on his way.' The common brown bear of Norway, although far less dangerous, seems to behave in much the same fashion. The first I shot at, with the four-hundred-yards sight up, a long way above me, took immense trouble—went out of its way, so to speak—in rushing straight down the steep slope, crossing a ravine, and bursting through a belt of scrub on to the open patch of ground where I was standing. The beast was no doubt guiltless of any idea of taking me on its way, nor had it any other idea, I believe, than to escape from the spot where it had received so mysterious and unpleasant a shock; but it certainly looked as if it meant business as it came straight on to within ten yards, when it swerved, and I dropped it quite dead. Under such circumstances it is decidedly pleasant to see the animal, however innocent its intentions, pitch forward on to its head, turn a somersault, and then lie quiet. '*Meget morsomt*,' as my Lap hunter, Elias Eliassen, remarked.

The second grubber, also shot at above me and at longish range, acted in precisely the same way, except that after his downhill run he did not emerge from the little thicket into which he had plunged, but lay up there, no doubt wondering what on earth was the matter, for he had no wind from us to

help him. Five minutes elapsed before I got a glimpse of him creeping about in the brushwood, and fired my second shot. It must be noted that either bear, had it elected to run in the opposite direction, would have been quickly out of sight.

After these personal experiences, am I not justified, I ask, in recommending the sportsman who thirsts for the blood of a Norwegian bear to go and find one grubbing? I know that the professional hunter, and especially the Lap, will maintain that the highest art is to 'gaa efter Bjornen'—to track the beast stealthily yard by yard to its retreat among the boulders or the

THE HUT ON THE HOME BEAT

brushwood clothing the ledges of the crag. But how often do even the best professionals succeed in sighting a bear in this fashion? I am, of course, speaking only of the chase during the open months of the year; with the winter forms of it I have nothing to do. By whom is the beast most frequently seen? At any farm they will give you the answer. By the girl who is sitting on a knoll watching the cattle; by the youngster who is gathering berries; by the farmer who is bearing home a load of firewood, or a pack of hay from the upland meadows. And by them he is seen loafing harmlessly in the forest, picking berries on his own account, and feebly scratching the soil—grubbing,

in fact. Each year, then, strengthens my personal conviction that organised bear hunts are productive of little else besides weariness and strong language; but I feel that I can scarcely advise even the ambitious novice to spend his holiday in wandering about the forest in a casual way, in behaving as if he had nothing particular to do and any amount of time to do it in, to the end that he may at last sight a bear. Because in that case, to be consistent, I must also advise him to increase his chance of doing so by leaving his rifle at home, which is perhaps going too far. And, after all, the cult of the unexpected becomes deliberate arrangement, and as such is prone to failure. Whilst, therefore, leaving the great bear problem to be solved by each one according to his own fancy, I shall myself continue to have faith in the luck of meeting the beast when after elk or birds, and may point out that the Paradox, combining rifle and shot-gun, is an excellent firearm for the bird-shooter in Norway.

To my mere enumeration of the other Norwegian beasts of prey I can add but little, and nothing from personal experience, inasmuch as, beyond a momentary glimpse of a lynx, I have never set eyes on them in a wild state. A good many wolves still exist in the remote parts of northern and central Norway, and in some districts these animals have actually begun to reappear after having been for long almost unheard of; as, for instance, in the rich and populous valley of Stjordal, which the railroad to Stockholm enters soon after leaving the shores of the Trondhjem fjord. A friend of mine, a farmer resident in the valley, tells me that each year of the present decade wolves have in midwinter descended in considerable numbers from the vast rocky fjelds above, and prowled among the dwellings. At such times they are bold and savage with hunger, and a source of danger to all living things, especially children and dogs, which happen to be abroad during the long dark afternoons. In a letter recently received from an elk-hunting friend, who remained in Norway up to December 10 (1895), he states that in his district wolves were very troublesome and their tracks numerous; that he saw half-a-dozen of them, but that they gave very little chance to the rifle. Now in the district which I lease, at no great distance from his, the farmers assure me that they are never troubled by wolves, and the elk certainly do not suffer from them. Their occurrence, therefore, is clearly very local. For invisibility the lynx (*Felis lynx*, Gaupe) and the glutton, sometimes called the wolverine—a foolish name—(*Gulo borealis*, Jærv; Fjeld-fras) may be said to 'whip creation.' But having once, as I said above, momentarily

sighted, and not seldom had my attention called by my hunter to sign of, the former beast, I infer that there is always more chance of his being viewed by the sportsman than the latter, of whom I have never seen a trace, except on the single occasion when he did me the honour of descending from his lair amid the inaccessible crags of Bangdal, and partaking of the elk meat which we were obliged to leave all night in the forest. Need I say that, like a true epicure, he appropriated the choicest morsels. The glutton has been accused of making such enormous meals that he can hardly stir; but my hunter, who, being a Lap, knows as much about him as man can, assures me that he is not such a fool as to endanger his safety in this manner, and eats no more than any other beast, but has a habit of hiding fragments of flesh all about the region he frequents, so that when the fancy takes him he can always indulge in a snack. Nevertheless, both he and the lynx are bloodthirsty brutes, and will on occasion, as when they get into a fold of sheep or among the tame reindeer, slaughter all they can; but nothing is too insignificant for their notice, and from his extraordinary agility the big cat is probably the more deadly enemy to game. Where the disturbance of the forest is of no consequence he may be hunted with dogs and possibly treed, but woe to the too daring hound who gets within his clutch.

And now I come to the consideration of the 'cervidæ.' It is not my intention to say much about the red-deer of Norway, inasmuch as the pursuit of them is practically limited to two or three groups of islands on the west coast and a portion of the immediately adjoining mainland, and because the total number killed in these localities is really very small, although amply sufficient to afford good sport to the few who have secured the shooting. In the return of 1894 it appears as eighty-four deer for the whole of Norway, and of these more than half are claimed by the well-known island of Hitteren, every yard of which worth having is leased, chiefly by Englishmen. From a very interesting article by Mr. H. Seton-Karr which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of November 23, we learn that in 1895 his party obtained in less than a month on his forest, one of the three in Hitteren, their record bag of twenty-eight stags, the clean weight of the heaviest being 27 st. 12 lbs. As in Norway the term forest implies, besides open fjeld and swamp, a great deal of thick woodland, such bags are only to be obtained by a system of scientific driving. Of late years I have myself leased, but usually sublet, a small and very beautiful island of the same group, close

to the mainland, and there only, during two brief visits in October, after the close of the elk season, have I ever pursued and killed the Norwegian red-deer. There also I proved to my satisfaction—as narrated in the *Fortnightly Review*, under the heading 'An Island Deer Forest'—that a well-trained elk-hound, kept in hand, will, without fail, find and take one up to red-deer in the woodlands, there being, of course, no guarantee as to stag or hind. But the dog's nose must be supplemented by the hunter's woodcraft, and the latter brought into play for the final approach, when the former has accomplished its special share of the task. By a recent alteration of the law, however, the red-deer season is now limited, except on Hitteren, to which the change does not apply, to the month between August 15 and September 15, and the smaller islands have been thereby rendered almost worthless as resorts for the stalker, inasmuch as the few stags they hold have a habit of crossing the straits to the mainland, and not returning thence until just before or during the rutting season. Reckoning each island and each bit of coast separately, there are about fourteen localities on the Norwegian seaboard where red-deer actually exist, but to enumerate these is unnecessary.

It is to me surprising that in the Badminton volumes on Big Game no mention whatever is made of the wild reindeer of Norway, the pursuit of which is absolutely historical. Notwithstanding that many just complaints have recently appeared in the public prints as to the number of untaxed guns on the high fjelds, the amount of habitual poaching, and the probability, in default of Government measures for their protection, of the deer becoming extinct at no very remote period, the official returns of 1894 mention 760 which were fairly killed and reported; and the sport cannot therefore be regarded as altogether unworthy of notice. It is, moreover, from the elevation at which the deer are found, the magnificently wild scenery, the glorious air, and the romantic life in the huts, of so fascinating a character that those who have once taken to it remain, almost without exception, its devotees, as long as they can breast a hill or handle a rifle. It lays hold of some as the elk-chase does of others. But the attractions of the one are those of the highest fjeld, of the region of glacier and snowfield and icy waters, of the 'Flyer' and 'Vidder,' the vast expanses of moss, lichen, and stone which spread like seas between the mountain tops; and of the other, those of the lower fjeld, with its thickets of gnarled birch and stunted willow, its rocky glens and heather-girt tarns, and of the rolling pine forest with its silent lakes and garrulous streams, its breaks

of dismal swamp or smiling natural park. For the lover of nature and sport both possess inexhaustible charms, both require the same physical endurance and equanimity under disappointment. The most determined English reindeer stalker I ever met told me, many years ago, that his best bag in a season had been nine deer, and that he had often killed only two or three. But he went in habitually for big bucks. Besides the skill requisite in stalking, the sport demands great patience, from the fact that an adverse wind will destroy all chance whatever of even seeing deer in any given locality.

For the palmy days of reindeer stalking, and for the pattern

A Lodging-place in the Wilderness

of a stalker, we must go back to the era of John Gjendin, who was born in 1795 and lived to be close on ninety years old. Although possessed of considerable property in land and houses, he elected to live alone in a small hut, and devote his existence to using the rifle over the wild tracts of the Jotunfjelds which adjoin Lakes Gjendin and Bygdin. At the same time, it was his fancy to make little or no profit out of his life-long occupation, as he invariably gave away, or sold for a nominal sum, the venison and trophies he obtained, retaining only so many of the horns and hides as he required for his home manufacture of knife handles and leather. He subsisted on the simplest diet of bread,

butter, and cheese, coffee, and plain water. Meat, game, or fish he would never cook himself, and therefore tasted only when in the company of others. To the last day of his life he remained constant to flint and steel, and refused to believe in the merits of any rifle which had not been stocked, sighted, and internally polished by himself, and occasionally went so far as to buy the barrels in the rough, and effect the rifling with an apparatus of his own invention. There is no doubt that he conceived and worked out the principle of the express with its heavy charge of powder and low trajectory. With a rest—for off-hand he could do little or nothing—he was an unerring shot, and as a stalker unrivalled. It is greatly to his credit that, although when hunting with comrades he occasionally assisted in the slaughter of an unreasonable number of deer in the day, he always regretted it, and was, when alone, invariably inclined to spare, the total of his kills being far smaller than that of hunters who were his inferiors in craft and marksmanship. For a long series of years he confined himself entirely to the solitary and arduous pursuit of the 'Storbukke,' the biggest bucks—corresponding to the 'royal stags' of red-deer—and of these in three consecutive seasons—an achievement of which he was himself proud—he managed to bag no fewer than forty-three. And, finally, it may be mentioned as an instance of his perseverance and hardihood, that having once wounded a 'Storbuk' on Gjendintungen, he eventually killed it after a chase of seventy hours, during which he slept in ordinary clothing among the snowfields of the bleak high fjeld. What a contrast to this really remarkable man are many of the native hunters of the present day, who scour the fjelds in all directions, and fire at long range a succession of shots from repeating rifles—which unluckily in Norway may be bought dirt cheap—into the brown of a herd, thereby wounding many more deer than they kill!

That in remote times the wild reindeer abounded all along the vast mountain ranges which form the watershed between Norway and Sweden, from north to south, cannot be doubted, but for many generations the Laps have been lords of the high fjeld, and have, in the northern districts, almost entirely destroyed, or, by various devices, merged into their tame herds the stock of wild deer; so that nowadays the range of the latter is, for the practical purpose of the sportsman, limited to sundry extensive patches of fjeld, amounting altogether to about ten thousand square miles (English), and lying between the head of Suledal, in latitude 59°·40, and the level of Molde and Roraas in 62°·50.

I fancy that the writers of several epistolary laments which

have recently appeared in the sporting press over the destruction of the Norwegian elk by poachers, and the exposure of meat for

ELIAS ELIASSEN AND PASOP

sale at all seasons, have overlooked the facts that the poaching has become conspicuous owing to the far more conspicuous

increase in the numbers of the elk during the last thirty years; and that all over the country, as well as in the large towns, there are now established freezing depôts, where meat, game, and fish can be stored for months at a trifling cost. I have myself, pending private arrangements for refrigeration, made use of such a depôt on one of the smaller fjords, where the netted salmon are kept until the steamers call for them. The same plan obtains in England; and if we help to eat an excellent haunch of red-deer venison at a date when it is by common consent supposed to be out of season, we are not, therefore, bound to jump at the conclusion that the 'unwritten law' of close-time has been violated. Some minor alterations in the laws affecting elk may be still desirable; but, on the whole, the Government can scarcely be accused of supineness in the matter, seeing that they keep a sharp eye on the returns, and frequently abridge the shooting season in districts where the number of kills appears somewhat excessive. It may be argued that this affects only the law-abiding sportsman, and ignores the poacher, who naturally makes no report; but let us refer to the official returns for 1894. It appears, then, that during that season 1,262 elk were killed with the rifle, which is an increase of about four hundred on the returns of from five to ten years ago, and of nearly a thousand on those of much earlier date, when pitfalls, spring-guns, and the like were still in use. Of the total for 1894, I was myself responsible for nine, eight bulls and a cow, the latter shot for a farmer, who for some seasons had missed his fair share of meat. As I fear that this paper has been hitherto somewhat dry and over-statistical, I propose to try to enliven the close of it by a sketch—grounded on my diary for that year—of the kind of entertainment to be found in a really good elk-forest.

On September 24, having in the previous week killed two bulls, and thereby exhausted the elk-rights in the immediate vicinity of one hut, I determine to shift quarters to another. Whilst the five men who act as bearers—for we have no other means of transport—make their way with the baggage as best they can to the next quarters, my hunter, Elias, and I, with the dog Pasop, cross the plateau of Grönli, or Green-lea, a beautiful and extensive fjeld which we have already hunted, and whereon we now see a solitary old cow elk, and a three-year-old bull, and strike into the hitherto untried country beyond. This is broken up into a succession of small wooded ravines, separated from each other by narrow ridges, sprinkled here and there with patches of brushwood, but for the most part bare, and sloping in

LIKE AN IMMENSE GREY SPECTRE HE MOVES JUST OUT OF THE SHADOW OF THE TREES

rocky spurs down to the level of the underlying forest. The travelling here is slow and rather tedious owing to repeated ascent and descent. As the wind, moreover, is blowing up the ravines and ridges, we have to traverse the latter close to their junction with the fjeld, where they are highest, steepest, and stoniest. On the top of each we halt to examine with our glasses the one beyond, and after a couple of hours of this work, at last detect part of the body of a recumbent elk on a little rock-terrace some way ahead. By making a circuit and stealing along the ridge, we reach a spot commanding a full view of the deer, which proves, as we expected, to be a cow, and, lying so close to her that the bodies seem one, is a large bull calf. Between their position and ours are about two hundred yards of steepish slope, quite bushless and covered with short dry herbage, but near them are several patches of low birch thicket, wherein it is by no means unlikely that a bull may be lying unseen. Elias is for rousing the deer with a whistle, and taking the chance of a shot if the possible bull shows himself; for he declares nearer approach, keeping the wind right, to be utterly impossible. But believing that one man may well succeed where two men and a dog—for Pasop cannot be left behind—would certainly fail, I resolve to try how near I can get to the deer by myself, and, directing Elias to lie quiet and watch the experiment, start to crawl down the grassy slope prone on my face. After the first fifty yards it becomes too steep for further progress in this fashion, and turning on to my back with the rifle held across my chest, I 'inch along' by the aid of elbows and heels. When about half the total distance is accomplished the elk become aware that some strange reptile is approaching them, and stand up to watch it, remaining perfectly motionless, except that the cow now and then puts her head on one side with a comical air of bewilderment. On reaching at last the bottom of the slope I slip out the barrel-plugs, and suddenly rise to my feet within thirty yards of them, revealing to the astonished pair in erect majesty the human form divine. All hopes of there being a bull handy are extinguished, when, after a brief stare, the ungainly mother and more ungainly offspring turn and make off by themselves at a lumbering trot, to disappear in the woodland.

After lunch, during which Elias chuckles a good deal over my successful approach, and allows that there is no knowing what one can do until one tries, we resume our search for elk; but it is not until rather late in the afternoon that Pasop gets wind of and leads us up to the fresh spoor of a big bull who has left at intervals

conspicuous evidences of his recent presence in the shape of two or three young trees cut all to bits by his horns, and several shallow pits scraped and stamped out in the soil by his huge hoofs. The dusk is approaching when the hound's restrained excitement tells us that the elk is not far ahead. We are now on a platform of moss-coated rock overlooking a gloomy dell wherein slender sapling birches and mountain-ashes have shot up into a thick grove. Above us is the steep timber-clad hill we have just descended, and immediately beneath a swampy little hollow clear of trees. After some consultation we decide at this point to dis-

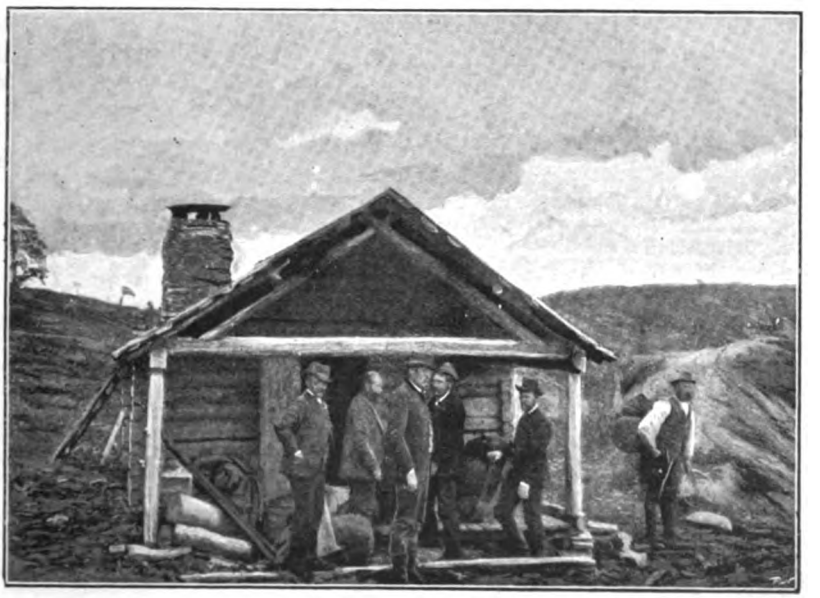
A Silent Lake in the Forest

continue our hunting for the day, seeing that the light is fast failing, that noiseless progress through the thickly set stems beyond the hollow is impossible, and that we are working away from our still distant quarters for the night. But as a last chance we do that which all elk-hunters will, if they are wise, do at intervals; we sit down and listen intently, feeling certain from his tracks that the bull is wandering restlessly about, probably in search of a mate. The evening is calm, and for ten minutes the absolute silence of the woodland is unbroken. Then our straining ears catch the distant snapping of a branch, soon followed by a succession of those peculiar grunting snorts which the bull elk

utters during the rutting season. These sounds, impressive in the stillness, come nearer and nearer until they suddenly cease, and we hear instead, close to us, the noise made by the great beast in his passage through the dense copse. And at last we sight him, for like an immense grey spectre he moves just out of the shadow of the trees on to the edge of the swampy hollow, and there stands. I am lying down with my rifle rested on a roll of the moss, and though the light is imperfect and the hour late, cannot resist the chance. Aiming carefully at the broad chest, I press the trigger, and Elias, on my right, sees the bull stagger and fall; but when the smoke from the express, which hangs heavily in the damp, breezeless hollow, clears away he is again invisible, plunging and crashing among the tree stems in tremendous efforts to keep his footing and escape. This he succeeds in doing before we can descend from our platform. To shoot again is useless, for despite the noise he makes, I cannot get another glimpse of him. Led by the eager Pasop, we then follow until on ground more open and where the light is better we find blood, but in half an hour further pursuit becomes impossible; and before we strike the trail leading to our new quarters it is quite dark, and we are grateful as the moon steals up into the sky over the crest of the fjeld. That evening, until I fall asleep, I am troubled by thoughts of the bull lying wounded in the forest.

The next morning is glorious, bright and slightly frosty, but too calm for elk-hunting. We are off early to take up the blood-spoor at the point where we turned back over-night, and can now shorten the distance by a row round the bends of a lovely little lake called Krokvand, one of the many Norwegian waters which bear that name. The bank of the lake where we leave the boat is a strip of natural meadow, and five minutes after landing we discover the tracks of a bear which must have passed that way since dawn, for the regular footprints, which Pasop acknowledges with bristling coat, show dark amid the silvery moisture covering the rest of the grass. But their line is in the opposite direction to ours, and, bent as we are on finding the wounded bull, the bear-hunt must be postponed to another day. Having again struck the blood-spoor, we follow it with much difficulty and very slowly, for the ruddy drops discoverable on leaf and blade are but few and far between, and at length cease altogether. Neither is Pasop's unerring nose of much assistance, as the tracks after leading upwards through the brushwood of a steep hill-side fall into one of those habitually used elk-paths which are characteristic of a

well-stocked forest, and become all but obliterated by the fresh spoor of deer which have passed and repassed that very morning. The elk-path dips and bends along a kind of terrace on the side of the mountain, and the slopes both above and below it are excessively abrupt. There is scarcely a breath of air, but of a sudden Pasop raises his head, and signifies as plainly as if he had spoken that he is getting the wind direct from deer. Advancing cautiously, we see about a hundred yards ahead, and luckily before they see us, two great cows standing like sentinels on a mound beside the elk-path. They are clearly suspicious, and if once started ahead



THE BEARERS

of us, will warn every living thing of our approach. We, therefore, steal back a short distance, and crawl noiselessly up a water-course into the wood above, descending to the path again rather beyond the cows, and so put them to flight in the direction whence we have come. Elias, who was born and bred in this region, and carries in his head an accurate map of it, now whispers that we have passed the invisible boundary of the elk-right whereon I wounded the bull, and are on fresh ground giving me the legal right to another deer.

Shortly after our manœuvre with the cows we round, by a long rise in the elk-path, the shoulder of the mountain, and attain a

small patch of open level ground. And here the unexpected happens; for, at the opposite side of it, about forty yards away, and gazing into the brushwood below, where, as we afterwards discover, his temporary wife is lying, stands broadside on a magnificent bull. So stealthily have we crept up the rise that he is unconscious of our presence. In an instant Elias hisses into my ear: 'den allerstorste Oxe, skyd paa ham!' in another the crack of the 500 express rings out, and the lead strikes the broad shoulder of the bull. Slowly he swings round his full length, thus exposing the other shoulder, and there receiving the contents of the second barrel. I might, apparently, as well have flipped at him a couple of orange pips. Beyond a single snort and a toss of his great antlers, he exhibits no sign of shock or surprise, and advances towards us with a stride as stately as that of Astur, the great lord of Luna, until within twenty yards he halts and regards us defiantly. Having got in fresh cartridges, I now fire with most careful aim at the base of the massive neck where it joins the chest. Then at last the bull staggers and makes a half turn, and when the second bullet penetrates within three inches of the other, the huge inert mass is all at once roused into mighty action, the supreme effort of immense vitality. With two tremendous plunges the stricken giant clears the level ground, rears and leaps out over the edge of the steep, tumbles headlong, rolls, crashes against a fallen pine-tree, and there lies dead. As we go down to inspect him we see his widow splashing through the stream, and a second pair of elk, bull and cow, watching us from a hillock on the other side of the valley.

The gralloch takes double the usual time, for the bull lies in a most awkward position jammed up against the heavy log, and seeing that he weighs about eighty stone, we are unable, even with birchen levers, to shift him more than a few inches. But the Lap is clever with the knife, and the work, if slow, is well done. The mighty head we cut clean off with the axe and deposit on the handy pedestal of an ancient tree-stump. As a trophy of the Scandinavian elk, which, be it noted, is not to be judged by the same standard as the American moose, it is very fine, all the nineteen tines being long and thick, the palmation broad, and the circumference of the horn below the coronet unusually large. The measurements are these: Length of horn, 28½ inches; tip to tip, 24¾; spread, 42; palmation, 10½; circumference, 7½; points, 10 × 9. Then, after a very needful and refreshing wash in the stream, followed by lunch and one delicious pipe on its sunny bank, we again ascend the slope to the elk-path, intending to

devote the rest of the afternoon to the search for the wounded bull. But he spares us much trouble, and himself longer suffering. We have not progressed more than a quarter of a mile, when, with a crash, he rises from the brushwood some eighty yards above us and tries to climb the hillside. There is no mistaking him—the limp and the laborious action tell their tale, and before going far he is obliged to halt. This time the rifle does its work mercifully, and he drops and expires without a struggle. Would that it could be always so! We find that the bullet fired the previous evening had struck the left side of the chest and penetrated under the shoulder. The head is a symmetrical one of twelve points, six on either antler. There is again occupation for Elias's knife, but no unwonted trouble, for the huge quarry lies conveniently. Before sunset we are again on the banks of Krokvand, and with a whistle summon the boat from the island where the blue curling smoke shows that Peter and Erik are making coffee. They have seen a pair of elk feeding on the opposite bank of the lake, making a total of thirteen sighted by our party during the two days I have attempted to describe. The next morning all the bearers, with some of the people from the nearest farm, are off early; but not until the afternoon do they return, staggering, but cheerful, under their heavy burdens of meat, heads, and hides.

NOTE.—The elk sighted during my season of 1894—nominally of 40 days, but I have hunted only 27—were bulls, cows, and calves, 83 in all; as against 40, 45, and 60 seen in the three previous seasons. Owing to constant change of camp, but a limited number of deer were in any year seen more than once.

SPORT IN SARAWAK

BY FREDERICK BOYLE

It is not to be said that there is no game in Rajah Brooke's Bornean kingdom. Scientific works enumerate two species of deer, and the natives tell of a third, besides the roebuck termed *kijang*, and three species of mouse deer—if anyone had the heart to kill those exquisite little creatures. Moreover, they are all numerous. Every night in the forest one hears bucks challenging from hill to hill—a pleasant sound if one wake in the misty darkness. Every Dyak house is furnished with a multitude of horns, in place of hooks, to hang weapons on and miscellaneous property. Many of those amiable savages will not eat venison, for fear of digesting a relative unawares; but such as trace their honourable descent from pigs, or alligators, or some other beast, secure as much of it as they want. In fact, there is game enough for a true sportsman in Sarawak—if he could only get at it.

But he cannot—excepting always pigs. The land is a forest, only broken from year to year by new paddy grounds; those used in previous seasons make the worst jungle of all. It might be expected that deer would come to feed on the young crops, but only pigs give serious trouble; more timid animals are scared by the watchers, scenting them at a distance. In any case, however, they would not show themselves in cleared ground till after dark, when the mists rise very dense on those slopes embowered in woods. You may, indeed, have the pleasure of shooting at a deer by daylight occasionally, under guidance of a Dyak, and, if luck be very kindly, you may even bag him. Deer are fond of browsing on the succulent vegetation of new jungle, where the

land has been farmed a year or two ago, and they begin before sunset. It will commonly be a hillside, for the rice the people grow is the variety which loves a well-drained soil. The Dyak leads you betimes into the valley, which is always more or less of a swamp—a tangled wilderness, peopled by all manner of disagreeable creatures. You make peepholes through the leaves, so as to command a view of the opposite slope, and there you crouch, devoured by insects and leeches, unless the Foul Fiend himself should stroll along in the shape of a fire-ant or in some such disguise—when you run howling, cost what it may. The glossy foliage on the hillside reddens as the sun sinks; the shadow of the slope behind you mounts upward. As it climbs, the lower jungle gets curiously blurred. That is the fog creeping among the leaves, colourless vapour as yet.

The Dyak nudges you, and points with cautious finger, and mouths eager whispers unuttered. You strain your eyes. The green waste of shrubs is moving softly; a faint breeze rises at sunset. There is no tree to cast a shadow. The hill is all glistening and bristling. Small leaves flutter and reverse, showing the grey underside. What mortal could see a deer, if one there were, through that quivering veil? But the Dyak frowns and sputters noiselessly. His wild eyes gleam, and the red juice of betel escapes from each corner of his mouth. Rather alarming and quite disgusting is his excitement. But what can he possibly see? Why, the cautious finger points in a new direction—and then back to the old—and twinkles from one to the other! There are two deer yonder, visible to him; and nothing can you detect among the thick-pressed boughs! What duffers, he must think, are these wondrous *Tuan putih* in the jungle!

At length, following the indications, you almost fancy you can distinguish brown sticks moving gently among the green. The Dyak knows before yourself that you can see the nose upon your face—at last!—and his writhings cease, he crouches still as a dog at point, but thrilling with eagerness in every muscle. Softly you lift your rifle. But one cannot fire at a pair of horns! Let us see a head at least. And then the conditions of this shooting strike you. How shall one get a glimpse even of the head when a deer is buried to the frontlet in shrubs and creepers and the crowding growths of new jungle?—unless by happy chance he stretch his neck to the uttermost for a tempting mouthful up above. You must wait for a chance of some sort, evidently—but what are the odds? The Dyak promptly lets you know his opinion. He begins to fume and mouth and point again. Why

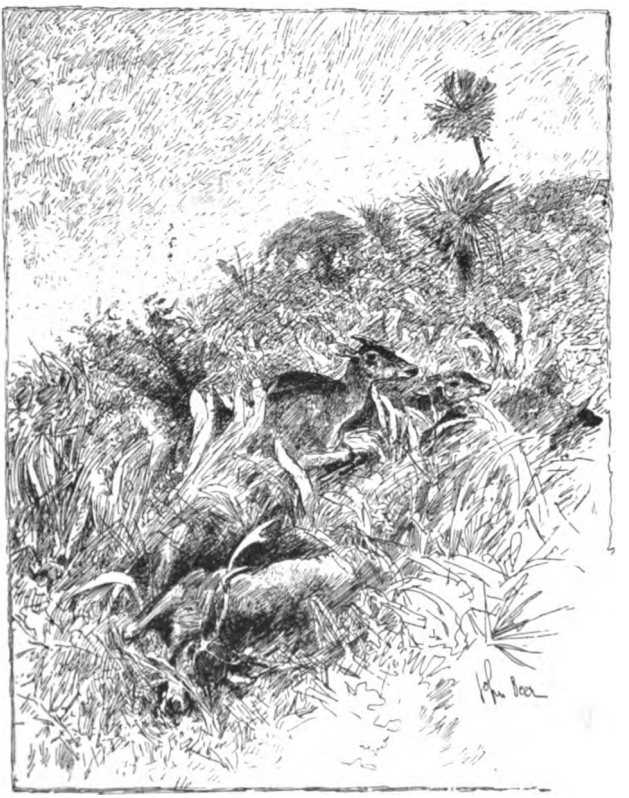
on earth don't you shoot when you see the game? You will see no more than the tips of his horns! Doubtless the fellow understands. So you calculate. The head must be there—the body there! And you fire. The result is such as Heaven wills.

This is not satisfactory shooting, but, such as it is, one cannot enjoy it everywhere. A variety of circumstances must be combined to make it feasible. There are salt-licks which the deer frequent, and two or three of those known are so situated that a

YOU WILL SEE NO MORE THAN THE TIPS OF HIS HORNS

sportsman has a fair chance. I was never in the neighbourhood of these, and I do not remember now why I did not seek them. For the rest, sport in Sarawak is little better than chance. It will happen that a deer shows himself broadside even in such shooting as I have sketched, and by practice a man may learn to judge with precision where the head or shoulder lies when only the horns are visible; but obviously it is guesswork, more or less cultivated. I have looked through the bulky and delightful volumes of Sir Spencer St. John's 'Life in the Forests of the

Far East.' Allusions to deer and game of all sorts are continual. Sir Spencer, I believe, is fond of sport; his gun was always in hand, naturally, on those interesting travels, and he had to use it, for the pot' often enough. But there is only one mention of deer shot in deliberate and business-like fashion. Upon the other hand, pigs are 'a drug.' Anyone satisfied with pork butchery may enjoy himself to the uttermost in Sarawak. Fine



THE RESULT IS SUCH AS HEAVEN WILLS

creatures they are, too, as big, perhaps, as any in the world. Forty inches at the shoulder is not very uncommon; forty-two has been registered. Admiral Keppel protested that a small child could have sat between the jaws of one he shot; and it was no exaggeration when the head measured nearly two feet in length.

It may seem strange that wild boar are bagged so easily. The thickness of the jungle should protect them also. But their habits are different all round. They do not shun clearings or

farm grounds. In especial, they love to forage on the wide, rock-strewn beach, where on a moonlight night a man may kill as many as he could wish. And they go but a few yards into the forest—which lines the beach, of course, like a wall—to sleep through the day. A man may stroll at ease over the beautiful white sand, studded with great boulders which give him most excellent cover for night shooting. I remember those rocks, clothed with fern and palms, as the loveliest bits of picture that ever fell in my way; but that is a detail. While the sportsman wanders thus at large, admiring the scenery if he likes, but keeping eyes and ears open and gun ready, a Dyak or two should be gliding through the jungle, attended by their little curs. Very soon there is a yelp, next instant a worry; the dogs are mute till they see game. The Dyaks are heard shouting and clashing; they want to drive the boar, not to spear him, and their faithful pack cannot understand. You slip behind a boulder or to the shadow of the forest wall. Soon the great red beast appears—stern foremost often enough, for he is making distracted rushes at his foes. They are no match for him in speed, however, when clear of the bush and fairly started on the hard sand. He is off like a racer unless your bullet stop him.

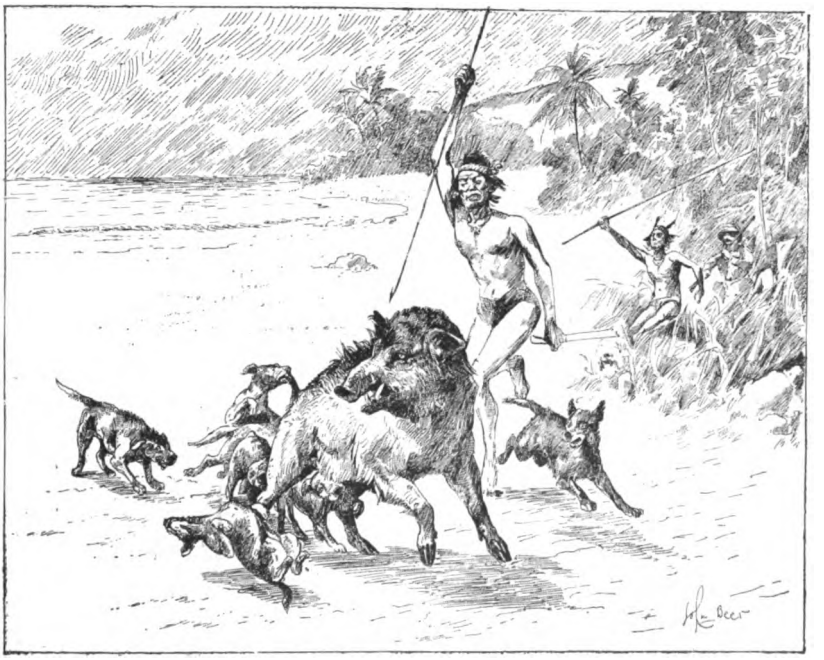
If wounded, an old boar may charge, and it is certainly a test of nerve when the huge brute launches himself at you. I have felt that sensation only once, but it dwells in the memory. But descriptions of a charging boar must be drawn up in cold blood, after the event, according to my experience; all one recognises at the moment is a 'bristling hurricane,' to adopt Professor Wilson's lively figure. The reader may or may not find it consoling to hear that if the little Dyak dogs are at hand there is no danger. With the utmost promptitude they seize the boar's heels, letting go as promptly when he turns, unless their master be within spearing distance; in that case they hold on—which must be the effect of reason, for assuredly neither they nor their forefathers were ever trained.

Pigs may be roused and shot in this manner anywhere, though not with such comfort. The Resident of Bintulu once killed seven before the sun grew hot, and I dare say that number has been doubled. But tramping after game in the bush is awful work. Deer cannot be stopped by these small dogs, for they will not turn upon them.

Under such circumstances, irritated by the bellowing every night and the footprints in all directions, I longed to try native modes of hunting. Nets and nooses may be called unsportsman-

like by those who have no need of such devices; they do not live in the midst of an impenetrable forest.

The Dyaks have many traps always in use; their favourite is one which shoots a spear horizontally when the spring is released. It is set at different heights from the ground, proportionate to the size of the game expected. They bend a young tree like a bow and fix it in place with a catch; fasten a spear to the tip, a rattan to the catch, and stretch the rattan across a 'run' used by pig or deer. The animal touches it, releases the catch, and is transfixed.



WITHIN SPEARING DISTANCE

That sort of thing is effective but not interesting, unless you yourself happen to start the machinery when tramping through the woods. This peril is so serious that a white man never leads the march, and a Malay is very unwilling. Only Dyaks have such confidence in their eyesight as to feel sure they will not miss the danger signal—two small sticks crossed, lying in the path.

But they have great hunts sometimes. For one method they fell trees over a line perhaps a mile in length, choosing a situation which their admirable woodcraft approves. The boughs untrimmed make an abattis. Chiefs and elders conceal themselves along the line, whilst the younger men, in circle, beat as much

ground as they can cover; deer and pigs leap into the abattis and struggle there, to be killed with ease. But the preparations for this sport are long, and the preliminary talking necessary far longer.

Also they set nooses in a row, hanging on a rattan fixed from tree to tree for a space of some hundreds of yards, and beat up to it; but this is not nearly so killing, and all the village must turn out. They are not eager to take so much trouble, commonly.

Netting is the third system, almost as effective as the abattis, and infinitely less laborious. But custom asserts itself here in a singular fashion. One village—'house,' we call it, because the whole population dwells under the same roof—never keeps more than a certain length of netting, 250 yards or so. They could make ten times the quantity in the idle season, after harvest, of one year, without neglecting any of their usual employments; but they say, 'It is not our *adit*.' Thus several villages must unite for a netting enterprise of moment, and again leisurely consultations must be held. The fact is, these pleasant savages love diplomacy, negotiation, public talking, feasting, and drinking—only once in a while the latter—and they will not let an opportunity slip.

I had no time for such ceremonies on my short visits to a 'house.' For a moderate present of tobacco and beads and brass wire the good fellows set up their own morsel of netting and beat. But they were not enthusiastic, knowing there was small chance of success; in fact, several pigs were killed and one *kijang*—roebuck, it may be translated—but they fell to the beaters. But once upon a time, an officer employed in verifying the returns of the 'door-tax' reached a house where I was stopping. This is the single impost levied, and payment of it is the single matter on which Dyaks are not absolutely honest. Even then they will not lie. In this case, there was a serious discrepancy, and when he asked them to arrange a grand netting party, they bustled about with a will. By sunrise next day the young men of our village and of the others interested were streaming off to take up their positions in the forest; and an hour afterwards the chiefs and elders began to arrive with great rolls of netting.

White men assuredly cannot help these masters of woodcraft in such an undertaking, and, for superstitious reasons probably, natives do not like to see them on the ground till all is ready. It was three o'clock, I suppose, before we started, with the Orang Kayas and Tuahs, chiefs of first and second rank, attended by a crowd of their personal followers. They had stripped off their

ornaments mostly, but the favourite son of our host, I remember, persisted in wearing an article which might be called a back-apron of agate beads. Such a chance of displaying his taste and wealth to all the country-side might never recur. It jingled and sparkled at every movement, frightening any game within a hundred yards, no doubt; but then, how it must astonish the humans! When peremptorily ordered to take off the beauteous object, he 'chucked up' the expedition altogether, running home full speed.

After an hour's walk over *batangs* (slippery logs placed end to end which make what they call a path there), and then through uncleared jungle, we found the nets, stretching I know not how far along the foot of a hill. They stood some ten feet high, attached to bamboos firmly planted. At intervals of fifty yards or so little sheds had been built to conceal the sportsmen; for Dyaks have no bows nor throwing spears, and in this part of the country they do not use the blow-pipe. They must be close at hand when game strikes the nets. The largest of these was set at the very end, just where we came out from the jungle; those wonderful savages had led us to the spot as the crow flies after leaving the 'path.' For here they proposed to station both of us.

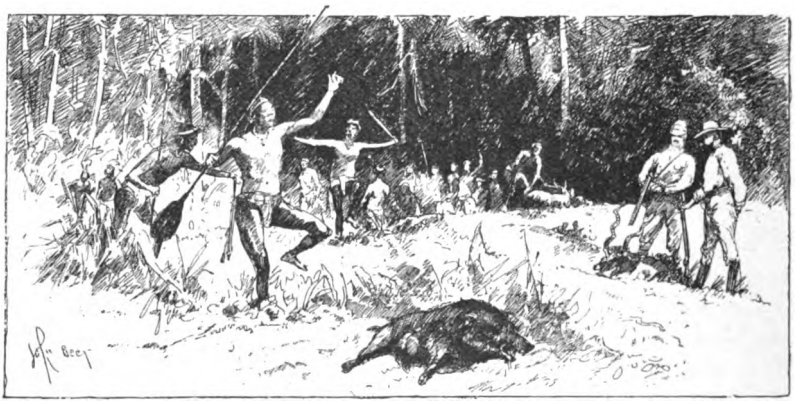
I protested; experience did not tend to convince me that game enough for two rifles would break cover at one spot. The Dyaks said that was the best station, but my comrade observed laughingly that they put us together thus to halve the risk of being shot, and it seemed probable. We agreed to fire only well to our left hand—that is, into the nets—for the danger of accident was manifest. He explained this carefully, but the Dyaks insisted that their only object was to place us in the best situation. In the end he stayed, and I went on perhaps a quarter of a mile up the line.

All this time the clamour of the beaters was resounding, but still distant. It approached very slowly. For an hour, probably, I had been crouching in my hut, and still the beaters were a long way off, when 'bang' went my comrade's gun. I looked out more earnestly.

It should have been explained that the nets were set upon the very edge of *campong* or 'street' jungle—so called because one may stroll through it as easily as in a street—land which has been untouched probably since the making of the world, where trees have reached such a height that few shrubs can live in the shadow. The new jungle, where game lies, sprang abrupt almost as a wall some fifty yards from my station.

A boar emerged from it as I looked, and stood an instant, moving his head from side to side; there were more behind him, for the bushes swayed. I dared not fire. He came out, broke into a trot, and the others showed themselves. At this instant another 'bang'; the pigs stopped, and rushed back squeaking into the jungle.

That was all I saw—and what I heard did not comfort me. As the beaters drew in, they yelled and whooped and clashed the boughs like an army of demons, but I distinguished shouts with a meaning in them and laughter. Several times the nets strained and quivered—an animal was struggling in them not far off. Then I perceived that the huts on either side of me were tenantless; either the Dyaks feared my gun, or else, as I suspected,



SOME OF THEM DANCED

they knew game would not break in that quarter. And H. was blazing away like a musketry squad! In a few minutes more the beaters came out, roaring with laughter in their excitement, waving clubs and swords. Some of them danced, and then they rushed up or down to see the quarry. It was all over. H. had killed two pigs, a deer, and a kijang, and wounded another deer, which was tracked. A good many animals slipped round the edge of the nets. And now the Dyaks explained, too late, that they meant us to shoot back to back, one to look after these cunning brutes!

The little episode came back to memory the other day as I watched a flower of *Cœlogyne pandurata* just opening; I first heard of that marvel the same evening. We went straight from the scene of action to our boats, where servants and baggage

awaited us. The road—one must give things a name—passed through groves of durien and other fruit trees, wild apparently, but in fact each belonging to an owner whose forefathers, half a century ago perhaps, remarked the sapling and proclaimed his discovery. There were many nests of the orang-outang among the boughs—a few sticks for him to sit upon, and a roof to keep him dry. None along our route were occupied. We talked of these creatures.

'I'll tell you an odd thing,' said H. 'One of our fellows up at Banting was asked to shoot some *mias* (orang-outang); they are awfully mischievous to the crops, you know. He fired at one in a big tree, and the brute began throwing down sticks and things as they do. Among the rest he threw down a great lump of orchid, with the most wonderful flower you ever saw—a lovely green, with stripes as black as charcoal. He brought it to Sarawak a week afterwards, quite fresh. The Malays say it is common enough, but none of us had seen it before.'

THREW DOWN A GREAT LUMP OF ORCHID

That, as I learned afterwards, was *Cœlogyne pandurata*. The description is sufficiently exact—one could not exaggerate its beauty. But the black lines are rows of silky hairs, not stripes.

HOW TO ENJOY HUNTING

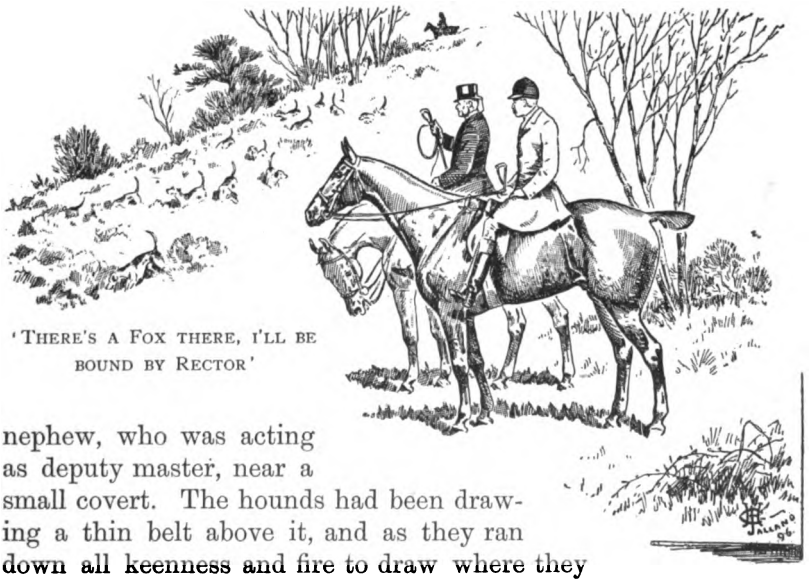
BY THE HON. AND REV. W. R. VERNEY

A PASSAGE in Lord Willoughby de Broke's article on 'Fox-hunting' induced me to think that something more might be said on the above subject, especially as I have managed to enjoy fox-hunting for nearly forty years under circumstances sometimes favourable and sometimes the reverse. If one has the true passion for the chase, one is sure to enjoy it, whether on a real good hunter, a forty-pound screw, or even afoot. There are, of course, helps external and internal which tend to foster and increase this enjoyment, and a few of these I venture to place before my readers.

First of all, to thoroughly 'enjoy fox-hunting' you must understand something about it. The pleasure that a huntsman feels in hunting his own hounds is oftentimes, indeed, tinged with pain; but this only makes the enjoyment greater when it does come. I remember a sportsman being somewhere described as so keen that he loved even the splashes of mud on his boots as he rode to the meet. This is the sort of spirit with which we should embark upon the seas of the glorious chase. A man who loved 'the splashes on his boots' understood, I'll be bound to say, something about hunting. If, like the second horseman who refused to be promoted to the office of second whip, we cannot remember the names of the ''ounds'—and to do so adds greatly to the pleasure, of course—we can at least know the characteristics of the pack we hunt with, notice their drive and dash, and the patience with which they will stoop to a cold scent, &c. Their condition and quality, and the care which is so generally now displayed in their kennel management, should also be objects of our remark. We should, at least in a four-day-a week pack, know whether we are hunting with the dogs or the bitches, which is not by any means universal knowledge. I have

heard that when Lord Willoughby took the Warwickshire up to Ranksborough, by Mr. Baird's invitation, a gentleman hunted with them very contentedly all day, thinking all the time he was out with the Cottesmore; but this seems too good, or too bad, to be true.

There are numberless other points that add much to the enjoyment of hunting—points which, to the uninitiated, are ever a sealed book, but which, to those who have the 'hunting instinct,' that is bred in a man as well as learned, come as simple matters of course. It is well known that very few become really first-class fishermen, or golfers with the true swing, unless they have begun in their early years; and it is the same with hunting. A man may learn to ride well, and ride well to hounds also, which is another pair of shoes, if he has not taken it up quite as a boy; but those who would thoroughly understand, and so thoroughly enjoy, hunting must be entered early and really learn the rudiments. I was standing the other day with my



'THERE'S A FOX THERE, I'LL BE BOUND BY RECTOR'

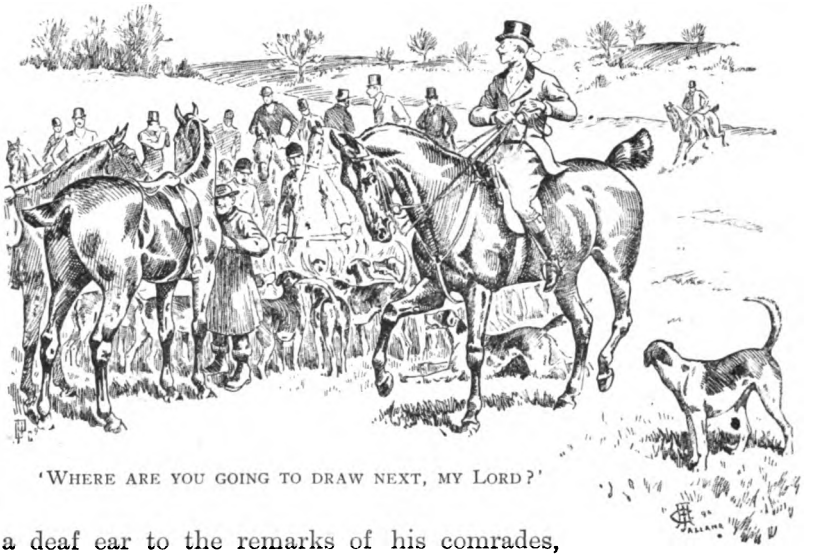
nephew, who was acting as deputy master, near a small covert. The hounds had been drawing a thin belt above it, and as they ran down all keenness and fire to draw where they themselves expected to find, he pointed out the different hounds, and noted their histories or qualifications. 'That is Rector, a keen, fast hound.' 'He wants to have it too much to himself,' I said. 'Never mind,' he answered, 'he's keen and true, and as good-looking as they make them—there's a fox there, I'll be bound by Rector.' 'That light-coloured hound is Gambler: he's a good dog: and that dark tan hound, Traverser, was second at Peterboro', and enters well.' 'Yonder he goes!' as Tom's

holloa sounds from the other side of the brook. 'I said there was a fox there!' and away we dash for the wooden bridge at the corner. This is what adds zest to fox-hunting, i.e. knowledge of the hounds, or, if you cannot have that, knowledge of what they are doing—*instinct*, or whatever it is, either born in or acquired by the young sportsman.

That very day I went round a small covert into which three hounds had taken a stalish line. I noticed a single hound with a line out. One 'Forrad away, forrad away!' and twang twang, twang rings out my young friend's horn as he gallops round the corner; and his 'Thank ye for a good lift!' sent me home the happier on rather a poor day. Mind, you must be careful, young sportsman, not to interfere too much and at the wrong juncture. It is only the privileged who have a general right, and not always they. If everyone were to try to help, the master would '*look very old* under his moustache,' as the Warwickshire saying is; but there are rare times and occasions when, at the end of a long run perhaps, you can render some assistance, and then, if accepted and successful, how proud you feel! Only be quite sure of your ground; be quite certain that the information you give is correct; and don't be vexed if your well-meant advice meets sometimes with rejection, or even with scorn, for think how often the huntsman has been misled by kindly meant but ill-judged assistance, and don't wonder at him if he receives it with some scepticism, in silence, or even promptly rejects it. At the same time the 'Thank ye, sir,' we always got from Charles Orvis was very gratifying, even though he did not always accept the information.

There are, in truth, things far too numerous to be mentioned in a brief article. One of them is the instinctive knowledge which forbears from that tiresome interrogatory, 'Where are you going to draw next?' I remember a year or two ago we had a very sharp run, and killed our fox. Up comes one of these gentlemen, who had been tit-upping along the road and had cut us off, 'Where are you going to draw next, my lord?' 'When I've got my wind and have a look round to see where I am, I'll tell you, sir,' was all the answer he got. I don't think the fox had even been broken up. The way the wind is blowing, the probable run of the fox, the look of the sky, the very dewdrops hanging on the thorn, the jay screaming in the covert, even the startled cry of the blackbird, all these, and such like, are imperceptibly noted by the true lover of the sport. The behaviour of the hounds at a check, the difficulties that then present themselves, the way the huntsman extricates himself from them, his probable cast, the chances he has

of hitting off his fox, all these are problems which naturally at once suggest themselves to him who, having checked his horse at a proper distance, has his eye keenly upon the hounds. He turns



'WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO DRAW NEXT, MY LORD?'

a deaf ear to the remarks of his comrades, which he greets so cheerily at other times; even to the lady who is asking, 'Did you see my brown mare jump that big rail in the corner?' he has not quite so courteous a reply as usual. He is a huntsman for the time being. He may not, indeed, handle the hounds, or utter the magic 'Yo doit!' or 'Yor geot!' without which, it appears, no hounds can be properly cast, any more than a groom can clean a horse without his his-s-s-s-s-s-s-s; but he can be a huntsman in imagination and think which way he would have gone if he had been a fox, what has turned him, and in which direction he would cast. He has one advantage over the huntsman—that no one can criticise his imaginary cast, and if it turns out, as it often does, quite wrong, well, it matters to no one, not much even to himself! Then there is the delight of a good finish; surely that is half the battle. We go out to kill as well as hunt the fox, and the sportsman, well mounted or otherwise, who has managed to struggle up at the end of a good thing in time for the worry, the member of a gallant little band, the only remnants of the hundred or two who started with the hounds, has at all events enjoyed his day's hunting.

Good-bye! far, far o'er the billow of grass there rode the right sort,
But scarce a score heard Lord Willoughby blowing the distant Morte.
(*Annals of the Warwickshire Hunt.*)

What if the journey is long before he can 'get his boots off again'; what if the night is dark and cold? He is sustained by the glorious memories of the chase, and, as he and his friends sit and chat after dinner, they will ride the run over again to their great and mutual satisfaction.

> Just one cigar! blame not if by the fire,
> The brook grows wider, and the rail is higher,
> The distance longer, and the time more short.
> We rode it out, my friends, *and gained our port.*
> (*Annals of the Warwickshire Hunt.*)

The riding home after a real good day, when we have been well carried and been in at the death, is not the worst part of a day's hunting for the true sportsman. Our Warwickshire poet recognises this in one of the immortal stanzas of his greatest of all parodies.

> And at night along the highway, in November dark and chill,
> Saw the lights of Melton shining from the top of Burton Hill.
> Then my spirit rushed before me, and I felt the 'thirty-four'
> Percolating through my system—noble vintage! now no more.

Bay Middleton used to exclaim at those who abused the ride home. 'Why, it passes away the time!' he said, 'and, you come out to ride home again!' And this should be the spirit of him who would thoroughly enjoy foxhunting.

The quotation from the late Bromley-Davenport and the mention of Captain Middleton naturally bring me to the part that riding has to bear on the pleasures of foxhunting, and here my subject might naturally be divided into those who ride to hunt, and those who hunt to ride. There is no doubt that one of the chief delights of foxhunting, if not the chief, comes from the riding part. To thoroughly enjoy foxhunting, not only as a sport but as an exercise, you must be young and active, a fair horseman, and not much troubled with nerves. There is nothing in the world like the gallop of a thoroughbred horse, or any sensation which can compare with fence after fence left behind in safety and peace for others to jump into or scramble over. Nothing can equal the feeling that you are holding your own with the best of the best, with that ecstatic whisper which says to your good horse, in our poet's words again,

> Brave son of Belzoni! be true to thy sires,
> Sustain old traditions, remember you're leading
> The cream of the cream in the shire of the shires.
> (*Ranksborough Gorse.*)

When the others are stopping, and you are still going on, the hounds in front, fleeting like winged gulls o'er the grassy sea, a few good fellows by your side, twenty more striving all they know to catch you!—the huntsman has long ago ceased to adjure you not to override his hounds, in fact he is reserving his breath for his own efforts—you feel the old mare is still galloping strong between your knees. She knows as well as you do that it is a something out of the common. The blood of the desert is up, she would die in her tracks rather than fail you, and yet you are saving her every inch you know. Man and horse are one; you

FOR OTHERS TO JUMP INTO OR SCRAMBLE OVER

will face her at everything in reason, and everything in reason she will take—if you can hold out twenty minutes more, there will only be three with the hounds. Two fields off there may be a few struggling on, and one habit out of two score may still be flaunting in your rear, but this is all. Surely this is something that makes life worth living. Ah!

> We have lived, we have loved, we have spoken
> Hot words that set hearts on a glow,

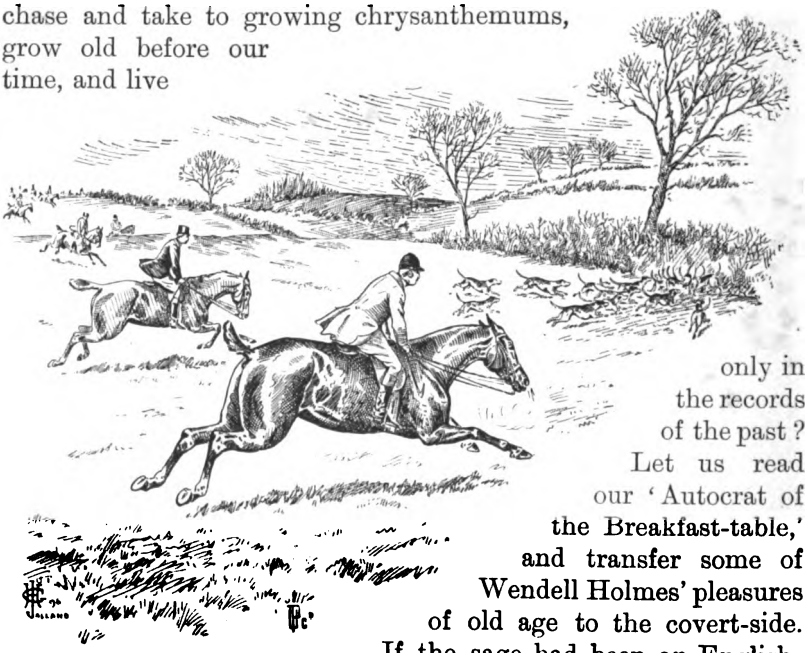
but to-day we have hunted, we have had a good place, we have been in sight of the hounds all the way, and we know that there

is nothing like a real good ride, and a real good finish, to make you enjoy foxhunting and life. Who-whoop! they have him now, and, as you stand off your horse in the narrow but charmed circle around the baying pack, and watch your comrades come panting in with excuses, regrets, or congratulations, you would not change places with the Emperor of all the Russias.

But we must alter the slide,

Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.

We can't all ride thoroughbred hunters in the first flight. We are often, too, like the hapless Vicar who was summoned before Bishop Wilberforce to give an account of his doings. 'We are very seldom in the same field with the hounds.' Our families are too long, or our purses are too short, to allow of our being mounted as we should like to be. Time, that relentless sportsman, begins to have his say, and we could not ride with the same zest as when we put that Oxford hack along, or rode that forty-pounder in a position which his merits but not his price or appearance may have justified. Are we then to give up the chase and take to growing chrysanthemums, grow old before our time, and live only in the records of the past? Let us read our 'Autocrat of the Breakfast-table,' and transfer some of Wendell Holmes' pleasures of old age to the covert-side. If the sage had been an Englishman, I think he would have substituted a hunter for an outrigger, and a day's hunting twice or three times a week for the more or less



A REAL GOOD FINISH

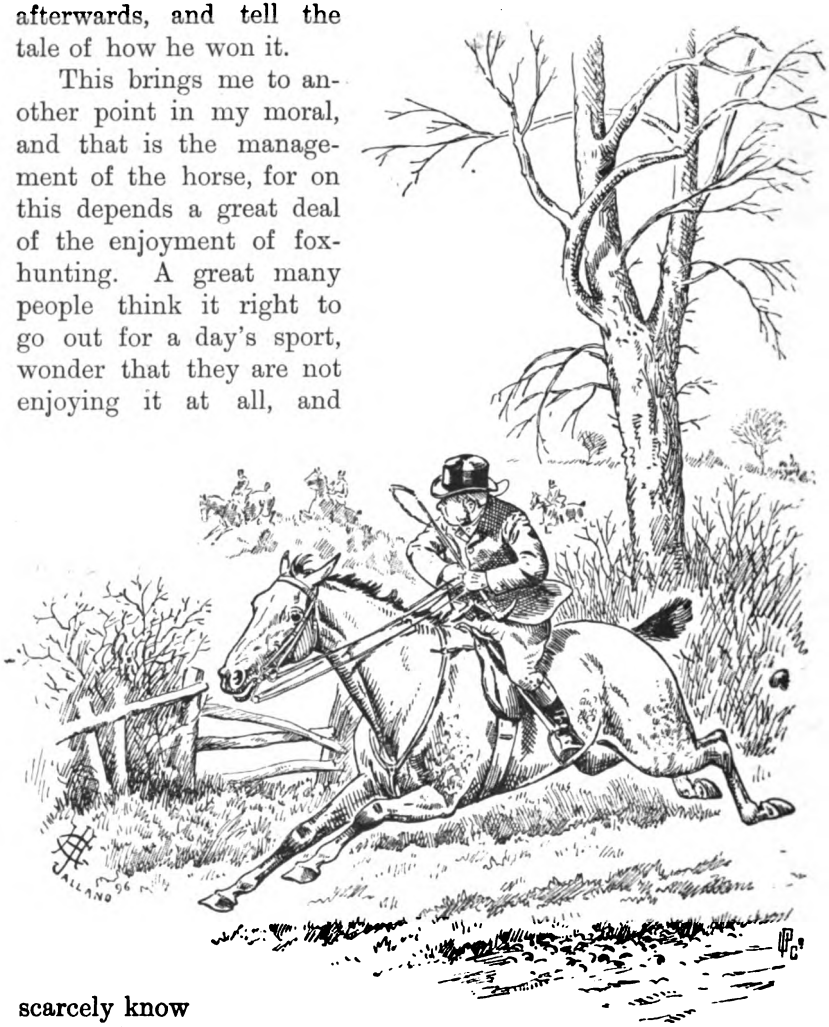
monotonous spin on the river. Let us get out hunting whenever possible, and, even if we can no longer be in the front rank, let us see what we can and enjoy all we may.

There are our friends to meet, the cheery greeting, the pleasant converse, the fresh, open air, the delicious scent of the woods, the acquisition, if of nothing else, of appetite and health. Now is the time to put our early training to the proof, and to see whether we have learned anything in our long experience of hunting. Even if the nerve be a little failing, the eyesight not quite so keen, and the grip scarcely so firm, there are yet days when we can ride a bit, and in a sufficiently forward place to thoroughly enjoy ourselves, while, if it comes to our ranking lower down still, and we are obliged, 'nolentes, volentes,' 'letting I dare not wait upon I would,' to join the rear rank, the skirting division, those who have been rather inaptly described as 'the vultures of the chase,' let us make the best of a bad job and get all the fun we can out of the day. I was told the other day rather a good story of a friend of mine, who is a very good sportsman, but not a very hard rider. He went out for a change with her Majesty's Hounds, as they met near his residence. The deer started one way, and the hounds and the field after him. My friend, not liking a crowd, went the other way, and got up in the old Bath road. For some reason or other the deer turned suddenly back, and ran for more than six miles parallel to the road. My friend, who, like Jorrocks, 'was not afraid of the pace when there is no leppin',' kept him well in sight, and when he saw the pack were about to set their quarry up turned down through some fields, and was up about third, having thoroughly enjoyed his run. The natural question was, 'How did you get here?' the equally natural answer to a rather impertinent question, 'On my horse, of course.'

We are all acquainted with the middle-aged gentleman who never jumps a fence, but knows his way about, has a good idea of the run of a fox, an instinctive memory for gates and gaps and lanes. He always gets up some time. If after the worry, he is pleased; if before the worry, he is delighted. He always has some good tale to tell, and a kind word for everyone, farmer and labourer included. He is a great favourite with the ladies, who often trust themselves to his pilotage. He has no anxieties as to whether his horse will run away, or fall at a fence, or kick him off, or souse him in a brook, or lay on him the other side of some stiff timber. He enjoys his hunting in his own way, and he means to; and why not? Like 'Mr. Stubbs' of historic renown, he often does not go out of a hand canter, but he always has a

pleasant ride, and his only trouble is when, as very rarely happens, hounds run clean away from him, and he has to go home without being able to record in his diary, or recount at the dinner-table, where they went and what they did. He will lose some of his enjoyment, because he will not be able to show the pad ten years afterwards, and tell the tale of how he won it.

This brings me to another point in my moral, and that is the management of the horse, for on this depends a great deal of the enjoyment of fox-hunting. A great many people think it right to go out for a day's sport, wonder that they are not enjoying it at all, and



'NOT AFRAID OF THE PACE WHEN THERE IS NO LEPPIN'

scarcely know why it is. I could tell them the reason. They are not like the Duke of Portland. The horse is master of them, and they are not Master of the Horse. I maintain that the average sportsman (there are exceptions, of course, men like Captain A., or Mr. B., or Lord C.) cannot be

quite happy or comfortable when the horse takes, or tries to take, him where he likes, and the rider is a partner in a limited company with very little share in the management. A great many people who don't enjoy hunting are over-horsed. 'It's a complaint I should like to catch,' say some of my readers, 'and I would soon cure it!' but is it not true? We all know one or two in every hunt who would get on better if they had a horse or two fewer, brought the others out more frequently, and so had them more under control. They would be able to choose their place in the run better; they could take a front seat, a middle seat, or a back seat just as they pleased. They would not get so tired, or feel so worn out by three o'clock. We should not hear those anxious exclamations, 'Please, sir, let me come, my horse won't wait!' Even a gate might occasionally be held for a lady, or some little courtesy done by dismounting, which a horse half mad from freshness makes impossible.

I need not go now into the long controversy on bitting. For all ordinary purposes we know the plain snaffle and curb are the best bits, but there are horses who, in the hands of a weak man, require a stronger controller. I have a liking myself, which I know is not generally shared, for a gag; but whatever the bit, I maintain that an ordinary middle-aged sportsman cannot enjoy himself if he has to go the pace his horse likes, and where his horse likes; he knows, indeed, where he began his ride, but does not know where he will end it. There is no pleasure in this. To 'enjoy hunting,' again, we should be warm. There is a picture of an host starting for the meet with his friend, who is not accustomed to hunting, and is rather insufficiently clad. 'I am afraid the gentleman will be cold.' 'The 'oss 'll keep him warm, sir,' is the answer. The friend, as is often the case, has been put on the rough one of the stable. How well we know the invitation, 'Come over, and dine and sleep, and ride the young horse to-morrow. He will carry you like a bird'! All dinner-time the praises of the young horse are still being sung. At the close of the smoking-room symposium the first note of warning is struck. 'You must go a little slow with the young horse when the ditch is to you. He's only just come from Ireland, and he doesn't quite understand those fences.' The next morning at breakfast: 'I wouldn't ride the young horse at too stiff timber, because he's rather apt not to get up. You see he's only just come from Ireland.' And so it goes on. On the way to the meet, instead of feeling warmer you grow colder on a cold morning, for you gradually discover that the young horse has never been out hunting

before but once, and then he nearly broke young Driver's neck. It is this trifling occurrence, indeed, which has earned you the doubtful pleasure and honour of a ride on him.

Still, the worst plan of all in enjoying hunting is to anticipate evil. Grief comes fast enough without meeting it half way.

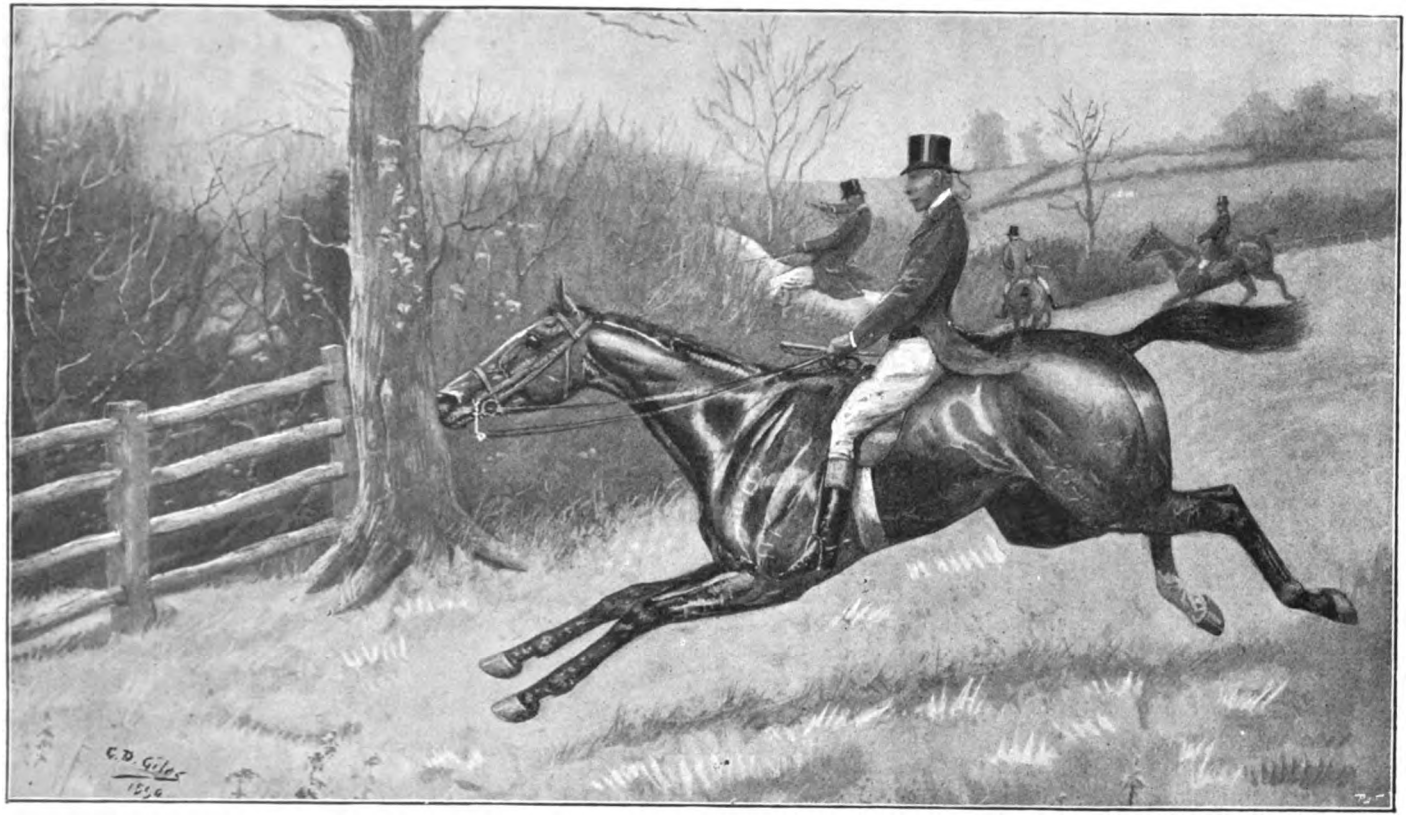
Jaeger underclothing, a good flannel-lined coat and waistcoat ditto, Bedford cord breeches, a pair of woollen gloves under each horse's saddle-flap, a low hat in a wind, a couple of cigars carried loose in a pocket made specially for them high up on the waistcoat, and some port in the flask, not carried in the pocket, but on the saddle, and you need not be afraid of being cold.

Finally, to enjoy hunting we must be in time for it. It is a

Too Late

strange thing that people will spend a lot of money, uproot themselves perhaps from their own home comforts, settle in a strange country, spend a thousand or two in buying horses, and a lot of money in groom's wages, forage, &c., and then day after day run the risk of missing their sport by arriving late for it. There is a sort of excitement, indeed, in being late, and then just catching up the hounds in time, but it ill compensates for the intense disappointment and chagrin caused by the loss of one or two of the best things of the season; and it is often the best thing that one misses when late through a good fox breaking at once on a good scenting day.

Then again, to enjoy hunting, we must, like Mr. Surtees, be able to see the humorous side of things. Life is a grand, a noble, a glorious gift; but I do not think we were meant to pass through it with 'our heads always under our wings,' or as if we

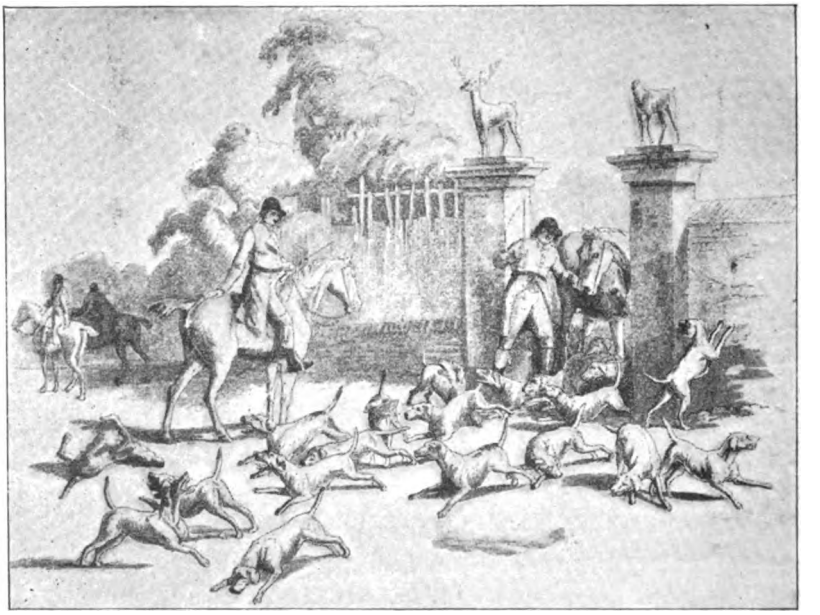


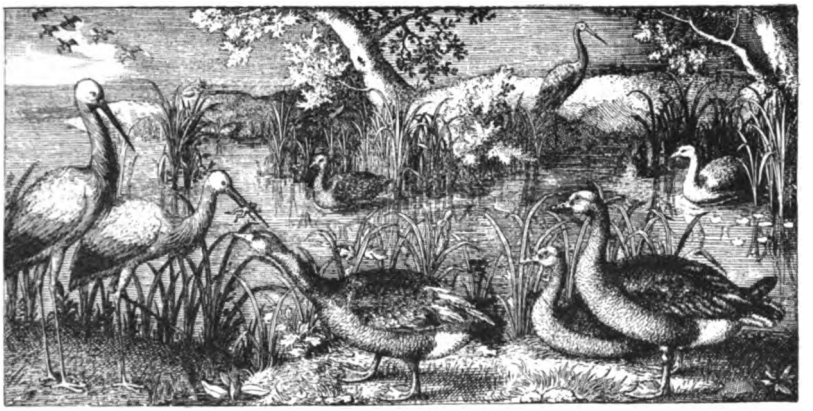
A MOST ENJOYABLE DAY

were anticipating continually the inevitable funeral. I borrow this story from my collaborateur in 'The Annals of the Warwickshire Hunt,' and shall use it, with your permission, as a kind of advertisement. The regiment of Yeomanry Cavalry of which I have the honour to be the hon. chaplain had just mounted. Sir Charles Mordaunt, who was troop-leader, noticed some confusion in the ranks, and looked round to see the cause. He overheard a yeoman saying to his comrade, 'Dang it, William, I shall be horf; you've got your foot in my stirrup!' Comical incidents like this are constantly happening in the hunting field, and he must be a dull sportsman indeed who does not get some enjoyment out of them.

I think I have given my readers some of my best tips how to enjoy hunting. If I have spoken too much of myself I hope they will forgive me. I have said nothing new, and have written chiefly, indeed, for the young sportsman, or for him who has taken to it later in life. And these, I hope, I may have slightly helped 'to enjoy their foxhunting.'

Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.





MOUFLON IN CORSICA

BY DAYRELL DAVIES, LATE R.N.

SNIPE-SHOOTING from Cagliari, or Mouflon when we got to Ajaccio: such was the option, and we plumped for the latter, bitterly lamenting the sniping all the same. Times were not quite so hard then in the Channel Fleet as they are now; and having orders to remain handy to our fellow-squadron up the Straits, in case of emergency, we wanted to make the most of this island cruise which was thus an exceptional one. Passing over our stay at Cagliari, and the rather poor bag of snipe made by the energetic gunners of the fleet considering the enormous expenses entailed in their acquisition, we were soon busily employed through the British Vice-Consul at Ajaccio arranging our own expedition after bigger game.

That consular worthy, like most others in the Mediterranean, tried hard to negative our plans on the plea of brigands. The mountain districts around Corte were full of banditti, 'malviventi,' he called them, or, as the Jewish boatmen at Salonica styled them, 'mauvais gens.' Even now the gendarmes were in full pursuit of two brother chiefs, Riffliri by name. They were still at large in the heavy forests of beech and pine that decorated the gorges of Monte Rotondo.

All this correspondence was officially submitted to our Commander-in-Chief, soon after anchoring at Ajaccio, and up went a

signal, warning officers applying for leave on no account to quit the vicinity of the port without obtaining special permission from the local authorities. Our difficulties were consequently doubled; but after much diplomatic intervention and waste of valuable time, we obtained from 'le brave Général' in command a small guard for our quasi-protection, to escort us as far as Corte.

Our duties arranged, leave was speedily granted, saddle-bags, luncheon-basket, canteen, rugs and rifles were soon packed, and taking with us a small tortoise tent, we were carted ashore in the beef-boat, and the gear was soon slung on the saddletrees. These be-forked the sore backs of sundry ill-conditioned mules and ponies provided by our contractor. Choosing the likeliest looking prads for saddle use we soon formed into line, and were under way. The procession of animals and muleteers, officers and mounted police, rattled over the rough pavement of the little streets of Ajaccio, thereby causing much amusement to the Franco-Italian population at their daily toil.

A worse road for travelling it would be hard to invent, but good mules make little of that: I have climbed the marble slopes of Pentelicon, Parnes, and honeyed Hymettus, and even scaled Pelion itself to its uttermost summit, proving that nothing short of a sheer precipice will bring up any right-minded mule.

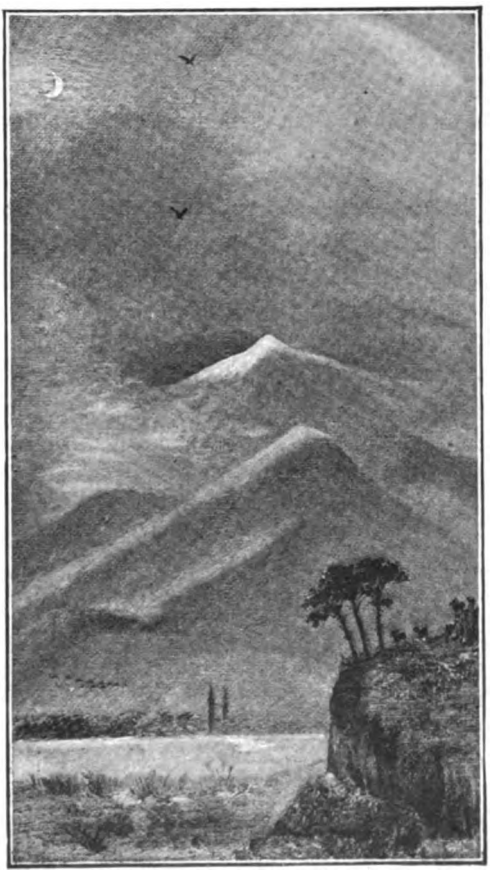
We arrived in good time at the little village of Bocognano, ten leagues out, on the left bank of the torrent river Gravone. There, selecting a small plateau for camping on, a brazier was soon lit and our supper cooking, which somewhat softened the 'Jack ashore' kind of feeling that man and beast had had quite enough for the first day. Ulysses it was who so pathetically lamented the want of condition of all seafaring men!

The mules and ragged little ponies (the latter barely twelve hands at the shoulder) were securely tethered to leeward of the tent, and did not materially assist our slumbers: they stamped and kicked from dark till dawn on the granite rock over which our rugs were spread, and this tattoo formed as effective a réveille at daybreak as could the five marine drummers we had left on board.

A cup of grateful cocoa and milk, a couple of Oliver biscuits and potted meat, and we started on our track through a drizzling mist, which did not enliven the road and partly obliterated the glorious scenic view. The prospect of game ahead, however, kept us all in buoyant spirits, and the stumbling cavalcade had all their work cut out to stick to their wet saddles over such a route. We paused for a hurried lunch at Vivario village,

and then bravely lasted out the twenty-five long miles from Bocognano to our destination.

Dense forests of chestnut and beech, with occasional heavy groups of *Pinus altissima*, added their sombre colouring to the deep shadows of the mountain gorges. Having left the olive-trees and cork woods far below we came to patches of *macchie* (or *macquia*), consisting of straggling bogus heather often six feet high, splendid cover for red-leg, coveys of which were flushed more than once by the way. A few brace of these were shot for the pot, but their flesh was so tainted with the taste of the arbutus berry on which they had fed, that it required the undeniable appetite only obtained by hard exercise in the mountain air to enjoy our *perdrix de montagne*. Several more that had 'left their life in the air' were lost in the brush, as we had no dog to gather them.



Our path led us across the mountain torrents of Vecchio, Restonica, and Tavignano, and we then caught distant glimpses of Monte Rotondo in all its rugged beauty. The wildness of its granite gorges and densely timbered slopes defies description. More than twice the height of Ben Nevis, Monte Rotondo is the apex of the ridge which forms the central vertebræ of the island, and from it innumerable spurs radiate to the coast in all directions.

To the southward of Monte Rotondo (9,100 feet), along the valleys of the Punto della Cappella, Monte d'Oro, and Dell'

Incudine, lay our best chance at the sturdy little *Ovis Musimon*; and if they failed in providing sport for us there, we were to shift camp and migrate to the west, to Monte Tavolato, and the crystal sources of the Golo river.

A dish of speckled trout was rarely wanting to complete our mid-day meal. These fish were common to most of the mountain streams, and what could not be reached by hand from under the bank fell easy victims to an improvised spurt-net, worked by our old marine servant, our factotum at all up-country expeditions. With four badges and good-conduct medal the love of all sport was so engrained within his blue serge tunic that he made the cleverest poacher we ever fell in with, and many the wrinkle he taught us!

We were fairly fagged before arriving at the little albergo at Corte, recommended to our notice by our friend the Consul. The hostess, a handsome Italian Beltenebrosa, received us most effusively, and laid herself out to make us as comfortable as circumstances would admit. Beds were clean, and food well cooked, if we cared to remain; but what was more to our taste, she guaranteed to keep us supplied in the commissariat department throughout our stay in the mountains, and anywhere within the limit of twenty miles' radius of Corte.

A good night between the blankets went far towards restoring weary muscles; then, after a hearty breakfast, we climbed to the citadel overhanging the town, and called upon the Commandant, who we found was *toujours la politesse* exemplified. He would not look at our *permis-de-chasse* or passports; made a joke of the necessity of requiring officers to fill up such red-tape documents, with their *signes particuliers, et signature de porteur*, and after offering us excellent cigars and a glass of mellowed Ogliastra wine (captured from a brigand band by his own gendarmes), he showed us over the quaint old fort, and told us it had been built by Vincentello d'Istria himself, five hundred years ago.

Placing a small squad of cavalry at our disposal, should we require them, he sent for a hunting goatherd, who knew more about the *caccia grossa* or *Mufli* than anyone to be found at Corte; and he further hoped our stay would enable us to dine with him, and sample a fine haunch of Mouflon venison, just six years old and weighing thirty pounds.

Our piqueur, kindly sent us by the gallant General, was called Carlos, and thoroughly up to his work did he prove. Baffled by the cunning of a herd more than once in our presence,

he was never really at a loss how to act, and his decision about their habitat invariably turned out correct.

To the Lac de Pinosa we were to shape our course south-west from Corte, and then either to the Lac de la Garia, in the vicinity of which a large herd had been bred, or thence along the chain of hills towards the Lac de Nino. These lakes or reservoirs form the source of the Rio Tavignano and other streams running both east and west to the sea. Thence we proposed to go on to Monte Artica, if sport was still scarce, to hunt the hills at the head of the Rio Grosso. Carlos altered the plans previously drawn up by Paolo—our original guide, and a very capable one, moreover—on the ground that his fellow pastorali had been feeding their goats to the south, and had disturbed such herds of these shy animals as usually grazed over that district. By heading south-west, we could either follow them southward on the original plan, or turn to the north, and try the undisturbed mountain chains to the west and north-west of Corte. The Mufli fed so close that they left scant pasturage for even such coarse feeders as these mountain flocks. But friendly goatherds, to whom we gave our broken meat, a handful of cigars, and a bottle or two of Faviana wine, asserted that the Mouflon were still feeding on the very ground Carlos had selected for our chasse.

We found our first lot of seven, led by an old ram, feeding on the Plateau of Pinosa, half-way up Monte Rotondo on a spur to the south-west. Far below to the westward stretched the silver torrent of the Restonica, skirted by pine forest and dark groves of ilex. With the wind from south there was little chance of a 'fishtail' declaring our approach, and this was most cautiously effected up the old bed of a recent snowdrift, which had deeply scored and furrowed the mountain-side in its descent from the peaks above. A powerful telescope indicated the position of our quarry, moving on the edge of a patch of heather, which frequently hid them from our view. All but the old ram were feeding in a restless, shifty manner; he was perched on an overhanging ledge intently watching the valley below, so stolid a sentry he might well have been stuffed, and his colour exactly harmonised with the weather-beaten crag he was poised on. We arranged to separate our forces and attempt to stalk, leaving one gun to intercept the herd if they broke away for the valleys below the Lac de la Garia, where the goatherds declared they were bred.

Armed with a light ·380 Express, throwing in this instance a

solid bullet, D—— was to make a long détour to the northward, and over that shoulder of the mountain immediately behind the herd, while E—— remained to watch events, and to select a favourable point from which to take them if they passed. On no account was E—— to move until the animals were in motion. In less than an hour D—— had arrived within 300 yards of the herd, and the breeze remaining steady, all seemed so far satisfactory. The ground, however, on this side of the plateau was particularly barren, and the *macchie* so sparse that no further approach was possible. The ram's quarter was only visible, but through the glasses the heads of two ewes could be seen.

Waiting patiently for them to move was an act of considerable self-denial; but there was nothing else to be done. Whilst recovering our wind we were rapidly maturing a plan for reaching a big stone rather closer to them, but that entailed a short burst in the open. Gradually they fed on out of sight, and crossing the wind were soon at the edge of the plateau under which E—— was ensconced with his sporting Martini. The ram meanwhile forsook his post, and hurriedly pushed on after the rest. D—— followed them with the glasses till they were hidden from sight, and calculated that unless E—— had changed his ambush, he was fairly certain to obtain a shot. And so it proved. Once out of sight over the ridge, we returned the glasses to their case, quietly trailed arms, and crawled best pace after them.

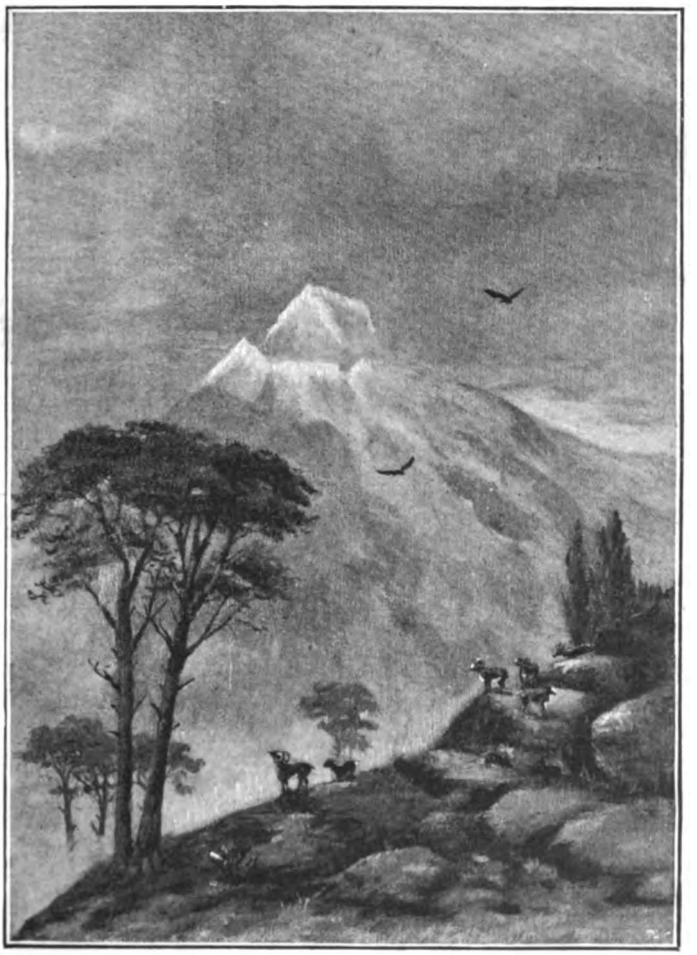
They passed well within eighty yards of E——, who had a three-quarter frontage to aim at; but his sight was too high; passing over the back of the leader, the bullet struck Mufli number two in the throat, and over he went.

As the shot reached them, they all paused for one brief moment; then, wheeling on their tracks, they broke into a hurried gallop, and before a second shot could be directed, their white sterns were out of sight in the *macchie*, on the very line Carlos had told us they would take.

E—— was annoyed to see the best head vanish at the tail of the flock, but we soon dissipated that cloud by reminding him we had had no shot at all, and that in spite of three hours' patience and hard climbing. The buckhorn sight of his rifle had been substituted by the armourer for the usual flap sights, and like the service weapon whose cartridge it took, it threw high at short ranges.

One rarely raises the sight at 200 yards for target practice; in fact, the V notch has frequently to be filed to reach the 'Bull.' 'Wants coming down yet,' our chief gunner's mate used to say

when coaching a team, and nine-tenths of the shots were recorded on the upper half of the target. There is no fear of dropping at that range with a service rifle, or indeed at any other up to 400 yards; after that, light and wind become important details to a first-class marksman, and well he knows it. The young ram



OUR FIRST LOT OF SEVEN

E——had shot had caught the ounce bullet in the throat, close up under the chin, and like most neck shots, this had done its work effectively. Head shots and shoulder shots, though better placed, are not always so destructive.

Carlos stoutly refused to clean our sheep, and thereby waste

the best part of him, as he expressed it. Tying all four legs together, he slung the sturdy little ram over his back, reeving the head through its legs, and carried it thus with hardly a spell by the way for at least five long miles into camp. It weighed 73 lbs. The marine bombardier then turned butcher, a rating he had held on the south-east coast, so he said, and tricing it up with a spare halter to the low branch of an ilex, he skinned and dressed it, till it resembled those carcases of choice home-fed that so disfigure the scenery of our streets at home.

The skin we saved; the skull we boiled in the stock-pot—both for future preservation; but the head was too small to gratify our heart's desire. Our ardour was only increased by the recollection of the larger head we had lost.

Hope stands out well ahead of memory, especially where the chase is concerned. *Vires acquirit eundo* applies equally to one's condition morally or physically. Mountain air and well-exercised limbs combine to give that elasticity of feeling and springiness of foot completely wanting in the life of a recluse. The harder you work the stronger you grow is a true maxim for a healthy *régime*. If Diogenes, instead of grumbling, coiled up in his tub, had put it to the test, he would have felt ten years the younger for doing so. Ay, and twenty! No cloud of sorrow can obscure the bright sunshine of healthy sport. *Horas non numero nisi serenas.*

Our camp was situated at the edge of a clump of pine-trees at least 120 feet high. A babbling trout stream, tearing its noisy way through this 'palisade of pines' *en route* for the sea, ran within stone-throw of the tent. Paolo called it just fifteen miles from Corte. The goatherds returned shortly after sunset, driving a large flock of goats and a few black sheep before them to the neighbouring *bergeria*. We bought some fresh milk, a loaf of chestnut bread, and some goat's-milk cheese by way of starting our nomad acquaintance. Later on we returned their call, and were welcomed to their Cyclopean huts. These were built centuries ago, to judge from their pre-Adamite appearance. The men gave us most encouraging reports of the game to be found in that immediate vicinity.

Our plans we arranged overnight. Two more days were to be spent at our present hunting grounds, and unless sport proved exceptionally attractive, we were then to shift camp to the head of the Grosso river, which runs west to the sea.

The goatherds were always advocating a general drive for Mouflon, pig and deer, and they volunteered to act as beaters; but personally we had little faith in their capabilities, and we

compromised matters by settling to stalk the first day and suffer the drive on the second.

Next morning broke gloriously; the air a trifle keen perhaps, at an altitude of 6,000 feet, but allowing no sluggard to lie abed. Daybreak found the old bombardier pounding coffee beans, and diffusing a delicious aroma at the mouth of the tent by roasting them. *Café à la Turque* he had learnt to concoct from an *Allah-Bismillah-chok-borda* guide of ours in the Levant, and right well he did it. A midshipman christened it 'café au lait without any milk in it,' but as he was nursed by the old bombardier in his night-watch at sea, he had to swallow his whack, grounds and all. 'Meat and drink to him,' as the old corporal described it. Better stuff to work on does not exist when properly made; but as tinned cocoa and milk is more portable, and so readily mixed, it is generally preferred on expeditions of this sort.

This time D—— started ahead with his marine attaché, the latter carrying his own service Martini at the 'slope.' E—— was to proceed until the next gorge further on was reached, and this, accompanied by Carlos, he was to work up to a finish. We trusted that such animals as each party might disturb would break in a direction favourable to the other.

A very exciting bit of hunting was the result. Searching the gorges below with powerful field-glasses, D—— discovered a herd of eleven Mufli, lying at the edge of a patch of long heather. They were under the guidance of a grand old ram, lighter in colour than the first that had been shot, and decidedly larger. His fine circular horns made him conspicuous, although he had delegated his post as sentry to an old ewe. We left the marine on the peak from which we had first seen the herd, with orders to keep them in sight in case they shifted—his capabilities as a signalman had frequently been tested afloat. The difficulty was to work his glass cleverly enough to keep them in view through the *macchie*, should they sight me, or get a sniff of E—— and his odoriferous pilot. (Carlos lived on garlic.) It was by no means an easy job to keep the leader in sight, threading his way amongst the tall heather scrub through which he was feeding. Dodging in and out, particularly when suspicious of danger, he would seek the friendly shadows of some granite tor, amongst which it was frequently impossible to see him while keeping oneself concealed.

Doubling to the right, we ran for a closer ridge which would overlook their position, and be still to leeward; but luck was against us a second time. A grisly old sow was snouting about under a fruitful ilex, and almost concealed by its shade. Just

wide of the line I was taking she winded me at once, and giving an angry grunt of fear and rage, scuttled off for the very hillside on which the Mouflon were resting.

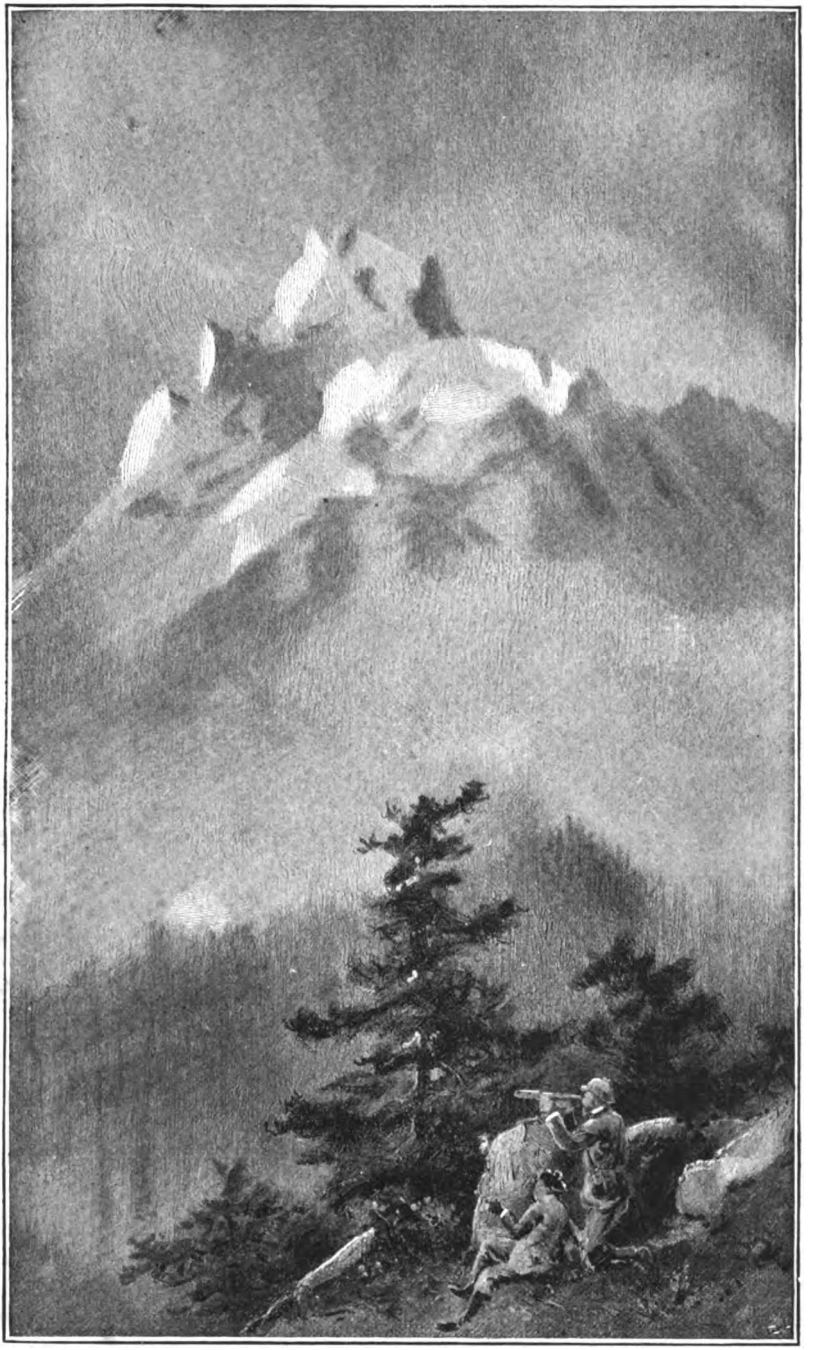
Our game was up! we took in defeat at a glance; but, trusting that the angle at which the old brute was crossing would not define our position with accuracy, we bolted back to a friendly clump of brushwood, down wind of the herd; then crawling to its edge, lay the rifle down loaded, and watched proceedings with a beating heart.

The hurried dodging of the pig from cover to cover and rock to rock instantly attracted the old ewe's attention. Springing to their feet simultaneously at her warning whistle, the herd closed up round their leader and remained motionless, but appeared thoroughly alarmed and on the *qui vive*.

This preparatory signal was taken in, as soon as made by the old soldier at his post. Judging his distance to a nicety, he rested his rifle on a cleft of rock, and fired into the brown of them. The bullet splintered the rock just short of the ram, then quite 500 yards from him, the ricochet screamed past their heads, and the hum of the bullet was wafted to me almost with the sound of the report. One headlong rush as they broke into line, and they raced for the mouth of the gorge not a hundred yards from where I was hidden. Sitting up in the high scrub, I barely had time to drop the glasses and snatch up the rifle before they were on me.

The first shot allowed too much for 'speed of the enemy,' and the bullet kicked up a cloud of granite dust close in front of the leader's nose. One more shot would be the last, at the pace they were going. Puzzled by the presence of fresh danger ahead, they eased their speed, and broke abroad in a wild state of confusion. That moment's hesitation in deciding their course cost the leader his life. Ping! came another round from the distant corporal at almost 800 yards, distance being no object to him, and the ricochet struck the face of a ledge alarmingly close to my position. By that time I had reloaded, and steadying my wrist over the left knee, the little ·380 sent its hardened bullet into the very centre of the ram's chest. Raked fore and aft, he tumbled forward on his face, and the rest of the herd disappeared like a flash up the neighbouring gulley.

I then semaphored our marine to close. The signal was affirmed by a wave of his cap, and, lighting a cigarette, I sat down by the ram to await his coming. He was as pleased as I was over the shot, but quite thought his second round had had something to say to it; and it was only on returning to camp that he proved



SEARCHING THE GORGES BELOW

to his own dissatisfaction that the bullet he cut out of the back had never been extracted from the Government quarter-case while the detachment were under his charge at musketry.

The pace at which Mouflon travel in the open contrasts strangely with their calm and deliberate action when negotiating a precipice. Then each animal behaves with punctilious etiquette, whatever the demoralisation the herd may be undergoing from quick-firing guns above or below. Their speed is adapted to the pace of their leader, and no hustling whatever takes place, as they collect all their energies, and show a complete disregard for precipices. Taking their leaps quietly from ledge to ledge, with truly wonderful precision, each in its turn springs into the vacated place of its immediate predecessor, be the course up or down, sideways or on the flat. Every member of the flock awaits its turn motionless, implicitly following his leader until he brings them to a place of safety, inaccessible alike to dogs or men. Even to the lambs as soon as weaned this gift is imparted, and never yet have I seen one come to grief.

The skins were pegged out that evening under a tree, and well rubbed with wood ashes for temporary preservation. Several of the *pastorali* gentlemen wore *ruc-sacs* made from goatskins. The skin being turned inside out from the neck, after the head is cut off, no further incision is necessary. A fathom of leathern thong, threaded through the throat, forms the mouth of the *sac*. Two toggles of wood are let into the hind legs at the knee, and two straps sewn to the fore legs serve for braces, which slip over the shoulders and button to the toggles.

Next day we put in some hours' driving to please the *pastorali*, but it resulted in the usual *fiasco*; want of organisation, and bad beating, made us no match for animals that had been educated by incessant pursuit. The survival of the fittest keeps the stock select, and no ordinary strategy is capable of competing with such development of cunning.

Fortunately for the preservation of this shy animal, no wolves or predatory wild beasts exist, and man alone takes a hand at the game of extermination. The native slays with absolute recklessness, and even destroys the poor little ewe heavy with young; for the herds graze on all the best pasturage required for the flocks, and leave nothing behind them. No sooner are the lambs dropped than they are hunted and killed by the savage dogs of the fold, backed up by their masters. The odds are long in favour of the biped, and were it not that Nature's kindly aid enables them to conceal their young in caves, and amongst the awful precipices

they inhabit, they would long ago have ceased to exist on the rugged little Island of Corsica.

We saw more rams than ewes through our glasses during our chasse, and the proportion of slain was as seven to one. On the arrival of our piqueur from Corte, with two mule-loads of fresh provisions and two huge demi-johns of wine, we slung both carcases over the *aparejos*, and sent them back as presents to the General and his staff, in return for their civility.

We shifted berth next day, and moved on to still hunt the rocky chain of La Cagnone, Monte Renoso, and Monte Nino, where we put in some very active hours searching for the neutral

SENT ITS HARDENED BULLET INTO THE VERY CENTRE OF THE RAM'S CHEST

tint shadows so difficult to detect. One grand old patriarch we secured after two days' difficult stalking on the slopes of Le Niolo; and three others, all rams, fell to the sporting Martini. The finest head was killed at dusk by D——, and that quite unexpectedly after a long tiring day which would otherwise have proved a blank. It was making the best of its way to higher grounds in company with four other rams, and had evidently been disturbed by E——'s party some miles below. Watching their movements for over an hour in a fading light, we were fortunate enough to intercept them in their line up a narrow valley. The shot was an easy one, but the ram looked closer

than he was, and the bullet was placed too high. It struck the lower edge of the grey saddle-mark, and the game little ram held on his leadership for nearly a mile.

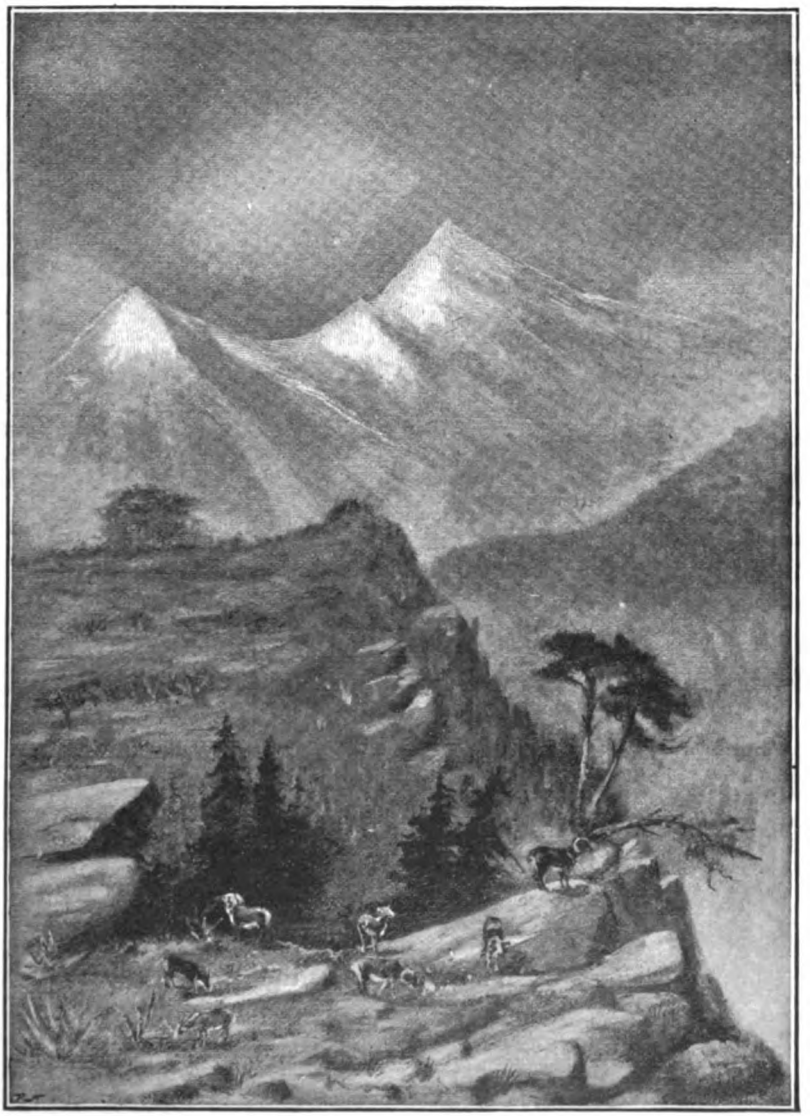
Carlos, who witnessed the shot through our glasses, muttered '*E ferrato!*' and said he saw the hair fly. Feeling inwardly that 'habet' was a likely verdict, we ran all we could to get another view of the herd. It was well we did so, for just as it was getting too dark to follow, we jumped the wounded ram lying hidden in the deep shadow of a cliff. A second ball directed at his white haunches killed him at once, and we left him where he lay, for Carlos to fetch out next morning on a mule. His haunches, which we sent to Beltenebrosa, weighed over thirty pounds apiece, and his handsome little head even now adorns my studio, alongside two shapely ibex from Anti-Milo. His horns measure 27 inches; they are 9 inches round at the base, and 10¼ inches from tip to tip. No other heads obtained by us in Corsica were as large by several inches, but compared to the head of a bighorn shot in Cariboo it looked small indeed!

High up above the uppermost growth of the beech scrub, almost on the perpetual snow-line, with nothing but the eagle above him, the Mouflon, like the gigantic sheep of Marco Polo, dwells in comparative seclusion. The Corsican specimen is perhaps the smallest of all mountain sheep, smaller than that of the Isle of Sardinia, because its pasturage is more limited. For the same reason the red-deer of Europe is proportionate to the Canadian wapiti. Animals vary in size (and head), as do the continents they are reared over.

Mouflon are shot on the adjacent coast of Africa, as also in the Levant, but only at Cyprus, where a few heads still tempt the British officers quartered at Troados. All sheep, both wild and tame, are probably descendants of one and the same stock, be they bighorn or Barbary, blackface or Southdown, fat-tail or Merino, each adapted to a variety of climates and countries, but more especially to the local *feræ naturæ* that make them their prey.

The giant of the family is undoubtedly the *Ovis Poli* of our Afghan frontier. I have seen one pair of horns shot in the Pamirs measuring 73 inches, 15 inches, and 48 inches. The record Mouflon is 30 inches, 10 inches, and 13 inches. But whereas the horns of the former turn out from the head like twin corkscrews, in the latter the point of the horn is pressed flatter against the face. Standing 27 inches at the shoulder, an old ram would not turn the scale at a hundredweight. Probably 100 pounds would be near the mark.

Wonderfully fast when galloping over rough, rocky ground, deliberate as an ibex on the face of a precipice, possessing



ABOVE THE UPPERMOST GROWTH OF THE BEECH SCRUB

marvellous development of sight, great nose-cunning, and a discriminating knowledge of light and shade, which largely contributes to its safety, the Mouflon offers as many difficulties in

its pursuit as any larger member of its family. Standing in bold relief silhouetted against the skyline, balanced on a pinnacle of granite crag, the patriarch sentry commands a bird's-eye view of the panorama beneath; and it requires all the craft and adroitness of a Siwash Indian then to approach or circumvent him.

Every device exercised in stalking must be practised in the chase of *Ovis Musimon*. Without endurance, cast-iron condition, and unflagging energy, the hunter had far better stop at home than try the pursuit of so shy an animal amidst the rugged declivities of its native wilds. The more collar work you put in—in other words, the higher ground you ascend to—the better the chance of spotting game below. Remember that the eye of sheep and goats protects them chiefly from enemies approaching from below, and, unless attracted by special danger, they seldom look up. They usually frequent the plateaux, and rarely retreat to their mountain fastnesses unless driven. They always endeavour to obtain the wind of everything suspicious, but mainly depend on their wonderful development of sight for protection.

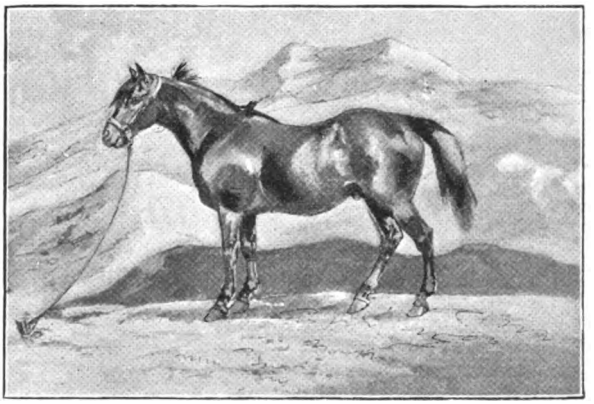
As the leaves fall, and rutting season begins, say at the end of October, their flesh becomes poor. Not so the *cinghiale*, or wild boar; these feed on the fruit supplied by the ilex oak and the chestnut, and are then at their best. In the fall of the year these well-fattened swine are well worth a drive, and, aided by the *pastorali* and their motley pack, many pig may be killed in a few days of this exciting sport.

The natives of Corsica are civil, and, as far as laziness permits, obliging. Vendetta feuds are things of the past, but Corsicans are prime robbers and not to be trusted. Spanish and French enabled us as a rule to converse with most of them. A handful of cigars go further than all the languages of Babel! They will not touch the Mouflon venison, delicately flavoured with wild thyme as it is; but then the Cossacks despise the meat of *Ovis Argali*, and the Spanish Dons the mutton of their own Merinos! On the other hand, the ham of an old boar chestnut-fed, pickled in the juice of juniper berries, and smoked in their chimneys over a wood fire, is a dish considered by them to be worthy of Jupiter himself!

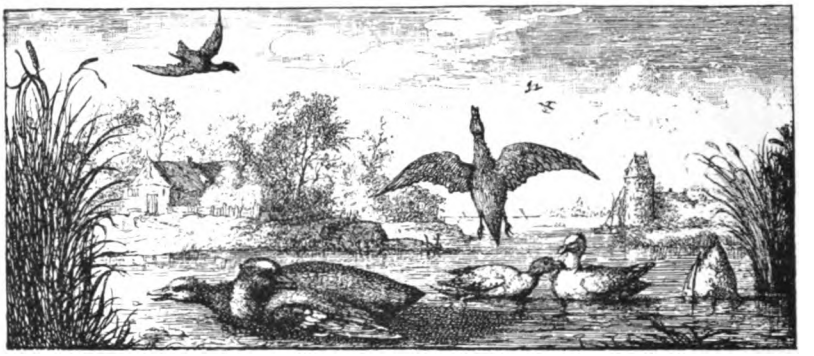
The magnificent scenery we enjoyed in our happy hunting grounds cannot well be described in this article. Mountains, gorges, rocks, rivers, and ravines were presented to view under a new aspect at every step. The loftier timber reminded us of the pine forests of Vancouver, B.C. Corsican deal finds a ready

market in French dockyards, and stands a good second to the red deal of Canada.

Mouflon decline to be civilised by man, though they do breed in captivity: and they use their horns to some purpose when meddled with! A heavy collar and chain alone prevents the game little ram at the Zoo from utterly destroying the furniture of his prison and breaking down the door which interferes with his liberty. Island-born, like *le Petit Caporal* himself, and as warlike in nature, he charges the keeper with as much *élan* as did Murat when under the eye of the Emperor. If ever vendetta exists in the eye of a quadruped, it flashes out in the resolute spirit of defiance with which that stout-hearted little ram resists the friendly advances of his gaoler!



THE PONY WE HIRED AT AJACCIO TO CARRY OUR TENT



NOTES ON SCALES

BY THE MARQUESS OF GRANBY

TROUT and trout-fishing! Hardly a theme to be handled with any sense of the fitness of things, one would think, at the time I am told that I must set about the preparation of this paper, the precise date being January 2. But our eccentric climate has deigned to bestow on us during the past few days such a wealth of warm, soft, south and south-east breezes, and such gleams of sun-edges—they could hardly be called full sun-gleams, they were so faint and fleeting—that every small brook seems to murmur as it hurries by,

Spring is coming, spring is coming,

and to anyone who is in his heart a true lover of trout, and streams, and all other accompaniments which make up the full delights of fly-fishing, such as bird, and insect, and wild-flower life, this 'promise of May,' though made at a most unreasonably early period of the year, brings once again that anticipatory joy which is one of the main pleasures of the sport. Yesterday while shooting I found honeysuckle beginning to put out its leaves, and in the garden the lilacs are threatening to bud quite freely. Poor things! How will the early spring with its relentless violence treat their too adventurous greenery? But, nevertheless, this concatenation of warmth, incipient spring, and hope tends to turn one's thoughts to rivers and streams where trout inhabit, and where many happy weeks have been spent.

As a matter of fact, already I have had a letter from one

of the best of fishing keepers on a south-country river, saying that 'The trout are doing well on the spawning beds there is plenty of water and the wind is in the east from your obedient servant John Jones.' This without any stops at all. But that epistle contains one very important piece of information, not only to fishermen, but also to farmers, and all to whom a good water supply is essential; whether they be of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's professional band, or merely amateurs, as are the great majority of Englishmen. For, on a slowly absorbed, steady moisture, obtained during these months, our water supply for next summer and autumn largely depends; the frantic 'slumps' of spring run off the over-drained ground—as I really begin to think much land is now—and do not in reality benefit the water supply to any extent worth mentioning.

As regards fishing—and please understand that by 'fishing' I mean, in this article, solely *fly*-fishing—what can be done by the

IN MAYFLY LAND

greatest professor of the art if he finds nothing but masses of weed all over the water from which he had hoped to get many a good trout? Even if he hooks a fish, he must of necessity be 'hung up' and broken, and much lamentation and woe is the only result. No, plenty of water is the first essential for

successful fishing; and, in passing, I must add that scoffers at those who practise the gentle craft aver that a spirit called whisky also takes a considerable part in the proceedings of the angler. I was, indeed, told not long ago, by one who is himself a first-rate dry-fly fisherman, that the true definition of an angler was as follows:

> He goeth out in the morning, and cometh home in the evening;
> He smelleth of whisky, and the truth is not in him.

The inferences from this somewhat crude statement are obviously two, and I shall leave to all right-minded fly-fishers the task of defending themselves and their sport from the unkind suggestions made therein.

Charles Kingsley, in his immortal 'Chalk Stream Studies'—to my thinking the most perfect description of English scenery, English sport, and English feeling ever written—dealt with a southern stream well known to many, and with the sacred Mayfly period of the year. Although great improvements have been made in all kinds of tackle since that article was penned, two main facts brought prominently forward by him still stand out by themselves. First, the unsurpassed value and benefit, to him who fishes, of the study of Nature and Nature's works, and, secondly, the superiority of two flies over all others—namely, the Mayfly and the black alder.

Touching the first point, I would only say that there are, I trust, very few fishermen who do not thoroughly value all the innumerable and complex interests which surround them when they are by the riverside, whether the month be April or September. For, if they do not enter into the spirit of Nature, and watch and enjoy the unfolding of the various flower, and bird, and insect mysteries which none have such opportunities of observing as fishermen, then they miss that which is in reality the greatest of the charms of the sport which they pursue, and can only obtain a half-appreciation of those silent pleasures which together constitute the attraction that induces so many to wander with their rods by the riversides.

So numerous are fishermen now, that the fortunate owner of any river that 'carries' trout has a valuable financial asset in his possession, especially if it be within easy reach of London or any populous centre. For good water within an hour's rail of any large town, 100*l.* to 200*l.* a year is easily obtainable for even a short stretch of fishing, while anything in the shape of 'open' water is flogged most unmercifully now-a-days. With all this

DRY FLY

multiplication of fishermen the trout have become in most rivers cent. per cent. more wary and difficult to kill, and I question greatly whether the tiro in 'Chalk Stream Studies' would in these days be half as successful as he was supposed to be when that book was written. In fact, almost every trout in any of the best of the Hampshire, Buckinghamshire, Hertfordshire, Derbyshire, or Berkshire streams must, in these ultra-civilised days, be approached in a most humble position, either kneeling or prone on the bank, if any success is to be obtained. Not much good can come now, on any but exceptional days, from the 'chuck and chance it' style; and this is, after all, as it should be. For difficulty enhances the charm of all sport, and the skill required to stalk and secure a big trout in perfectly clear water accentuates tenfold the satisfaction of a profitable day's fishing.

Moreover, the size of the fish, though of course of considerable moment, does not necessarily render them more difficult to kill. I have known some of the best dry-fly fishermen rise from their knees in anything but a placid frame of mind after having been fairly beaten by a pound, or three-quarters of a pound, Derbyshire trout, which, in the glassy transparent water, seemed to be indued with 'eyes behind and before,' and resolutely declined to have anything to do with the most delicately tied and artistically presented olive quills or 'clarety bumbles.'

The surroundings of the fisherman, combined with the sport, are among the chief temptations which have caused so many of late to become followers of an art—for it *is* an art—which previously they may have somewhat despised.

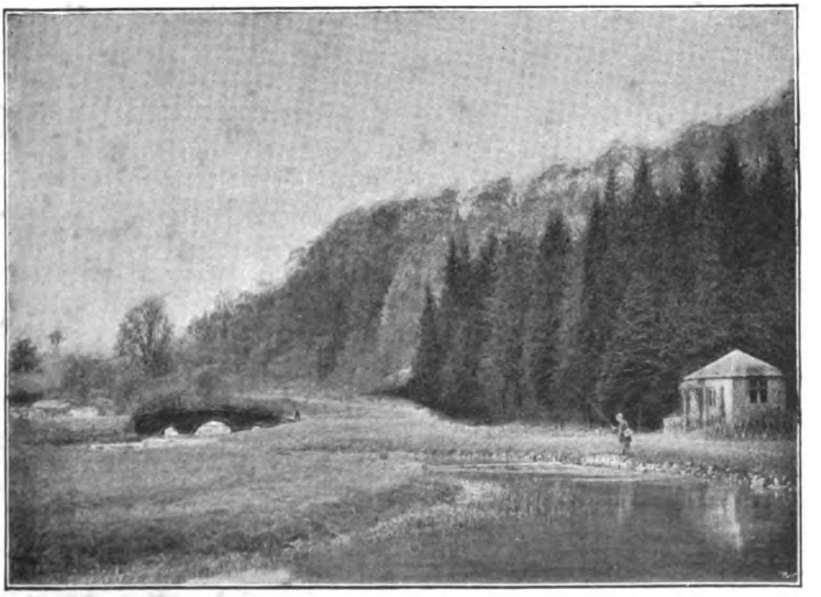
What can be more restful or enjoyable for a weary business man than to snatch a 'day off,' say towards the end of May, place himself and his fishing materials in an early train leaving one of the London stations, and steam smoothly away on his short journey of some thirty-five or forty minutes to a pretty stream in a delightful little valley in one of the home counties? A soft mild day, a fair amount of sun and a south-east wind, seem to promise well for him; for the south-east breeze is a directly *up*-stream one, and that in itself is an important factor in the day's pleasure, at any rate.

See what Isaac Walton quotes, touching a day somewhat similar to this one, from a description of the Spring, written by Sir Henry Wotton, once Provost of Eton?

> This day Dame Nature seem'd in love;
> The lusty sap began to move;

Fresh juice did stir th' embracing vines,
And birds had drawn their valentines.
The jealous trout that low did lie,
Rose at a well dissembled fly;
There stood my friend, with patient skill
Attending of his trembling quill.[1]
Already were the eaves possessed,
With the swift Pilgrim's daubèd nest;
The groves already did rejoice
In Philomel's triumphing voice.
The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smiled.

From our fisherman's mind have fled all city troubles, wars and rumours of wars, and his thoughts are concentrated on the eyed-hooked flies—no self-respecting and economical angler now uses any others—lurking in their tin box: flies of such delicate



A Quiet Dale

colouring and skilful tying that the trout, artful though they be, must of a surety rise to them!

In due course the white fishing-hut by the river is reached; a tiny stream the uninitiated might deem it, but the more learned

[1] In this instance, I am afraid, it is not a quill gnat, but a float that is alluded to.

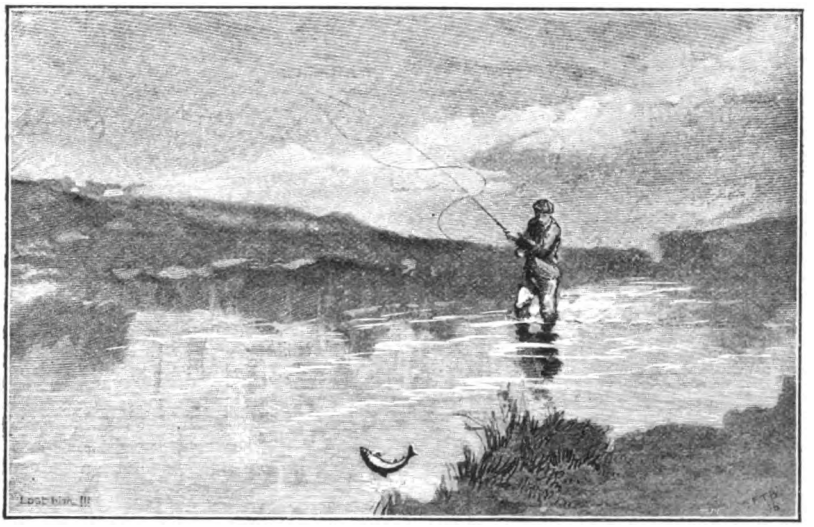
would feel sure that it held good trout. The little hut sheltered by old thorn trees, in which the linnet is yearly wont to build. On the further bank are osier beds, rising from the 'cuts' in which a wealth—in more senses than one—of watercress exists, and the river itself stretches in fantastic windings on both sides; so that, while sitting in the hut, it can be seen whether or not fish be rising. And now, while the necessary wading boots are adjusted and all preparations made, the ever-recurring consultation with the faithful and laconic keeper takes place as to the state of the water, condition of the fish, and the fly that is 'on.' At length the 'limber gad' is put together, and a graceful and delicately coloured 'olive dun' selected as the favoured fly for the initial cast of the season. A 'moving' fish or two is seen putting its nose out of the water, and some duns are whirling in the air, or drifting down the stream, while a few dark insects are to be noted crawling on the broad burdock leaves and on the rushes and tree branches. Can those be the never-sufficiently-to-be-worshipped alders? They are, by all the gods that protect fishermen's fortunes! Then sport is almost a certainty! So now let our fisherman get to work as soon as may be. He soon selects the trout, which, to his fancy, is the most likely fish to fall a victim to his skill, and that is one rising some twenty yards from the hut. A large mass of yellow celandine will shelter our friend to a certain extent, as the trout is lying some six feet higher up the stream, and by kneeling some distance from the water it is possible to attain with comparative ease a convenient position from which to open hostilities.

Warily and skilfully is the first cast made, and gently enough the dun alights on the water; but not yet has the eye become fully accustomed to judge distance accurately, and the fly falls at least six inches behind the trout's tail. However, no harm is done, and at the next cast the error is not repeated. The wee olive dun floats quietly down over the fish's nose, and up he comes at it, resolutely and quickly. Ha! he has it, and now our friend must look out, for, though early in the season, there are sufficient impediments in and over the river, in the shape of overhanging branches, odds and ends of rush-bunches, and incipient and promising weeds of all kinds, to render delicate handling a necessity. Also there is a plank crossing the stream just below and behind the fisherman, under which I have seen many a good trout lost. Mind this one does not make a rush down stream and get under the said plank, in which case it is more than probable he will get off. Indeed just now this fish seems a

difficult one to handle, to resemble him about whom Thomson wrote :

> At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
> Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the bait,
> Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthened line,
> Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
> The caverned bank, his old secure abode,
> And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool
> Indignant of the guile.

But everything has an end, even the strength of a lusty Hertfordshire trout, and the steady strain and deft handling which have been used are telling fast on this one. Now he rolls over



LOST HIM!

beaten, and as he has fought like a gentleman, *up*-stream, not *down*, he is gently led to where the net is available. A pound and a half, and in very fair condition! A good start indeed!

Now pour a small libation in his honour, after the manner and custom of all good anglers, notwithstanding the suggestions made in the lines I have previously quoted, and then sit down, dry your fly, and wait patiently till another fish is seen moving. For it is of no earthly use roaming about the bank if fish are at all inclined to rise. Far better to wait and watch. Patience is the first virtue a fisherman ought to try to possess.

Dry-fly fishing is a pursuit which is best followed alone, and for this reason, if for no other, we will bid farewell to our

Piscator, as Isaac always dubs him, wish him the best of sport, and that contentment of mind which is the greatest good that can result from any occupation or amusement.

Some little way back I mentioned that the two flies apparently most dear to Charles Kingsley's heart were the Mayfly and the alder. Undoubtedly if a canvass of dry-fly fishermen was to be taken, the first would secure most votes as being the fly to kill more fish during its short season than any other. But, in my humble opinion, nothing can equal in value the alder or orl fly. It comes on about the middle of May, and from then till August—indeed, for most of that month—one may safely fish with it in any of the rivers in Buckinghamshire or Hertfordshire. In the Kennet and the Lambourne, also, I have seen much execution done with it; and, take it all round, if I were to be asked what fly I preferred to use to any other from May to August, I should at once choose the alder. Have it tied on different sized hooks up to large ones; see that you have various patterns of it—woodcock wings, flat bodies, bodies more 'humpy' and fat—and then, when you go a-fishing during the period I have mentioned, you may feel confident that you have with you, at any rate in the counties above named, the most killing fly that exists.

While on this subject I cannot help alluding to the multitude of artificial flies one now sees in the tackle shops. Doubtless they may—most of them, at least—kill a fish or two 'on their day.' But, at the same time, it seems to me that for south-country dry-fly fishing the varieties are overdone. The advice to a young fisherman, given in a stanza of one 'Moses Brown, an old Piscator,' which I find quoted in the 'Angler's Guide by T. F. Salter, Gent.,' published in 1814, seems to be sound as regards the choice of flies. It runs:

> When artful flies the angler would prepare,
> This task of all deserves his utmost care:
> Nor verse nor prose can ever teach him well
> What masters only know, and practice tell;
> Yet thus at large I venture to support,
> Nature best followed best secures the sport:
> Of flies the kinds, their seasons, and their breed,
> Their shapes, their hue, with nice observance heed:
> Which most the trout admires, and where obtained,
> Experience will teach, or perchance some friend.

This I take to be excellent doctrine, which should obtain even in these days of scholarly trout. Our old friend Isaac Walton says on this head: 'You are to note there are twelve

THE SUMMER SNIPE'S HAUNT

kinds of artificially made flies to angle with upon the top of the water,' and thereupon proceeds to enumerate them, and the method of dressing them. They are the 'dun fly, in March,' and 'another dun fly.' These would seem, from his description of their tying, to be the olive dun, or olive quill gnat, and the iron-blue dun. Then comes the 'stone fly' and the 'ruddy fly.' This latter, as the body is of red wool, is, I conclude, the red spinner. After this 'the yellow or greenish fly,' which puzzles me a bit, as the wings are to be of the 'red cock's hackle' and the body yellow. He next names the 'black fly,' and, from his way of dressing it, this should be the alder, unless that is meant to be simulated by the 'Moorish fly,' which he also mentions. The 'sad yellow fly, in June,' must surely be the yellow dun, made in a quaint fashion, as the body is to be of 'black wool, with a yellow list on either side.' It can't possibly be the yellow sally?

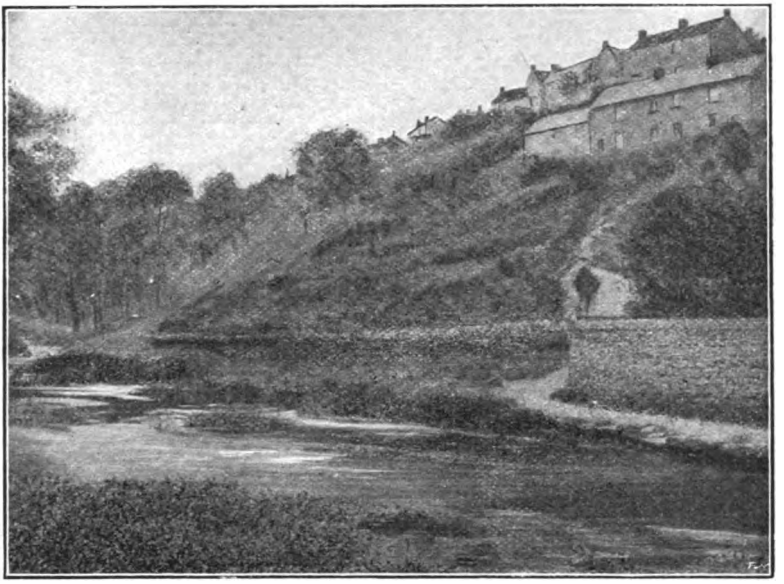
The 'tawny fly' is beyond me, unless it be a 'coachman,' as now understood; but the 'wasp-fly, in July,' from the description, is probably our 'governor.' The remaining two on his list somewhat bewilder me, being the 'shell-fly, good in mid-July,' something of the Alexandra pattern; and the 'dark drake-fly, good in August.'

These compose what Isaac calls 'his jury,' and, indeed, most of them are essential even in these days. Putting on one side local flies, such as the 'grannom' in the south, and the various 'bumbles' in Derbyshire, if anyone goes fishing with the following flies in his box he *ought* to do well. They are:

Olive dun, olive quill, yellow dun, hare's lug, alder, governor, red quill gnat, grey quill gnat, sedge, red spinner, black gnat, and, for a fancy fly, 'the Toppy.'

I have not included the Mayfly in this list, as of course it will be used during the fortnight or so when that exciting insect is in existence. In the case of nearly all the flies I have specified there should be various sizes of each. This always seems to me to be very necessary; for, on many occasions, on many different rivers, have I seen a large pattern of fly succeed where a small one has failed, and *vice versâ*. One day last season this was very strongly impressed on me when fishing in Hertfordshire. Several fish were moving, and I had tried them with different flies and no result. I took off the small alder I was using and put on one some three sizes larger, whereupon at once I hooked and killed a fish, and continued to do so till four brace were secured. But whenever I tried a smaller alder the fish declined to rise to it. The question of size of fly should, I am sure, be carefully studied by every fisherman.

I have previously alluded to the extreme education of fish now-a-days. On most preserved waters trout seem to know by some almost uncanny instinct when the angler gets near the bank, though he may be twenty yards below the fish, and crouching carefully as well. What then can be said of open water, where every trout has dozens of artificial flies over him nearly every day? Never shall I forget the face of a friend of mine, who one day elected to fish certain 'free' waters for a few hours, instead of coming with me to a more promising preserved stream. He met me at lunch with a pained expression and an empty fishing-bag. On my demanding explanations, he said he had fished for



A HURRYING DERBYSHIRE RIVER

a short time without doing more than rising a trout or two, when, suddenly, it seemed as if all the fish in the river were charging down on him; on his looking about for a reason for this curious phenomenon, he saw, some hundred yards above him, a tall man approaching, who, as he slowly walked down the riverside, was casting steadily with what seemed to be a cross between a roach and a salmon rod, about eighteen feet long. Naturally, all the inhabitants of the singularly clear water fled before him. On my friend inquiring what sport he had had, the fisherman with the roach rod replied that he had caught nothing, and could not for the life of him make out why, as he had met sundry others

who had got a fish or two in their baskets. My friend ventured to explain to him that if he turned round and fished back again, *up*-stream, instead of *down*, he might possibly have a chance of getting something, but that in the way he was then acting, by no conceivable accident would the fish do anything but flee from him. This much astonished the angler, who then observed that he was a bottom fisher and would go home again, as he didn't think much of the conditions of fishing necessary to be observed when using artificial flies. And so, mercifully, home he went. Now, that misguided man had, unintentionally, spoiled the sport of some ten or twelve other people for the space of about an hour, and had disturbed some six miles of river; and this, of course, is only a sample of what occurs daily on water of a similar nature. Trout get very wary when thus treated and frightened, and become wonderfully shy when artificial flies are constantly being presented to their notice.

This reserve, this false pride on the part of modern trout, is not peculiar to those fish who dwell in the fortunate streams of Hampshire, Berkshire, or Wiltshire—the happy fishing counties of England. Come with me further north, to where, emerging from its grassy birthplace, a hurrying, sparkling Derbyshire river flows through quiet dales and rugged rocks towards the Trent. Surely in this undisturbed valley the trout should not be so far advanced and over-particular, one would fancy? Well, try them and see! You had better begin in that pool below the fall. It is, or ought to be, a somewhat easy place from which to entice fish, there being plenty of run in the water and a bank on the fishing side which hides one to a great extent when wading in a few feet. Moreover, there is a good holding-place for trout on the far side, caused by the wall of an old mill.

. . . . . .

So you have tried for some time and failed as completely as might be in the Test or Itchen! And yet, considering what these rivers are, plenty of fair-sized fish may be seen.

Well, then, shall we reel up and go some half a mile higher up the stream to where the water is deeper, though stiller? Perhaps we may do more there. At any rate, it is a lovely spot wherein to fish—a winding thread of silvery water set in a narrow dale bounded by high grass hills in the far distance, with wooded banks near by on either hand.

The river itself so clear that through its almost emerald-tinted water every pebble, every tiny aquatic plant, is as clearly visible as if it were in one's hand. There are plenty of rushes,

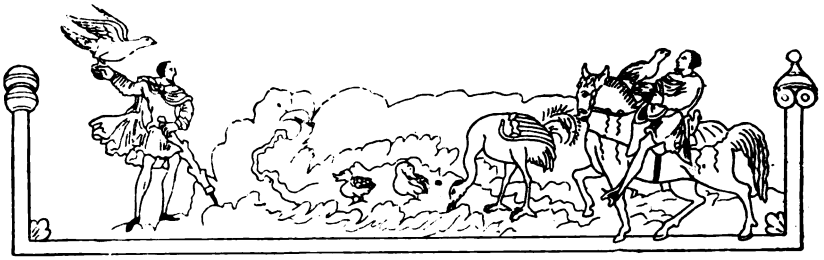
reeds and tall flags also, wherein dwell moor-hen and wild duck, while from under the roots of the giant willow just beyond flit the summer snipe, always frequenters of that safe haunt. The yellow wagtail is present as well, and his gay impudence gives further zest, his plumage colour, to the scene. So make an essay here and see whether the trout are more persuadable in this part than they were lower down the river. Do you find them so? No! I thought as much; and it seems therefore that the march of piscatorial education has reached even the Derbyshire dales.

And so it comes about that the knowledge trout have in these days attained must be met by the man who wishes to become a

THE POOL BELOW THE FALL

successful angler with these four precepts: keep low, keep quiet, keep your temper, and keep your patience.

Imbued with determinations such as these, success must soon follow, and if, when fish are not amenably inclined, he will, for a few moments, divert his thoughts from them to the appreciation and consideration of those fascinating pages of Nature which an All-wise Creator has laid open before his eyes, then, when the time arrives for home-going, whether his basket be heavy or light, the fisherman will be conscious that he can profitably reflect on a day's sport that has been healthful, on some hours which have been instructive, and on an all-pervading feeling of peaceful satisfaction with himself and all mankind.



LONG DRIVING

BY PROFESSOR TAIT

Error ubique patet; falsa est doctrina periti:
Sola fides numeris intemerata manet.

In the great drama, familiarly known as a *Round of Golf*, there are many Acts, each commonly but erroneously called a Stroke. Besides Acts of Driving, to which this article is devoted, there are Acts of Approaching, Acts in (not *always* out of) Hazards, and Acts of Holing-out. There is another class of Acts, inevitable as human beings are constituted—Acts of Negligence, Timidity, or Temerity. Of these we cannot complain, and they give much of its interest to the game. A philosophic professional, after missing an easy putt, put this aspect of the game in words which could scarcely be improved: 'If we cud a' aye dae what we wantit, there wud be nae fun in't.' Besides these, there are, too frequently, other Acts wholly superfluous, and in general injurious to the game: Acts of Gambling, Fraud, and Profanity. These, however, belong to the domain of the moral, rather than of the natural, philosopher.

Each Act of golf proper has several Scenes. An Act of Driving essentially contains *four*; besides the mere preliminary work of the caddie, such as teeing the ball (when that is permissible), handing his master the proper club, and clearing loafers and nursery-maids out of the way. These are:—

Scene I.—*Stance, Waggle, and Swing*

Here the only *dramatis personæ* directly engaged are the player and his club. This scene is rarely a brief one, even with the best of players, and it is often absurdly protracted.

Scene II.—*The Stroke Proper*

The club and the ball practically share this scene between them; but the player's right hand, and the resistance of the air, take *some* little part in it. It is a very brief one, lasting for an instant only, in the sense of something like one ten-thousandth of a second. Yet in that short period most important events take place. [Sometimes, it is true, this scene does not come off at all, the club passing, instead of meeting, the ball. It is called a stroke for all that, and is sedulously noted on the scorer's card.]

Scene III.—*The Carry*

Here the action is confined to the ball, gravity, and the atmosphere. The scene may last for a second or two only, if the ball be topped, or if a poor player is at work; but with good drivers it usually takes six seconds at the very least.

Scene IV.—*The Run*

Here pure chance is the main actor. The scene has no measurable duration when the ball lands in mud or soft sand. It may continue for two, three, or more seconds if the ball be topped or get a running fall, and the links be hard and keen. The ball's progress may be by mere rolling or by a series of leaps. This is usually (at least on a 'sporting' course) a most critical scene, and the player feels himself breathing more freely when it is safely concluded.

Our chief concern is with the second and third of these scenes; the fourth, from its very nature, being of such a capriciously varying character that it would be vain to attempt a discussion of it, and the first being of interest to our present purpose only in so far as it is a necessary preliminary to the second. Its result, from our point of view, is merely to bring the club face into more or less orderly and rapid contact with the ball. We say advisedly the club *face* (not merely the club *head*), for operations such as hacking and sclaffing, however interesting in themselves, form no part of golf, properly so-called.

All the resources of the pen, the pencil, and the photographic camera have been profusely employed on behalf of the public to convey to it some idea of the humours of Scene I., so that we may omit the discussion of it also.

Brief as is the duration of the second scene, the analysis of even its main features requires considerable detail if it is to be made fully intelligible. I will attempt to give this in as popular

a form as possible. But before I do so, it may be well to show its importance by a passing reference to some of its consequences, as we shall thus have a general notion of what has to be explained. When the ball parts company with the club this scene ends, and the third scene begins. Now, at that instant, having by its elasticity just recovered from the flattening which it suffered from the blow, the ball must be moving as a free rigid solid. It has a definite speed, in a definite direction, and it *may* have also a definite amount of rotation about some definite axis. The existence of rotation is manifested at once by the strange effects it produces on the curvature of the path, so that the ball may skew to right or left, soar upwards as if in defiance of gravity, or plunge headlong downwards, instead of slowly and reluctantly yielding to that steady and persistent pull. The most cursory observation shows that a ball is hardly ever sent on its course without *some* spin, so that we may take the fact for granted, even if we cannot fully explain the mode of its production. And the main object of this article is to show that LONG CARRY ESSENTIALLY INVOLVES UNDERSPIN.

Now, if golf balls and the faces of clubs were both perfectly hard (i.e. not deformable), the details of the effects of the blow would be a matter of simple dynamical calculation, and Scene II. would be absolutely instantaneous. If, in addition, the ball were perfectly spherical, smooth, and of homogeneous material, no blow could possibly set it in rotation; if it were defective in any of these particulars, we could easily calculate the direction of the axis of rotation and the amount of spin produced in it by any assigned blow. But, unfortunately, neither balls nor clubs can make an approach to perfect hardness. For there is never, even in a gentle stroke, a mere *point* of contact between ball and club. In good drives the surface of contact may often, as we see by an occasional trace from undried paint or by the pattern impressed by the first drive on a new leather face, be as large as a shilling. The exact mathematical treatment of so large a distortion is an exceedingly complex and difficult matter. But fortunately we are not called upon to attack it, for it is obvious, from the facts of common observation already cited, that the final effect on the ball is *of the same general character* as if it had been perfectly hard, though the speed of projection, and notably that of spin, will be materially less. And it is with the character rather than with the amount of the effect that we are mainly concerned.

When we reflect on the brief duration of the impact, and realise that the average force exerted is about three tons weight,

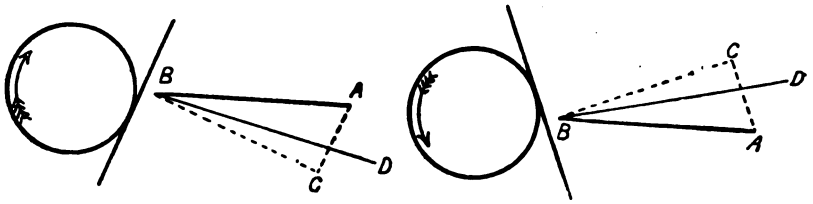
we see at once that we may practically ignore the effects of gravity, of the continued *pushing* forward of the club head, and even of the resistance of the air (though amounting to, say, five-fold the weight of the ball) during that short period; so that we are concerned only with the velocity and the orientation of the club face at the moment of impact.

The simplest case which we have to consider is that in which the club face, at the instant of meeting the ball, is moving perpendicularly to itself. If the ball be spherical and homogeneous, there can be no spin; and thus we are concerned only with the steps of the process by which the ball ultimately leaves the club in the common direction of motion. The first effect is the impulsive pushing forward of the part of the ball which is struck, the rest, by its inertia, being a little later in starting. Thus the ball and club face are both distorted until they, for an instant, form, as it were, one body, which has the whole momentum which the club head originally possessed. As the club head is usually about five times more massive than the ball, the common speed is five-sixths only of the original speed of the head. But the ball and club both tend to recover from their distortion, and experiment shows that they exert on one another, during this recovery, an additional impulsive pressure which is a definite fraction of that already exerted between them. This fraction is technically called the 'co-efficient of restitution,' and it is upon its magnitude that the higher or lower quality of a ball, and of a club face, mainly depend. Its value, when good materials are employed, is usually about 0·6. Thus the club and ball at last separate with a *relative* speed six-tenths of that with which the club approached the ball. The ball, therefore, finally acquires a speed about one-third greater than that which the club head originally had. Thus the head must have a pace of about 180 feet per second in order that it may drive the ball at the rate of 240 feet per second.

Where, as is almost invariably the case, the face of the club is not moving perpendicularly to itself at impact, there is always one perfectly definite plane which passes through the centre of the ball and the point of first contact, and which is parallel to the direction of motion of the head. It is in this plane, or parallel to it, that the motions of all parts of the ball and the club head (except, of course, some of the small relative motions due to distortion) take place. Hence if the ball acquire rotation, it must be about an axis perpendicular to this plane. The whole circumstances of the motion can therefore be, in every case, represented diagrammatically by the section of the ball and club face made

by this plane. The diagram may take one or other of the two forms below, either of which may be derived from the other by perversion and inversion.

[Thus, if the page be turned upside-down and held before a mirror, the result will be simply to make the first figure into the second, and the second into the first—merely, in fact, altering their order. Holding the page *erect*, before a mirror, we get diagrams specially suited for a left-handed player.]



In each of the figures the velocity of the club head at impact is represented by the line A B, and the dotted lines A C and C B represent its components parallel and perpendicular to the club face respectively. By properly tilting the figures, A B may be made to take any direction we please—i.e. the club head may be represented as moving in any direction whatever; but it is quite sufficient for our purpose to treat it as moving horizontally. It is the existence of the component velocity A C, in a direction parallel to the club face, which (alone) makes the difference between this case and the simple one which we have just treated. And if the ball were perfectly smooth this component would lead to no consequences. But because of friction this component produces a tangential force whose effect is partly to give the ball as a whole a motion parallel to A C, partly to give it rotation in the direction indicated by the curved arrow. The direction of motion of the ball when free lies somewhere *between* the directions of A B and C B, say in the line D B.

As already remarked, one or other of the diagrams above applies to any possible case. But there are two special cases which are of paramount importance; and if these be fully understood by him, the reader can easily make for himself the application to any other.

In the first of these special cases the plane of the diagram is to be regarded as *horizontal*, and the club face (perpendicular to it by the conditions of the diagram) consequently vertical, while the rotation given to the ball is about a vertical axis. The spectator is, therefore, supposed to be looking down upon the club

and ball from a station high *above* them. The interpretation of the indicated result thus depends upon the direction of the line joining the player's feet. If that line be (as it ought to be) perpendicular to the face of the club, it is parallel to B C; so that the club (when it reaches the ball) is being *pulled in* (first figure) or *pushed out* (second figure), in addition to sweeping past in front of the player parallel to the line joining his feet. The first of these is the very common fault called 'slicing.' The second is not by any means so common, and I am not aware that it has ever been dignified by a special name. If, on the other hand, the line of the feet be parallel to A B, the sweep of the club head is in the correct line, but the face is turned outwards (first figure), or inwards (second figure), and we have what is called 'heeling' or 'toeing.' These terms must not be taken literally, for heeling may be produced by the toe of the club and toeing by the heel. Slicing and heeling have thus precisely the same effect, so far as the rotation (and consequent 'skewing') of the ball is concerned; but the position of the line D B shows that, other things being correct, a sliced ball starts a little to the left of the intended direction, while the heeled ball commences its disastrous career from the outset by starting a little to the right. It is most important to the player that he should be able to distinguish between these common faults, because, though their (ultimate) results are identical, the modes of cure are entirely different. This, of course, is obvious from what we have said above as to the intrinsic nature of each. Toeing, and the innominate fault mentioned above, both give the opposite rotation to that produced by heeling, and therefore the opposite skew. If slicing and toeing occur together, each tends to mitigate the evil effects of the other; so with heeling and the innominate. But slicing and heeling together will produce aggravation of each other's effects.

In the second special case the plane of the diagram is regarded as *vertical*, and the spectator's line of sight passes horizontally between the player's feet from a point behind him. The first diagram, therefore, corresponds to under-cutting, and the second to topping, if A B be horizontal; or to jerking, and bringing the club upwards behind the ball,[1] respectively, if the face be vertical.

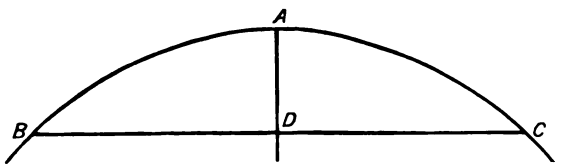
[1] This suggests a very favourite diagram employed by many professed instructors in the game. It is usually embellished with a full circle, intended to show the proper path of the club head, and the ball is placed (on a high tee) a good way in front of the lowest point of the circle. It will be seen from the text above that this virtual pulling in of the club head produces, in a vertical plane, the same sort of result as does slicing in a horizontal plane. This is thoroughly deleterious, as it tends to reduce (if not wholly to destroy) the beneficial underspin.

The first diagram also represents the natural action of a spoon, or a 'grassed' play club, A B being horizontal. In all these cases the spin is about a horizontal axis, and therefore the skewing is upwards or downwards. Thus, we have traced out generally, and also specially for the most important cases, the processes of the second scene, which usher the ball into the third with a definite speed and a definite rotation.

In the discussion of the third scene, in which the ball is left to its own resources, to struggle as best it can against the persistent downward pull of gravity and the resistance of the air, we will treat of good drives only—i.e. those in which the spin, if there be any, is about a horizontal axis perpendicular to the plane of flight, and is such as to cause the ball to 'soar,' not to 'dook.'

We will treat, *first*, of the path as affected by gravity alone; *second*, of the path under gravity and resistance alone (the ball having no rotation); *third*, of the path as it would be if the ball were spinning, but not affected by gravity; *fourth*, as it is when all these agents are simultaneously at work; and, *finally*, the effects of wind. The first and third of these, in each of which one of the most important agents is left wholly out of account, though of less consequence than the others, are necessary to the proper development of the subject, inasmuch as their preliminary treatment will enable us to avoid complications which might embarrass the reader.

1. If there were no resistance, the path of a golf ball would be part of a parabola, B A C, whose axis, A D, is vertical. The vertex, A, of the path would be always *midway* along the range, B C; and the ball would reach the ground with the speed given it from the tee. A golf ball would therefore be an exceedingly dangerous missile. For fairish but high driving would easily make the range B C something like a quarter of a mile! And at that distance the ball would fall with precisely the same speed as that with which it left the tee. The range for any definite 'elevation' (i.e. angle at which the path was inclined to horizon at starting) would be proportional to the square of the initial speed, so that double speed would give quadruple range; and for any given speed, it would increase with the elevation up to 45°,



and thence diminish with greater elevation. [Anyone can test this last result by means of the jet from a garden-engine. The speed of such a jet is so small that the resistance is inconsiderable.]

For comparison with some of the numerical results to be given below, we will here give a few simple particulars.

Suppose the ball to have an initial speed of 200 feet per second; a low estimate, as will be seen; we have

Elevation	Range	Height	Time
75°	621	579	12
45	1,242	310·5	8·8
15	621	41·6	3·2

The lengths are in feet and the times in seconds. Notice that for elevation 15° we get a range of 207 yards, with a maximum height of 14 yards. These, so far, are not *very* unlike what may sometimes occur in an actual drive. But we must look to *all* the facts; and this closer comparison shows the resemblance to be only superficial. For, *first*, the vertex is midway along the path; *second*, the ball comes down, as it rose, at 200 feet per second. These are utterly contrary to experience. But, *third*, this long journey is effected in little more than three seconds. A golfer finds that it requires nearly seven seconds. The unresisted projectile theory is thus completely at fault, so far as application to golf is concerned.

2. Let us next consider the effect of atmospheric resistance, the ball having no spin. It has already been said that want of homogeneity in a spherical ball almost certainly leads to its getting spin from the very tee. But, even should it be projected without rotation, it will soon acquire some as it moves through the air. The spin so acquired will be of an uncertain and variable nature, and the flight of the ball will be unsteady and erratic.

It seems to be pretty well established that, for the range of speed common in golf, the resistance is as the square of the speed; but, to find its value in any particular case, we must know the 'terminal velocity' as it is called—i.e. the speed with which golf balls would reach the earth if they fell from a great height like hailstones. [This is obviously *less*, the greater the resistance.] I have assumed 108 feet per second, having found that Robins' old data give 114, which indicates too little resistance, while Bashforth's modern data give 95, indicating resistance decidedly too great. When I began to make calculations on this subject, I naturally took the more recent determination as the correct one; and was thus *forced* to assume at least 300 feet per second as the

initial speed of a golf ball in order to account for some of the simplest facts.

With this assumption we get the following sufficiently approximate results for different elevations, the initial speed being taken as 240 feet per second.

Elevation	Range	Height	Speed at Vertex	Time	Speed of Descent
50°	440	206	59	6·95	90
34	475	119	83	5·43	82
23	445	70·6	102	4·1	82
15·3	389	38	122·7	3·03	86
10·2	324	20·5	140·4	2·24	100

One feature, at least, in this table is much more consonant with experience than that corresponding to the parabolic path. The ball reaches the ground in all these courses with speed far inferior to that with which it started.

I purposely assumed 240 feet per second for the initial speed, though it is greater by ten per cent. than any I have yet actually measured,[1] in order to give this form of the theory as fair play as could be equitably conceded. Yet the utmost attainable range, as shown by the table, is short of 160 yards, while the players whose pace I measured had habitually carried about 180 yards the previous day, or were to do it the next. But I measured their habitual elevation as well as their pace. It was always small, rarely more than 1 in 6, i.e. less than 10°. The average was about 1 in 7, or little over 8°. Look again to the table, and we see that the *maximum* range for a speed of 240 (though only about 160 yards at best) involves an elevation of some 34°, altogether unheard of in long driving, while the elevation of 10° gives a range of 108 yards only! Thus *this* form of the theory also breaks down completely. Many other conclusive proofs can be given, but for reasons of space this must suffice.

In what precedes I have endeavoured to make it perfectly clear that *something else* besides mere speed and elevation is required, if *all* the ordinary facts of long driving are to be simultaneously accounted for. Great initial speed is required if the resistance is great, and the larger these are the further is the vertex beyond midway, *but* then the time taken for a range of 180 yards will be much too short. In order that 180 yards may

[1] In my laboratory experiments the players could not be expected to do *full* justice to their powers. They had to try to strike, as nearly as possible in the centre, a ten-inch disc of clay, the ball being teed about six feet in front of it. Besides this pre-occupation, there was always more or less concern about the possible consequences of rebound, should the small target be altogether missed.

be covered in six seconds the average horizontal speed must be only 90 feet per second, and gravity would cut short the ball's flight long before it had reached the goal; unless, by way of preventing this, we gave it an extravagant elevation at starting. And, in all cases, the path will be concave downwards throughout its whole extent. In many fine drives it is concave *upwards* for nearly half of the range. The sole additional consideration to which we can have recourse to help us in reconciling these apparently inconsistent facts is *rotation of the ball*—to which we are thus *compelled* to have recourse!

I have been very cautious in leading up to this conclusion; for I have a vivid recollection of the 'warm' reception which my heresies met with, some years ago, from almost all the good players to whom I mentioned them. The general feeling seemed to be one in which incredulity was altogether overpowered by disgust. To find that his magnificent carry was due merely to what is virtually a toeing operation—performed, no doubt, in a vertical and not in a horizontal plane—is too much for the self-exalting golfer!

The fact, however, is indisputable. When we fasten one end of a long untwisted tape to the ball and the other to the ground, and then induce a good player to drive the ball (perpendicularly to the tape) into a stiff-clay face a yard or two off, we find that the tape is *always* twisted in such a way as to show underspin; no doubt to different amounts by different players, but proving that the ball makes usually from about 1 to 3 turns in six feet—say from 40 to 120 turns or so per second. This is clearly a circumstance not to be overlooked.

3. Some 230 years ago, Newton employed the analogy of the curved path of a tennis ball 'struck with an oblique racket' to aid him in explaining the separation of the various constituents of white light by a prism. And he says, in words which apply aptly to the behaviour of a golf ball, 'a circular as well as a progressive motion being communicated to it by that stroke, its parts, on that side where the motions conspire, must press and beat the contiguous air more violently than on the other, and there excite a reluctancy and reaction of the air proportionally greater.' In other words, the pressure of the air is greater on the advancing than on the retreating side of the ball, so that it is deflected from its course in the same direction as that of the motion of its front part, due to the rotation. This explanation has not since been improved upon, though the fact itself has been repeatedly verified by many experimenters.

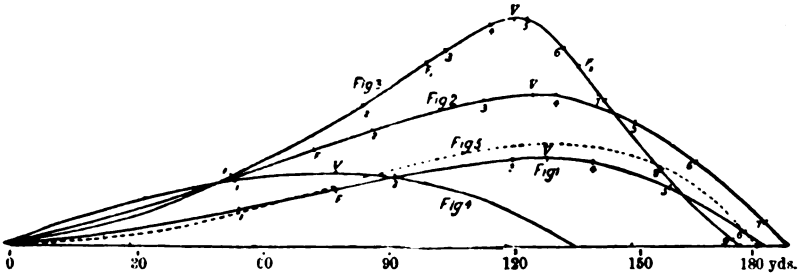
That the deflecting force thus called into play by the rotation

of the ball may be of considerable magnitude is obvious from the fact of the frequently observed *upward* concavity of the earlier part of the path. For this proves that, at first, *the new force is greater than the weight of the ball.* It is thus greater than one-fifth of the direct resistance when the latter has its maximum value. Its magnitude depends upon the rate of spin, and also upon the speed of the ball, and may be regarded as directly proportional to their product. And we know, from the way in which the ball behaves after falling, that the spin does not diminish very rapidly, for a good deal of it remains at the end of the carry. It is probable that the spin contributes to the direct resistance also; and this was one of my reasons for assuming a terminal velocity somewhat less than that deduced from the datum of Robins. Two important effects of hammering, or otherwise roughening, the ball are now obvious: it enables the club to 'grip' the ball firmly, so as to secure as much spin as possible, and it enables the ball to utilise its spin to the utmost.

4. As the transverse force due to the spin is always in a direction perpendicular to that of the ball's motion, it has no direct influence on the speed of the ball. Its only effect is on the curvature of the path. Thus, so long as we are dealing only with paths confined to one vertical plane, the axis of rotation must be perpendicular to that plane, and the effect of the transverse force is merely, as it were, an *unbending* of the path which would have been pursued had there been no rotation. From this (very inadequate) point of view we see at once why, other things being the same, even a moderate underspin greatly lengthens the carry, especially in the case of a low trajectory. But such analogies give us no hint as to the actual amount of the lengthening in any particular case. They lead us, however, to suspect that too great a spin may, in its turn, tend to shorten the carry; and that, if of sufficiently great amount, it might even bend the path over backwards and thus lead to the formation of a kink. Only direct calculation, however, can give us definite information on these questions.

We see from what precedes that the full investigation of the path of a golf ball, even when it is restricted to a vertical plane, would require voluminous tables of at least *triple* entry; for the form and dimensions of the path are now seen to depend quite as essentially upon the amount of spin as upon the initial speed and elevation. There are now no longer two, but innumerable, paths, which involve a definite carry; even when they are confined to a vertical plane, and the initial speed is given. But (as soon as trustworthy determinations of the resistance of air and of the rate

at which the spin of a golf ball falls off are obtained) a couple of good computers, working in duplicate for a month or two, would supply sufficient material for at least a rough approximation to any path effected under the ordinary limits of the initial data of fairly good driving. Let us hope that some wealthy club, or some enthusiastic patron of the game, may be induced to further such an undertaking, at least so far as to enable us to give a fairly approximate answer to such a question as, 'Other things being the same, what values of elevation and of initial diminution of weight will together secure the maximum carry?' When we are in a position to give an answer, the clearing up of the whole subject may be regarded as at least fairly commenced.



Meanwhile, as a specimen of what may be done in this direction, I give in the annexed cut approximate sketches of the path of a golf ball under various initial conditions, the spin being regarded as unaltered during the flight. Thus, in fig. 1, we have

Initial speed	240 feet-seconds
Initial relief of weight	2 fold
Elevation	5°·2

This will be at once recognised as having at least considerable resemblance to that class of really good, raking drives in which the ball's path is concave upwards for more than a third of the range. Its one obvious defect, the too great obliquity of the descent, is due to the fact that, not knowing the law according to which the spin falls off, I have assumed it to continue unchanged throughout the path. The dotted curve, fig. 5, which gives a very close approximation to the observed facts, was obtained by rough calculations from the same initial speed as fig. 1, but with no elevation to start with. The spin is initially about 50 per cent. greater than in fig. 1, but it has been assumed to fall off in geometric progression with the lapse of time. From the mode

in which this curve was obtained, I cannot insert on it, as I have done on figs. 1, 2 and 3, the points reached by the ball in each second of its flight; but they will probably coincide pretty closely with those on fig. 1. In the last-mentioned figures, F is the point of contrary flexure and V the vertex. We have, farther, for fig. 1,

Range	186 yards
Time	6·2 seconds
Greatest height	60 feet
Position of vertex	0·71 of range

In fig. 2 the initial speed and rotation are the same as in fig. 1, but the elevation is increased to 12°. It will be seen that little additional carry is gained in consequence. [Had there been no spin, the increase of elevation from 5° to 12° would have made a *very* large increase in the range.] In fig. 3 the elevation is 9°·6 only, but the initial diminution of weight is treble of the weight. In this figure we see the effect of supposing the spin to be constant throughout, for it has *two* points of contrary flexure, F_1 and F_2, and only *between* these is it concave downwards.

For contrast with these I have inserted, as fig. 4, a path with the same initial speed, but without spin. Though it has the advantage of 15° of elevation, it is obviously *far* inferior to any of the others in the transcendently important matter of range.

By comparing figs. 2 and 3, we see the effect of further increase of initial spin, especially in the *two* points of contrary flexure in fig. 3. Further increasing the spin, these points of flexure close in upon the vertex of the path, and, when they meet it, the vertex becomes a cusp as in the second of the cuts at side. The tangent at the cusp is vertical, and the ball has no speed at that point. This is a specially interesting case, *the path of a gravitating projectile nowhere concave downwards.* With still further spin, the path has a kink, as in the first of these figures.

I have not yet been able to realise the kink (though I have reached the cusp stage) with an ordinary golf ball. It would not be very difficult if we could get an exceedingly *hard* ball, made hollow if necessary, tee on a steepish slope, and use a well-baffed cleek with a roughened face. I have, however, obtained a kink with other projectiles. It is best shown in the majestic flight of a large balloon of very thin india rubber, when sharply cut

(obliquely downwards so as to give it underspin) with the flat hand. This is a very striking experiment; eminently safe, and thoroughly demonstrative.

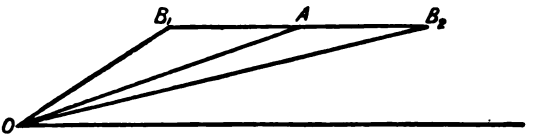
As to the genesis of exceptionally long carries (in the absence of wind), it will be seen from what precedes that I am not in a position to pronounce any very definite opinion. How much may be due to an accidentally happy combination of elevation and spin, how much to extravagant initial speed, can only be decided after long and laborious calculation. That extra speed has a great deal to do with the matter (*always provided there be spin enough*) is obvious from the numerical data given above. To lengthen the carry by thirty yards in fig. 1, the ball must have an initial speed of 300 instead of 240. But such exceptional drives never occur in careful play: *Vis consili expers* &c., would almost seem to have been written for golf. The *vis temperata* is the only passport to a medal or a championship. Its congener, but also its opposite, usually comes into play when two good drivers, playing for amusement and ready for a 'lark,' find two other swipers ahead of them. Then the temptation is almost irresistible to that 'harmless pastime, sport fraternal,' which consists in 'tickling up' the party in front as soon as they have 'played their second.' The law which permits this furnishes the strongest possible incentive to outrageously long driving; and thus, in one sense at least, tends to lower the standard of the game.

A long drive is not essentially a long carry. With luck and a hard, keen green, the veriest topper or skittler may *occasionally* pass the best driver, provided he hits hard enough. But it is not golf, as rightly understood, recklessly to defy hazards on the mere chance of being lucky enough to escape them.

5. On the effects of wind little can be learned from calculation until we have full data. For it is almost invariably the case that the speed of the wind varies within very wide limits with the height above the ground. Even when the players themselves feel none, there may be a powerful current sixty feet above them.

We will, therefore, simply in order to combat some current prejudices, treat only of the case in which the wind is in the plane of the drive (i.e. a head wind or a following wind) and is of the same speed at all levels within the usual rise of the ball. Then the matter is easy enough. For the air, so far as we are concerned with it, is then *moving as a whole*, and *in it* the path of a golf ball depends only upon the *relative* speed and elevation with which it was started. Find, then, with these data, the path of the ball relatively to the air, and then compound with the results

the actual motion of the air, and we have the path of the ball as it appears to a spectator. If, then, the ball be struck from O with velocity represented by O A, and the *reversed* velocity of the air be represented by A B, the velocity of the ball *relatively to the air* is given by $O B_1$ or $O B_2$, according as the wind is with the ball or



against it. Trace the successive positions of the ball in the moving air for each of these, say at intervals of a second, and then displace these horizontally, forward or backward, to the amount by which the air itself has advanced during the time elapsed. The result is of course merely to compress or to lengthen each portion of the path in proportion to the time which the ball took in traversing it. *There is no effect on the height of any part of the path, nor on the time of passing through it.* It is clear that the path, whose initial circumstances are shown by $O B_1$ in the figure, will rise higher than that corresponding to $O B_2$. Hence a ball which has no spin rises higher when driven with a following wind than against an equally strong head wind. This is in the teeth of the general belief, which is probably based on the fact that the vertex of the path against a head wind is brought closer to the spectator at the tee, and therefore its *angular* elevation is increased. When the ball has spin, the conditions of this question become very complex and no general statement can be made; though a calculation can, of course, be carried out for the data of each particular case.

I conclude, as I began, with the much-needed warning:

> False views abound, the 'cracks' are all mistaken;
> In figures, only, rests our trust unshaken.

POINT-TO-POINT STEEPLECHASING

BY GEORGE GORDON

For a long time past I have been looking in what I thought likely places for an article on the subject of Point-to-point Steeplechasing, and am now essaying the task simply because, much to my surprise, nobody has hitherto thought it worth while to do it. When, however, I say 'no one,' I am not quite correct, for in the volume on 'Racing' of the Badminton Library, the theme of Point-to-point Steeplechasing is most ably touched upon; and I feel that I am indeed a bold man to venture on a matter that has already been treated, however shortly, in that admirably written book. My apology for now doing so is, first, that point-to-points are only mentioned in a cursory and, so to speak, *en passant* manner; and, secondly, in addition, that I have had during some years past a good deal of experience in this particular form of sport, both as a competitor and as a manager of meetings.

It is rather curious to reflect how very suddenly this sport has leapt into almost universal recognition. Eighteen years ago it was looked on as a thing of the past, associated, through the dim distance of years, with the days of Captain Ross and Clinker, Jem Mason and Lottery, and other giants, human and equine, of that good old time. But in the spring of 1878, a few cheery spirits, dining one night at the Digby Hotel, Sherborne, bethought them of winding up the excellent season they had had with Sir Richard Glyn and poor George Orbell (the then Master and Huntsman of the Blackmore Vale) with a rough gallop over four miles of the best of the country. The idea at once 'caught on,' and such a crowd as assembled on that March 1 at West Hill gate had not been seen for many a day. The conditions of the

race, as then run, are quoted in the Badminton Library. That was the revival of point-to-point racing, and from that day the ball has gone on rolling, till the point-to-point is now the wind up of the season in nine-tenths of the hunts of the United Kingdom.

A word as to the course to begin with—and first, I think, it ought to be a red-letter injunction that, except under very exceptional circumstances, no fence whatever is to be cut or trimmed. I was always taught that in picking a line for a point-to-point, the four cardinal points to be avoided were, wire, gullies, railways and unjumpable water. Everything else was a fair hunting obstacle to be negotiated *somehow*—and 'let the best man win.' In my own mind there is not a shadow of doubt that, if we are to keep point-to-point racing distinct from steeplechasing proper, these are the lines to go upon.

At the present date there is rather too much of a tendency to assimilate the two, and one is frequently being reminded by intending competitors of the danger there will be in galloping over a course that is in any degree, I won't say 'trappy,' but 'problematical.' To which my answer is, if they want to gallop, and gallop *only*, let them do it 'between flags.' What we want to see is a good horse with *a good man on him* win, not a fellow who, because he has a blood horse that can gallop and jump, thinks he can go from end to end without looking to the right or left, and just squander the lot of respectable hunters behind him; and the sooner this is brought home to a certain class of rider the better.

We may divide the different styles of course into three. The straight-on-end, the circular, and the out-and-home, or V-shaped one.

Of these, the first is without a doubt the most sporting, if you can arrange it satisfactorily. It is not, however, always easy to find an object to ride at that is visible at every point of the journey, and if this precaution is neglected, it leads to hopeless straying and much dissatisfaction.

Another thing is the additional number of occupiers that you have to deal with. I am bound to say that in this country we have been, with scarcely an exception, wonderfully well met in this respect; but now and again one comes across a farmer who is not very anxious to see his fields crossed, and there is, of course, more chance of this being so if you have twelve or fourteen to deal with instead of six or seven.

But there is another very grave difficulty in the way of the

A Point-to-point

straight course, and that is from the spectators' point of view; to give them their due it is not a thrillingly exciting amusement to stand for several hours in damp grass just to see the horses cross perhaps the last three or four fields; and as these same spectators provide the sinews of war for the whole show in the shape of subscriptions for farmers' prizes and other expenses, they are entitled to some consideration.

Often on asking for a subscription I have been met with the reply: 'Well, old chap, I gave you a subscription last year, and never saw a thing. I'll give you the same again, but do, pray, have the course where we can see something,' and so on. There is a good deal in it, and one has to bear in mind our old friend who killed a certain goose.

The principal objection to a circular course, apart from its lacking the true point-to-point characteristics, is the difficulty of placing the turning points so as to render it impossible for one to be missed. They may all perhaps be easily pointed out from some adjacent hill; but in the hurry and scurry of the race it is quite within the bounds of possibility to lose your bearings. Looked at from everybody's point of view, the V-shaped course is undoubtedly the best. It is more convenient for the weighing, and enables everybody, including the judge and the starter, to see at any rate a great portion of the race. I don't think you could find a finer course of this description than the one selected in Sparkford Vale, some three years ago, for the Coldstream and Grenadier Guards. It was as nearly as possible four miles, all over grass, not a fence of any kind trimmed with the exception of a high overgrown one in front of the big brook—two easy lanes to cross, and the turning and winning tents in full view the whole way. Added to this, the start was only three fields from the finish, and there is a long high slope which makes a natural grand stand for spectators.

Opinion appears to vary very much as to whether these races are cruel or not. There is, I would venture to say, absolutely no reason why there should be a particle of cruelty, and whenever ground for such a charge exists, I am confident it arises from thoughtlessness, and not from any wanton desire to inflict pain. No doubt to run in a point-to-point a horse should be put by and trained for as long as you can possibly spare him from the hunting field. I have heard lots of people say, 'Nonsense! I am not going to give up my hunting. I don't expect to win, and am only entering just for the fun of the ride.' Very good; but where does the fun come in either for horse or rider? You

LYING ON YOU AND GRUNTING

ask your confidential, sober-minded, untrained hunter suddenly, without even the stimulus of hounds, to gallop at a pace to which he has been totally unaccustomed, and you are surprised when at the end of two miles or so the horse, who never before put you down, is all abroad, chances a fence or two, and finally comes a regular burster, giving you a heavy fall, and more than probably lying on you and grunting in his distress. You are disgusted to see another horse that you have been showing the way to all the season—one not in the same street with your own, but, mark you, trained to the hour—sailing comfortably home an easy winner, and within a quarter of an hour of the finish walking unconcernedly about as undistressed as if he had only been trotting!

Experience rather points to the fact that the smaller the country the greater the grief, and we certainly see fewer empty saddles when the course is laid over our big banking country than on the comparatively easy flying side. I well remember Mr. Edward Weatherby, who happened to be hunting here, saying to me, 'You mark my words: the first time you have your races in the flying country, there will be more grief than ever you have had before.'

His forecast was borne out to the letter. The starters went off (I can see them now) as if it was a five-furlong spin instead of 3½ miles, and when the head of the procession reached home, the tale of the missing was a long one. Two collar-bones, a concussion, and a noble lord nearly drowned in a big dyke!

Apropos of the question of cruelty alluded to above, I think, perhaps, the system of offering several prizes for the farmers' races may on occasions indirectly conduce to it. It is done here, and I know in many other hunts, with the very best intention: viz., to encourage the smaller men to have a cut in, and to give them a chance of a prize as well as the bigger farmers with their better class of horse: but I am not sure that it does not act rather as an inducement to run horses that cannot be fit, just on the chance of picking up something.

I suppose in other countries as well as this there is the annual discussion [I was going to say 'wrangle'] as to weights—'Shall it be catch weights, or a stipulated minimum weight?'

Provided the conditions are 'Owners up,' I think there is a good deal to be said in favour of those who advocate catch weights, as a man very naturally contends that he buys his horse to carry himself; and in the case of a very light man, he is certainly heavily handicapped by having to carry a stone or two of dead weight. The writer's personal experience furnishes a

case in point, as on one occasion the only animal he had available to run was a thoroughbred pony about 14·1, that he had been regularly hunting. As he was able to ride her at about 9 st. 8 lb., she managed to render a good account of herself, and eventually finished second in her class. But if she had been obliged to carry dead weight up to (say) 11·7 or 12 st., her chance must have been hopeless, and her owner would have been done out of a most enjoyable ride.

Against this I have often heard it contended that an animal unequal to carrying 12 st. is not worthy of being called a hunter at all, and ought not to be taken into consideration in the matter; and no doubt there is force in the argumcnt. At any rate, I think catch weights ought only to be admissible on the distinct understanding that it is to be a *sine quâ non* that owners ride.

I append the card and conditions of our races as framed for last year:—

BLACKMORE VALE HUNT POINT-TO-POINT RACES

2.30 p.m. **RED COAT LIGHT-WEIGHT RACE**

A Private Sweepstake of 2 sovs. each, P.P., for horses that, in the opinion of the Referees, have been fairly hunted with the Blackmore Vale Hounds. About 3½ miles over a fair Hunting Country. Catch Weights over 11 st. 7 lbs. To be ridden by Owner or by a Subscriber to the B.V.H. Poultry Fund.

3.15 p.m. **RED COAT WELTER RACE**

A Private Sweepstake of 2 sovs. each, P.P., for horses that, in the opinion of the Referees, have been fairly hunted with the Blackmore Vale Hounds. About 3½ miles over a fair Hunting Country. Catch Weights over 14 st. To be ridden by Owner or by a Subscriber to the B.V.H. Poultry Fund.

4.15 p.m. **FARMERS' RACE**

(ENTRANCE FREE.) For horses that, in the opinion of the Referees, have been fairly hunted with the Blackmore Vale Hounds, the property of Farmers occupying land within the limits of the Blackmore Vale Hunt, or any Member of the Yeomanry residing within the same limits, or any person, irrespective of residence or occupation, who has walked one or more puppies for the Master of the Blackmore Vale Hounds during the year 1894. To be run in two Classes—Welter Weights, Catch Weights over 14 st.; Light Weights, Catch Weights over 11 st. 7 lb. About 3 miles over a fair Hunting Country. To be ridden by Owner, or his son, or any farmer occupying land within the limits of the Blackmore Vale Hunt.

No person who is qualified to ride in the Red Coat Race shall be allowed to ride in the Farmers' Race.

WELTER CLASS.—1st, A Silver Cup (presented by Lord Ilchester), and 15 sovs.; 2nd, 10 sovs.; 3rd, 5 sovs; 4th, 3 sovs.

LIGHT WEIGHT CLASS.—1st, A Silver Cup (presented by the Ladies), and 15 sovs.; 2nd, 10 sovs.; 3rd, 5 sovs.; 4th, 3 sovs. (presented by J. K. D. W. Digby, Esq., M.P.)

Referees: LORD DIGBY; GENERAL SIR JULIUS GLYN, K.C.B; MERTHYR GUEST, ESQ., M.F.H.
Judges: COLONEL CHADWICK; COLONEL GOODDEN, MR. R. CONWAY; MR. C. SPICER.

Clerk of the Scales .....Mr. WRIGHT.
Starter and Hon. Sec. .....Mr. GEORGE GORDON.

CONDITIONS.—1. Any Horse will be disqualified whose Rider has examined the course beforehand, or goes more than 100 yards, at any one time, on any road or lane.

2. No Horses are qualified to run for these Races unless they have been the *bona-fide* property of their nominators since February 1, 1895.

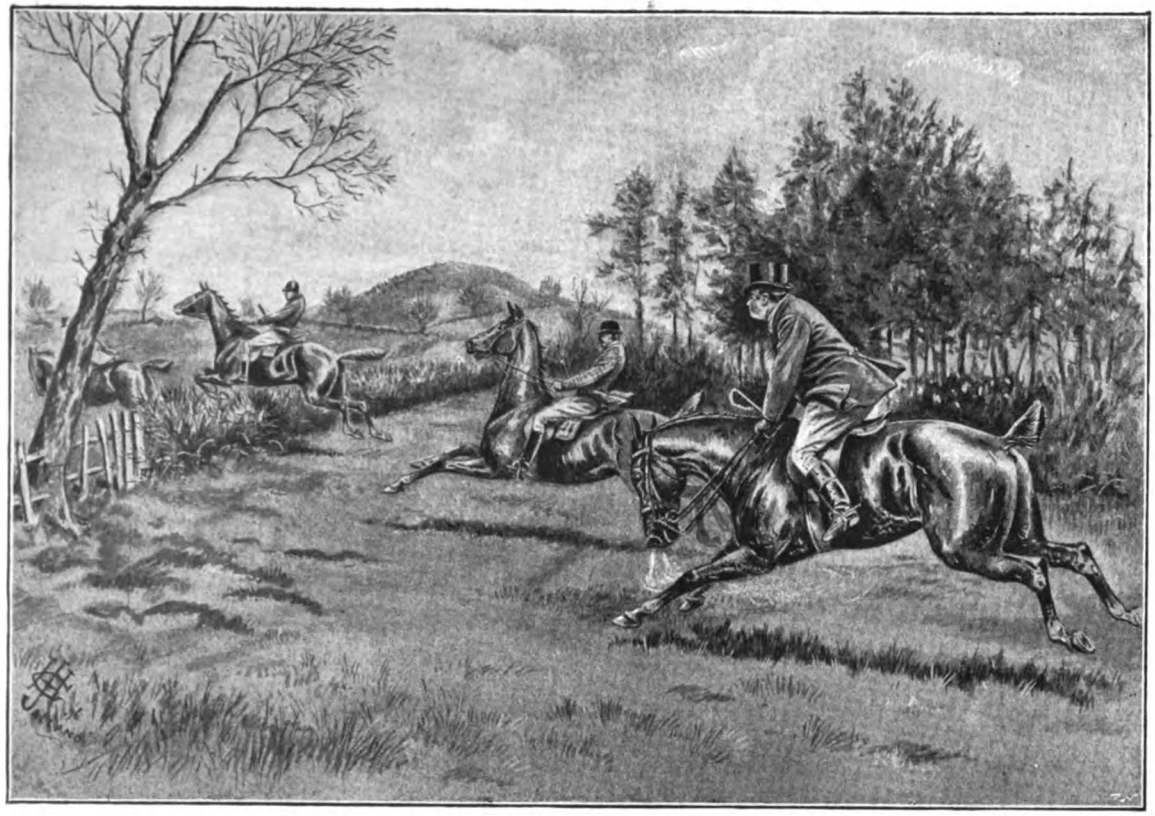
3. Any number of Horses the property of the same Owner may start.

4. The Referees reserve to themselves the right to refuse an entry, or to object to any Rider.

Here it will be seen that the light-weight class ride at catch weights over 11 st. 7 lb., which seems a reasonable halfway house between the extreme light-weight and medium-weight man. Of course the latter grumbles and says it should be 12 st. or 12 st. 7 lb. to give him any chance at all; but after all it is the medium-weight horse that is always getting the worst of the deal! How often at a horse show does one find a charming middle-weight hunter nowhere! He is voted too big for the light-weight class, and yet if you put him with the welters he is dwarfed amongst the giants and not looked at; and so you see, perhaps, the smartest horse in the yard go home empty-handed, from its being impossible to properly 'locate' him.

It seems a thousand pities that the Stewards of the N. H. Committee cannot be persuaded to recognise *four* races at a point-to-point meeting. We are always told that more than three races constitute a 'recognised meeting,' with its attendant rules and regulations. But why should it be so? That is a question everybody asks and nobody seems able to answer. What we want is to be able to have a heavy and light-weight race for red-coats and the same for farmers. But under existing conditions this cannot be done, and so in one division or the other the two classes have to be lumped together and run in one race.

The practice is chokeful of objections. In the first place, you are apt to get a field so large and unwieldy that they cannot be started without a lot of jostling and interference. Secondly, the heavy-weights complain of the pace they are taken along by their less heavily burdened brethren, and say it does not give their



THE HEAVY-WEIGHTS COMPLAIN OF THE PACE

horses a chance. It also robs them of the kudos of winning, as it is extremely unlikely that one of them will come in first of the whole lot, and though a man may be actually the winner in his class, yet he does not make the same favourable impression by coming in (say) fourth or fifth as if he were actually first. Lastly, especially in the farmers' class, it materially increases the difficulties of the judging. Last year, for instance, we wanted five in each class placed, or ten in all, and in spite of numbered badges, and other distinguishing marks, it was no easy matter to place them accurately, more especially when a group came in together.

Whether, as I have heard it averred, a point-to-point race is the most dangerous form of sport of its kind, I will not undertake to say; but, apart from the pleasure it gives to the general public, it cannot fail to commend itself to the sport-loving Briton who admires the combination of class and cleverness in the horse with heart, hands and head in the rider.

THE GYMNASIUM: REMINISCENCES AND HINTS

BY H. J. LLOYD

THE idea of sport, and perhaps also of pastime, at first seems to be associated with the open air; but an increasingly large number of young Englishmen are now paying attention to the gymnasium, with all its appliances in the shape of boxing-gloves, single-sticks, and fencing-foils. It is about gymnastics generally that I wish to say a few words; and if in the following pages I may seem too egotistic to please some of my readers, I must implore them to be patient with me, and to believe me when I say that I am not writing with a view to blowing my own trumpet. My object simply is—by showing the benefits which a course of gymnastics conferred upon myself—to encourage those who are at present physically weak to devote themselves to a branch of athletics which, if practised with due caution and temperance, will most assuredly result in making them robust and strong, both physically and constitutionally.

I can well remember the day when, in November 1878, I first set foot in the Cambridge University Gymnasium, then conducted by Mr. Passingham, assisted by Sergeant-Major Bridgeman, who was one of the most powerful men it has ever been my lot to meet. I was a weakly freshman of nineteen years of age, and my measurements entered in the book kept for this purpose were as follow: height, 5 ft. 6⅝ in.; chest, 32 in.; biceps, 11 in.; lower arm, 9⅝ in.; whilst my weight was exactly 9 stone. Anyone conversant with statistics of this sort will know how far my physical development at this time fell short of the average of young fellows of my own age. But there was

one thing in my favour. I took the precaution of paying a visit to Professor Humphry, of world-wide reputation on anatomy, and obtained the assurance from him that I was sound in heart and lung, and that a course of gymnastics would do me immense good. Now this is a point on which I desire to lay great stress. In my opinion, no one should devote himself to cycling, running, football, gymnastics, or other violent exercises, without first being thoroughly overhauled by some competent medical man. If this precaution were taken, we should not hear of 'Another death from over-exertion on the football field,' or 'Another instance of the danger of cycling'; it is the lack of this precaution which places such a powerful argument in the hands of opponents of those athletic pursuits which have so greatly assisted in making England what she is to-day.

It was wearisome work at first, and, beyond the fact that it made me uncommonly stiff all over, I seemed to be obtaining very little result from my labour. At first, I remember, I could not even walk along the parallel bars. But I persevered steadily every day, chiefly at the parallel bars, bridge-ladder, and pair of rings, and in a few months found that I was gaining real benefit from the exercise. The measurement of my chest and arms increased with the utmost regularity, and after three years' hard and yet most enjoyable work it was found that I measured 40 in. round the chest, 14 in. round the biceps, and 11½ in. round the fore-arm. Since then my chest has increased to 42½ in., unexpanded, my biceps to 15 in., and my fore-arm to 12¼ in., my weight in gymnastic costume being now 12 st. 2½ lbs. Meanwhile, in addition to my daily hour at the gymnasium, I was taking boxing lessons from Mr. J. E. Galpin, well known at this time as one of the best single-stick players in England, if not the very best, a magnificent boxer, and, I believe, a splendid fencer, though fencing with foils is a thing I never took up, and consequently I cannot speak with any authority in regard to it. But the mere increase in bodily strength was as nothing when compared with the advantages I had gained in other ways. When I went to Cambridge my digestion was very bad indeed. Simple articles of food, such as bacon and eggs, disagreed with me, whilst a lobster salad for supper was absolutely fatal to a good night's rest. But now all this was over. I found I was able to eat and drink anything at any time; and I may mention here that doctors of great eminence agree that there are few exercises, if any, more beneficial to the digestive organs than those in the gymnasium which are performed by the abdominal, or, as we

used to call them at Cambridge, the 'stomach' muscles. I may mention in particular the 'slow circle' on the horizontal bar, or pair of rings, which should be done with arms and legs perfectly straight.

If anyone should feel sceptical as to the figures in regard to my measurements which I have mentioned above, he has only to refer to the book of measurements, which, no doubt, Mr. Passingham still has in his possession, though I hear that he has now retired from his profession, and the quondam-gymnasium has, I understand, become a Conservative Club-room; or, better still, he can, if in Cambridge, pay a visit to Mr. Galpin himself. Many a pleasant boxing bout have I enjoyed with John E. Galpin, whom I am proud to reckon among my friends; and, after all, what exercise can surpass boxing for the benefits it confers on the back, the legs, the biceps, and, I may add, above all, the temper? Say what you will about prize-fighting; but I do hope it will be many years before legitimate boxing is abandoned by amateurs, for it is an honest and manly and health-giving pursuit.

So much for facts and figures. Now for a few words as to the course of life which it is essential that a man must follow if he is to derive any real and lasting benefit from a course of gymnastics. I have said that he must be sound in heart and lung to begin with: it is just as necessary that, when he has begun, he should (1) avoid excesses of every kind, and (2) practise regularly. I do not myself believe in absolute teetotalism, but I do believe most firmly in moderation in the use of alcoholic drinks. In regard to smoking, opinions do, and probably always will, differ. A moderate amount of tobacco—I mean two or three ounces a week—has never done me any harm. Some men, when preparing for an important event, such as a boat-race or assault-at-arms, find it necessary to abandon smoking during the period of strict training. I believe I am right in saying that Mr. J. E. K. Studd, the famous cricketer, disapproves of smoking *in toto*. On the other hand, Mr. R. H. Macaulay, my contemporary at King's College, used to smoke right up to the very day when he was to run in the quarter-mile and compete in the high-jump against Oxford, and then win hands down. A question such as smoking ought to be decided by each individual for himself. If I found that it affected my 'wind,' or injured me in any other way, I should drop it at once.

Exercises on the parallel bars, pair of rings, rope and bridge-ladder, are, in my opinion, more conducive than any others to

the development of muscle. The horse and horizontal bar give suppleness and activity to the frame, and, of course, the *slow* exercises on the latter give strength as well.

It is said that a great divine, when asked what was the most important requisite for a Christian, replied 'Humility.' 'What next?' he was asked. 'Humility,' was the answer. 'And what next?' Once again came the answer, 'Humility.' Similarly, if I were asked 'What is the most important maxim for an athlete to bear in mind?' I should reiterate the words 'Avoid over-tiring yourself.' When once a man feels thoroughly tired, he should stop; all the exercise which he takes, this point being reached, does harm instead of good. An easy way of telling whether you are doing too much is by watching how the exercise which you are taking affects your appetite and your night's rest. It is by food and sleep that the athlete repairs the wasted tissue. If you find that your appetite is poor, and your sleep unsound and troubled, depend upon it you are doing too much, and may not improbably be sowing the seeds of heart disease or consumption.

As to diet, here again it is true that what suits one man may be utterly unsuitable for another. Each individual can easily find out by experience what diet agrees best with himself.

Single-stick is a magnificent exercise, but should be practised in conjunction with boxing and gymnastics; otherwise the right arm and right leg will be developed to a far greater extent than the left. Soon after I left Cambridge, I was appointed Second Master at the Bolton Grammar School, and while there had the benefit of Mr. Madgwick's instruction at the Thomasson Gymnasium. Single-stick is practised very vigorously in numerous parts of the North of England, and many a bout have I enjoyed with Mr. Madgwick and his pupils. Where Army Instructors are employed, leg-hits are frequently discountenanced; but I know, to my cost, that they are practised with a vengeance in the North. They certainly add very greatly to the science of the game, though they are the reverse of painless. However, a few bruises on thigh or calf do not matter much; and while at Bolton I managed to win a silver medal in a competition open to all amateurs. Mr. Madgwick is one of the finest single-stick players I have ever met either in London or out of it.

Weight-lifting, if practised at all, should be approached only with the most extreme caution. Personally, I should never have attempted it were it not for the fact that, even in comparatively small assaults-at-arms, people nowadays like to see

something in the way of strength a little out of the ordinary. It should be remembered that lifting heavy weights does not *increase* a man's strength, at least to any great extent; it is rather a *proof* of strength already obtained: consequently such exhibitions should be reserved for rare occasions. It is constant practice with light bells that produces strength in the muscles. Ten minutes' exercise with bells weighing 2 or 3 lbs. every morning before breakfast, followed by a short brisk walk, will generally be found highly beneficial. The greatest weight I have ever raised with one arm to the full stretch above my head is 112 lbs. This I did last Christmas at our School assault-at-arms in St. Leonards. I practised every now and then for two or three weeks beforehand with dumb-bells varying in weight from 20 to 70 lbs., only occasionally using the 112-lb. bell, to make sure I could do it. I fancy that with practice I could manage a good deal more; but this is enough for me, and for most ordinary people, I fancy. As weight-lifting, even when the utmost caution is used, must be attended with a considerable risk of rupturing oneself, this brief reference to it will, I hope, suffice.

It is of the utmost importance for a gymnast to *vary* his exercises as much as possible. Everyone after a time acquires a special liking either for the horse, for example, or the parallels, or the horizontal bar. But I am convinced that it is a mistake for an amateur, at any rate, to give almost the whole of his time to any particular portion of the gymnastic apparatus. By doing so he is certain to develop to excess some muscles at the expense of others. It is on this account that I object to a man devoting himself entirely to cycling. The cyclist, if he takes no other exercise, increases the size of the muscles of his legs to an enormous extent, whilst the upper portion of his frame, chest, arms, and back, derive scarcely any benefit at all. Similarly, in the gymnasium it is better to start with ten minutes at the horse, followed by ten minutes at the parallels, ten minutes more at the horizontal bar, and so on, than to practise a whole hour at the parallel bars alone. The horse or horizontal bar is as good as anything at which to begin the hour's work, and a bout at single-stick, or two or three rounds with the gloves, make an excellent finish. It is almost superfluous to remark that no exercise should be taken immediately or very soon after a heavy meal.

An assault-at-arms without sword feats is, in my opinion, very like lamb without mint sauce, or duck without green peas.

Sword feats require on the part of the performer four things—a good sword, an iron nerve, a strong arm, and a good eye. I remember seeing Sergeant-Major Haigh, at an assault-at-arms given by the Manchester Gymnastic Club some eight years ago, perform a feat which seemed to me very wonderful. The extremities of a straight piece of wood, about a yard in length, were placed on two loops of paper, which were suspended on the edges of two perfectly sharp razors. The performer then raised his sword, and, striking the wood right in the centre, cut it in half, without cutting through or even tearing the loops of paper. I was delighted with the feat, and very soon afterwards tried it myself. It is by no means as difficult as it appears. The one thing to bear in mind is that the wood must be struck right in the centre, and the blow must be delivered with as much force as possible, in order that the wood may be split in two before the percussion has time to reach the extremities, and so affect the loops of paper. Since then at three assaults-at-arms I have performed the feat successfully at the first attempt; on the last occasion I used tissue-paper, which was so thin as to be barely able to support the weight of the wood. A similar feat, though not nearly so taking, is to cut through a broom-handle, resting on two tumblers filled with water, without upsetting the tumblers or spilling any of the water. Cutting through a sheep or bars of lead requires that the performer shall be strong, and deliver the cut with the blade of the sword perfectly horizontal. Cutting an apple in a handkerchief, without cutting the handkerchief, is a pretty trick. So are the feats of cutting through a folded handkerchief, or several ribbons of different colours, laid on the edge of the blade, with a sweeping upward stroke. Cutting through a sheet of note-paper placed on an upright stand some four feet high is by no means difficult, and is an effective little performance. But perhaps the neatest of all is to suspend an apple by a thread, then cut through the thread, and with a very quick downward stroke cut the apple in half before it reaches the ground. For these last-mentioned feats a 'handkerchief cutter' is required. I bought a little beauty some years ago, which has never failed me in the hour of need.

Such, then, has been my experience of the gymnasium. To me it has been a never-ending source of pleasure; and though I am now rapidly approaching 'the forties,' and am naturally losing much of the elasticity of youth, I am losing none of my love for vigorous bodily exercise. I can only hope that, should these lines meet the eye of any young fellow who is physically weak,

he will at once put himself in the hands of some competent gymnastic instructor. But he must remember that no good result will follow without steady and continuous practice.

The great Cambridge scholar, Porson, said that he would die happy if he could feel that he had done valuable work for the study of Greek Iambics. It would be a very great comfort to me to know that any words of mine had helped to improve the physical, and with the physical the moral, strength of any of my fellow-countrymen.

AKING IN NORWAY

BY MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE

TOBOGGANING in Norway is called 'Aking' and the toboggan itself 'Kjœlke.' In shape, make, and use, Canadian toboggans and kjœlke differ as much from the Norwegian as they do in name.

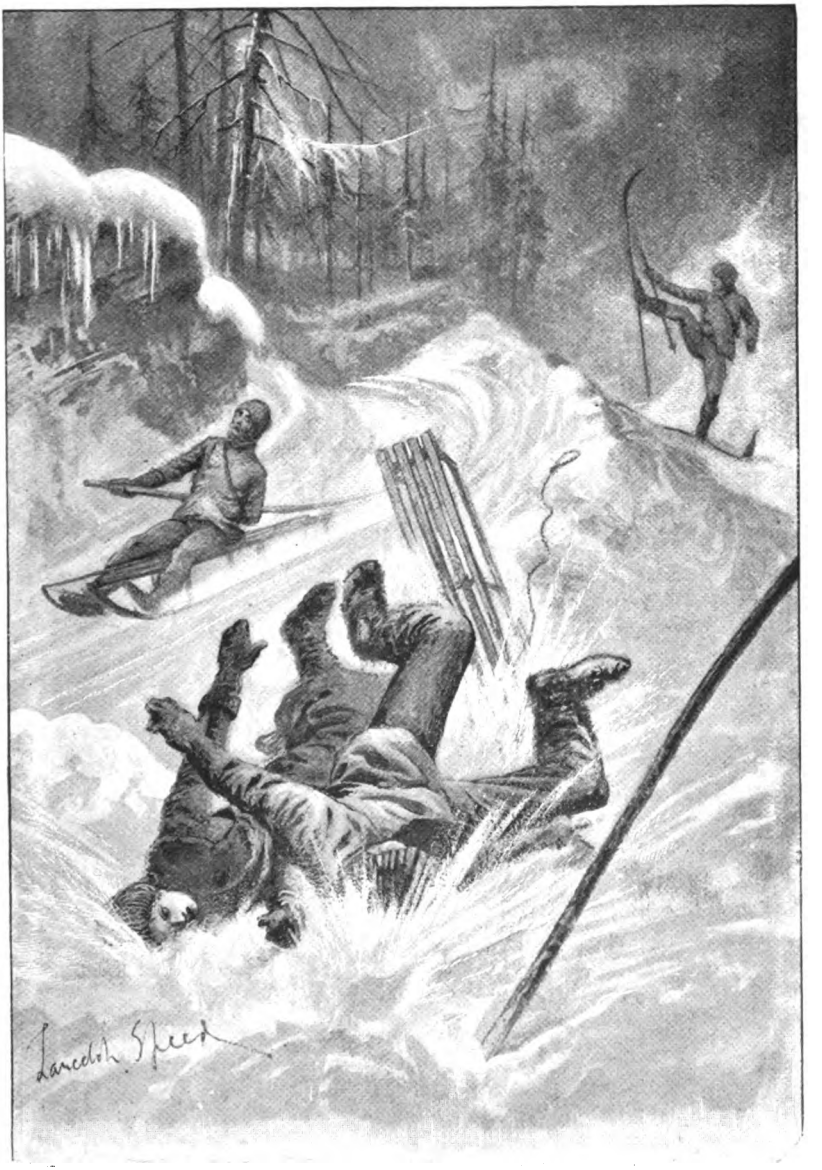
'Aking' is a most dangerous pastime; so dangerous, indeed, that the State has several times threatened to prohibit it altogether, and close the tracks down the mountain-sides which are now kept open for that sport alone. There is a certain amount of danger in all sport—therein lies the fascination—and a large amount of skill must be acquired in order to lessen that danger. The skill needful for aking is of no ordinary kind.

The reader must entirely dismiss the form and shape of a Canadian toboggan from his mind before endeavouring to picture the kjœlke, which is a sort of fine light sleigh on runners, raised from the ground about a foot—that is where the danger arises. To fall off a flat toboggan going at great speed may be bad, but to fall off a spindle-like sledge raised eight or twelve inches from the ground is ever so much worse. Indeed, about a quarter of the premiums paid for accidents by insurance companies during the winter months in Norway are from kjœlke disasters. Death is by no means uncommon, while broken legs, arms, collar-bones, or serious dislocations and sprains, are of quite frequent occurrence.

The little kjœlke carriages are about six feet long, and very narrow, rarely exceeding a foot in width. On these curiously fragile-looking things the occupant sits astride, rather far back, with feet tucked away in front, under the seat, and resting on the runners. The seat is so narrow that the legs stick out in front almost straight, for a projecting foot oftentimes means a broken leg.

In his right hand the rider carries a long pole, varying from twelve to eighteen feet in length, with which he is able to steer

his kjœlke. This pole hangs out behind, and acts in exactly the same manner as a rudder to a ship; for by a slight movement



WE FOUND OURSELVES PLUNGED INTO THE SNOW WALL

to the right or left the little vehicle is impelled in the direction wished. Moreover, the pole serves as a kind of drag when pressed

with force into the snow, and it is very often necessary to use it for this purpose when descending a steep Norwegian mountain.

As soon as winter begins the kjœlke roads are put in order. Large boards are stuck up to inform the public that 'This road is reserved exclusively for aking,' and that 'anyone found walking, sledging, or skilöbning upon it will be severely fined.' If, after the first falls of snow, there follows a wind which causes drifts, men are immediately sent out with picks and wooden spades to level the road again, for bumps and excrescences are most dangerous to men and women on kjœlke.

There are, of course, many kjœlke clubs in Norway, as there are ski clubs; and aking is certainly a great national sport; but, unlike ski, it is not a necessity. Far from that indeed—it is purely an amusement; for the kjœlke requires to be dragged to the top of a hill, and, instead of being able to go through the forest, or over fields, or along hard-frozen rivers, it can only be used on a fairly decent sort of a road. Two people can, and often do, go in a kjœlke, consequently many romantic stories are told in connection with these queer little carriages.

My own first experience, which, let it be owned at once, was not romantic, was at a lovely country house near Drammen, where some Norwegian friends had taken us to spend the day and enjoy the delights of aking. We were received most kindly by our hospitable hostess, given coffee to warm us after our railway journey, and told that, as the dinner hour was three o'clock, we had better enjoy the sport while it was yet daylight; for in January the days close in early, and the kjœlke were ready —indeed, waiting at the door.

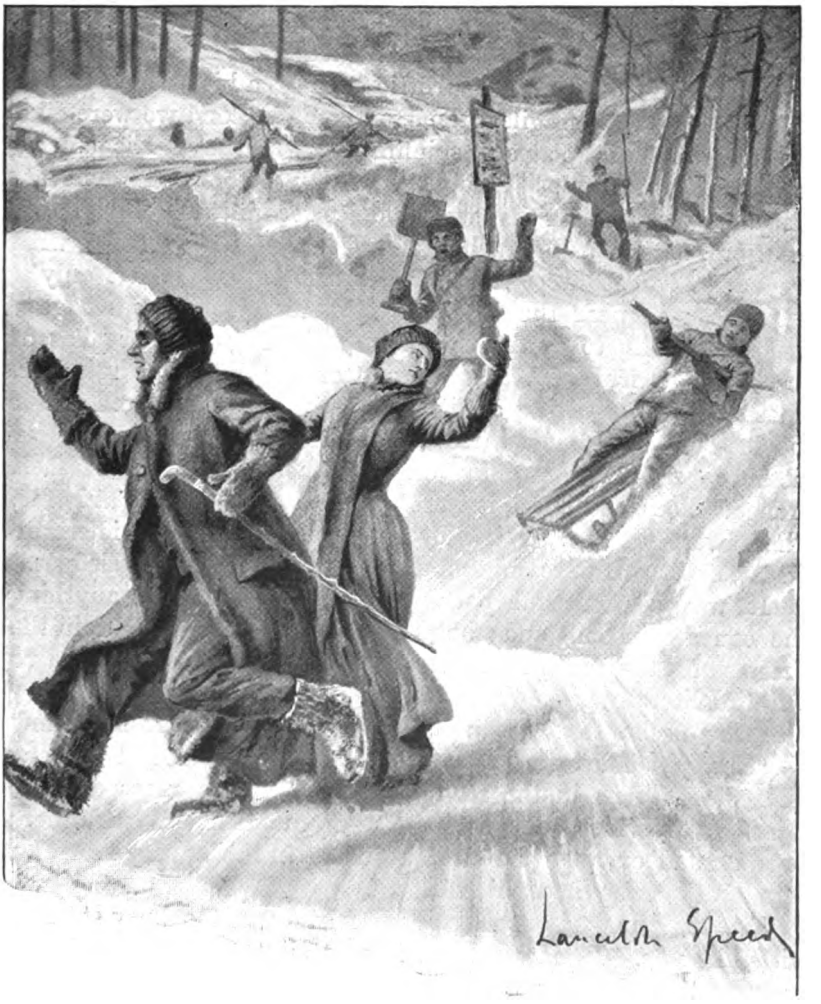
A nephew of the host, a very well-known aking rider, was to escort me on that snowy descent. Outside the door were two or three little kjœlke, and, selecting his own, and pulling it by a string to the front door, he drew it up, as any carriage might be drawn up, close to the steps, for my accommodation.

'*En tout cas*, Madame,' he said, 'you must promise one thing—that you will sit tight.'

Of course I promised.

'Don't get nervous, and think when we twist round a corner that you are going to be swung off; and remember that, once started, we must descend the five miles to the station without a halt. It is different from ski, where the exercise gives warmth, and little clothing is required; and you will find sitting still very cold work—indeed furs are absolutely necessary; so button your collar over your ears and nose, please.'

Sitting astride the little carriage he showed me how to put my fur boots on each runner—my legs being stretched nearly straight in the performance, and he gave me the rope by which he had dragged the kjœlke, to hold in my hands.



UNABLE TO HELP HIMSELF, HE RUSHED MADLY ON

'Are you quite comfortable?' he said; 'are your skirts well tucked in? are your feet securely fixed?'

'Yes,' I replied laughing, for he seemed to be very particular, more particular than I should have thought was necessary; but he was a Norwegian, and accustomed to the sport, so knew best.

Seating himself behind me at the back end of the little kjœlke, he arranged his steering pole, which was probably eighteen feet long, through his left arm, in a manner that enabled him to hold the end in front with both his right and left hands.

'*Êtes-vous prête?*' he called—luckily for me he was an excellent French scholar (all Norwegians speak some language besides their own, and occasionally several fluently). Almost before I could reply, he had given the little carriage a kick which sent a shiver through its fragile beams, and in a second we were over the edge of the plateau, spinning down the carriage-drive towards the station. What a view lay before us! The atmosphere was so clear that we could see for miles and miles down the fjord, dotted here and there with islands thickly wooded with pine-trees. There were no boats on the water, at least only a few frozen in near the banks, but there were many sledges; sledges crossing to market laden with jingling cans, or piles of vegetables or fruit, carcases of mutton, or limbs of reindeer. There were men sitting at little holes, pulling fish from under the ice-bound surface; there was a trotting match in the far distance, the horses running on the glacial surface with their pronged shoes, as though it were a well-kept racecourse at home. There were ice-boats wafted by the wind; there were idlers on skates, and there were children tumbling about on little sledges.

It was a wonderful panorama, absolutely unlike anything one can see in England; but I had hardly time to take in the charms of the scene spread out below before our pace became so terrific I literally gasped for breath.

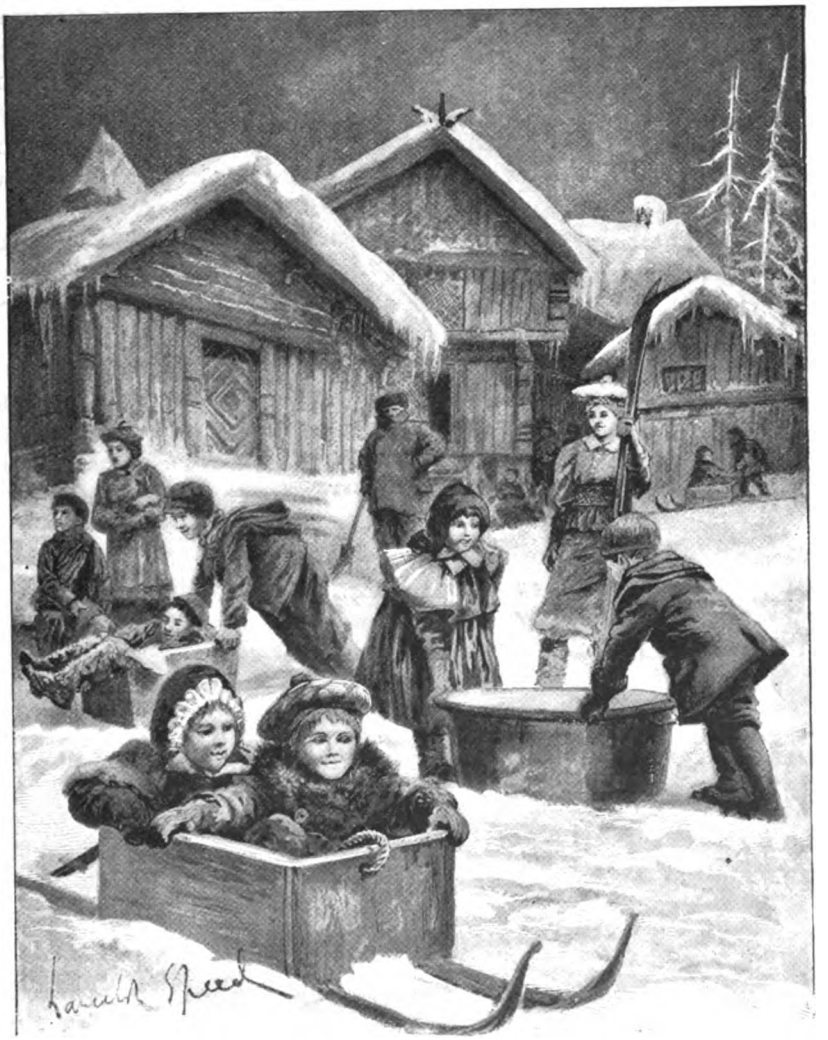
'Do you like to go quick?' cried my companion from behind.

'Yes, yes, I love it,' I replied, as we swung round corners, took sharp turns in the road, or came across a mass of hard frozen snow, which sent us bumping from one side to the other; thus, on and on, we sped on that bright fresh January morning, through the crisp mountain air.

We could not talk much, for my friend was too busy steering with his pole. Besides which, it was all to me so novel and exciting that I had not breath to expend on words. It was simply delightful; on, on, we sped—one mile, two miles, three miles—an occasional bump nearly flung me off my seat, but I had promised to sit tight, and digging my feet, now covered thickly with snow, into the runners, still we flew along.

Suddenly, for no apparent reason, for no conceivable cause, instead of turning a corner which we had been watching for some moments below us, the kjœlke refused to proceed, just as a

horse might refuse a fence, when immediately, owing to the wild pace at which we were descending the hill, we found ourselves plunged into the snow wall that had been raised by the plough on its journeys to clear the road.



CHILDREN'S MAKESHIFTS

'*Mais, madame, j'ai peur. Je suis désolé!* Are you hurt? Can you forgive me?'

'No, I am not in the least hurt,' I said, rising from my white couch.

'*Mon Dieu!* but you might have been,' he said; and really the expression of his face was so miserable that I could not help realising how great had been the danger. He went on to explain how it was just these accidents which caused so many terrible deaths.

'You see,' he said, as he sat in the snow a picture of dejection and contrition, 'when the road turns very suddenly like that—for this is only an ordinary road, not a Government-kept track—it is very difficult to steer such a long carriage as a kjœlke sufficiently quickly round the corners. I was a fool,' he continued, 'for the edge caught and you were upset. I am indeed sorry, Madame. Can you ever forgive the Norwegian stupidity?'

'Certainly,' I replied; 'but I am not hurt in the least, and after the delightful novelty of the descent, it is as well to have the experience of an upset, you know, especially when it has done no one any harm.'

'As I told you before,' he proceeded, 'aking is considered so dangerous that the Government have several times endeavoured to put a stop to it; but it will be a real calamity to Norway if ever they do—I, for one, think it the very finest sport we have—still it is dangerous, and perhaps Madame would prefer to return to the house?'

I had enjoyed myself so much, that I was not going to be frightened by stories of accident and death, and insisted on continuing the journey to the station, after waiting to let the other kjœlke riders, who had started behind us, get in front and proceed on their downward road. It is impossible when in motion to pass anything on the way, for which reason a minute or so is always allowed between the starting of one kjœlke and the next, so that all chance of collision may be avoided.

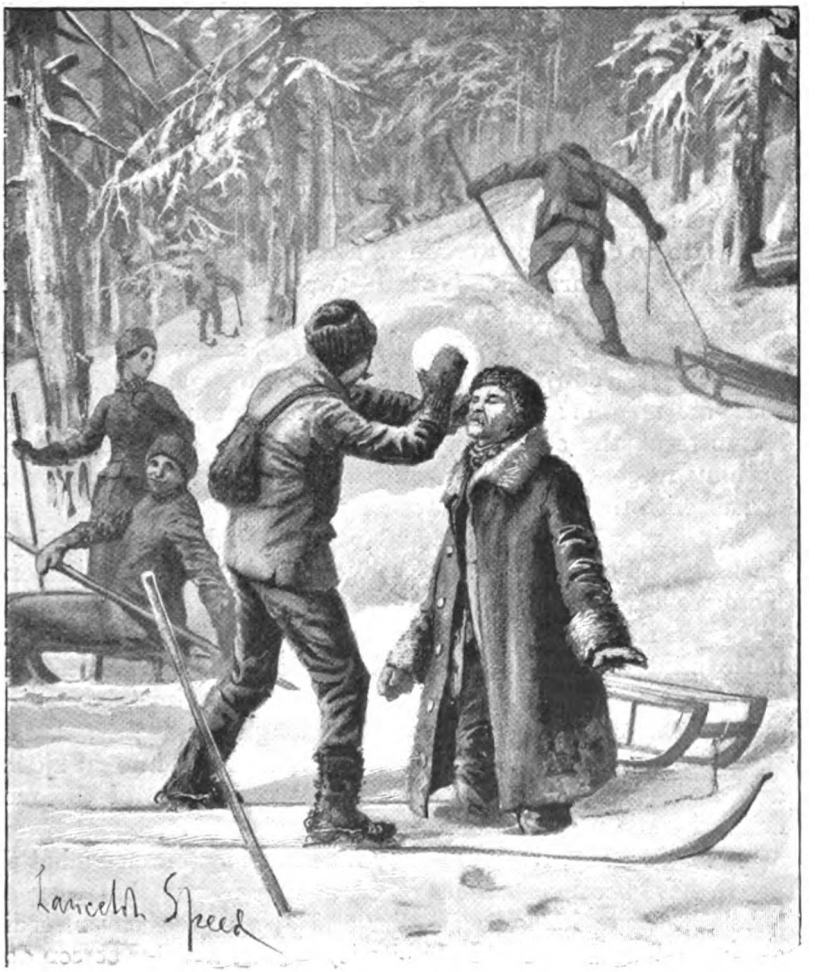
Having called out to the others as they whisked past, 'All right, no one hurt,' my friend put his kjœlke back on the road, and no sooner were the others out of our way than we got on once more, and off we flew down the snowy mountain-side to the station. There a beautiful pair-horse sleigh, with thick bear-skin rugs, was waiting to convey us back to the country house, where a luxurious dinner was in readiness for our return.

This was only a personal experience; but a queer little story was told me by a friend, if I may be forgiven repeating it here.[1]

Dr. N. was riding his kjœlke down from Holmenkollen one day, when before him, in the road, to his surprise and horror, he

[1] *A Winter Jaunt to Norway*, Mrs. Alec Tweedie.

saw a lady and gentleman *walking*. He called loudly to them to get out of the way, but either they did not hear, or his pace was too great to give them time to move aside. Unable to help himself, he rushed madly on—before he knew what had happened, the lady was sitting in front of him; and, to his dismay and



A FROST-BITE

astonishment, he found he was conveying an utter stranger down the mountain-side at a breakneck pace! He was too busy and too breathless to speak, and they still sped on. It was a curious position, to say the least of it, for neither could see the other's face. The lady knew she must sit quite still; after the first shock

she tucked her feet away and remained in quiet bewilderment till they reached the bottom. There they stood aghast. Each bowed to the other. Each apologised—the one for being in the way, the other for bearing a lady off so unceremoniously. All reserve quickly wore off, and they were soon laughing and chatting together. The lady explained how she came to be walking on an aking track, and by the time her brother arrived, he found the abductor and abducted the best of friends. The story ought to add, in the good old fairy-tale style, 'and they married and lived happily ever after,' but, unfortunately, that romantic part is still missing.

The first accomplishment of an English child is to learn to walk; the first performance of the South Sea Islanders is to learn to swim; and, verily, the first development of the Norwegian babe is to go on ski, or to stride a kjœlke. Outside the Houses of Parliament in Christiania is a hill—two small hills, in fact, which make a kind of carriage drive up to the door. In the winter months it is amusing to see the children, and veritable infants, going up and down the little hills on the toboggans. Naturally these are not the same high-class kjœlke as are used by the older members of the community, and sometimes the substitute is nothing more than a wooden box such as grocers receive in dozens with their tinned and other wares.

Little round balls of wool and fur, their chubby faces enveloped in thick fur hoods, the babies are packed into these small boxes by their elder brothers and sisters, and started from the top of the hill down the well-worn slide, which, being very steep for its distance, sends them skidding several feet along the level beneath the trees. Much fun and laughter accompany these tiny tobogganists, who become so accustomed to glide along in this way, that by the time they are a little older they have no fear of a real kjœlke, and as men and women look upon aking as one of the most delightful and necessary occupations of existence.

Unfortunately, frost-bite is by no means uncommon; but the people have become so accustomed to this plague that they are always ready to help one another and apply necessary remedies at once. The danger of frost-bite is that the afflicted person does not himself know he is afflicted; the part affected loses all sensation; that is to say, the lobe of an ear can be absolutely frost-bitten without its owner having the slightest idea of what has happened to him. Fortunately, however, his neighbour will notice it at once, for every particle of blood appears to leave the spot; consequently the perfectly white, dead-looking flesh at once attracts attention. While the circulation is being restored, frost-

bite, in its earliest stages, is not only uncomfortable, but sometimes painful, and at a later period—that is to say, when the circulation

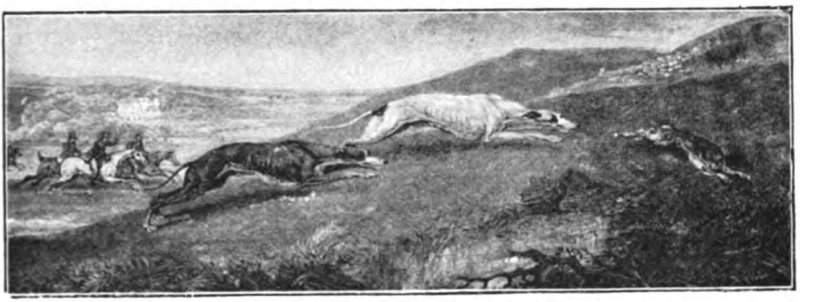
A TANDEM

cannot be brought back—amputation of the nose, ear, finger, or toe, becomes necessary.

As some of my readers may contemplate visiting Norway in winter—if they are at all of a sporting frame of mind, I earnestly think they cannot do better—it is necessary to mention that they must go well prepared with thick woollen clothes in which to take exercise, and thick furs for sledging. There is one thing they cannot unfortunately guard against. Luckily, everyone has not got eyelashes; at least, many persons have top lashes and none below. Let such happy people rejoice; personally I suffered tortures from my eyelashes becoming frozen together. This sounds ridiculous, no doubt, but is true; for the sharp little crystals that form upon the lashes, and literally glue them together, are not only unbecoming and inconvenient, but absolutely painful. To rub them away merely breaks off, or tears out, the eyelashes; so that the only way of dealing with the trouble is to hold a warm hand over the afflicted part, press the crystals firmly, and wait until they thaw. Men with long moustaches or beards are always encrusted with white frost, or particles of ice, and it is quite the fashion for visitors on entering a house to pause for a few minutes in the hall, holding their handkerchiefs over their mouths until the frozen particles thaw, when they feel fit to present themselves in the rooms. From this it will be seen that Norway in winter is very many degrees colder than England; but—and this is a very large but—it is almost always dry, the air is crisp, the sun shines brightly, and, above all, there is seldom any wind. For such reasons the cold is really not felt so intensely as on a damp, raw, east-windy day in this country.

They have glorious moonlight nights in Scandinavia. The crispness of the air, the deep dark, dark blue, of the skies, through which the moon sheds her beautiful rays; the silvery light sparkling on the snow, and touching the tops of the feathery pines, white frosted, as they raise their majestic heads towards heaven, give fascination to the picture. Verily the moonbeams play at hide and seek in those wondrous pine forests. So clear are the nights that the kjœlke rider can wend his way down the mountain-side, guiding his little carriage with safety, illuminated only by the search-light of the heavens. Then, again, in winter the aurora borealis, the vivid flashes, the wondrous colouring, the strange phenomena of the Northern light, charm the traveller and enchant the stranger.

Aking is very exciting, very dangerous, very delightful; and Norway in winter is a veritable dream, a peep into another world—the world of fairy romance.



PROSPECTS OF THE RACING SEASON

BY R. K. MAINWARING

As I write, just after the publication of the 'Official Racing Calendar' with the weights for the most important of the spring handicaps, the outlook for the ensuing racing season is most encouraging. Probably at no time in the history of the British Turf have so many men of wealth and position owned horses. It may be true that the country squire whose income is derived from landed estates is unable to stand the expense of a string of horses in training. In days now past it was by this class of owner that the best traditions of the Turf were upheld; for as a rule he bred the horses he ran, and they contested the old-fashioned Cup races at meetings in his own district. But whilst this class of owner does not to a great extent nowadays patronise the Turf, a new class of Turf patron has sprung up. South Africa, with its rich mining and financial magnates, has during the last few years made a large outlay on racing. America has sent us two or three lavish supporters; and, happily, from the lists of entries for the chief races of 1896 very few of the most familiar and respected names of prominent owners are missing. Should the mildness of the present winter extend to the beginning of the season, trainers will have their charges very fit for the early meetings. Last winter, and in the early spring, snow and frost interfered with work for nine weeks, and after their departure training grounds were not in a proper state for horses to gallop over, nor were the horses in fit condition to be 'sent along.' This winter, so far, there has hardly been a day that horses could not do their work; indeed, the going has been excellent, and, as far as I can learn, most stables have escaped the epidemics of fever and colds that sometimes break out. Consequently at the

early meetings, such as at Lincoln and Liverpool, we may expect to find the horses really ready to run.

It has often been a warmly discussed question why the horses in one year should be so superior to those of another year. Whatever the reason may be—and I must confess I cannot suggest an explanation—it is undoubtedly the case, and I am inclined to think that the three-year-olds of this season are above the average; perhaps it may be hereafter quoted as a 'vintage year.' The names of St. Frusquin, Persimmon, Regret, Knight of the Thistle, Teufel, Omladina, and Roquebrune will be often heard in connection with the classic races. The first-mentioned colt is the property of one of the Turf's staunchest and most enthusiastic supporters, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, and was a most consistent and brilliant runner as a two-year-old; for he took part in six races, winning five, and only once suffering defeat by the unbeaten Teufel in the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton, when, however, St. Frusquin was endeavouring to give 12 lb. to his conqueror, who only won, certainly a little cleverly, by half a length. St. Frusquin is a son of the marvellously successful sire St. Simon and Isabel, by Plebeian—Parma, by Parmesan, that beautiful little brown savage who sired two such Derby winners as Cremorne and Favonius. St. Frusquin won his races in the gamest possible manner, and to see him bounding along up the hill from the Abingdon mile dip to the Rowley mile winning post in the Dewhurst Plate was a treat to the lovers of a high-class racehorse.

Persimmon, a very fine racing-like colt, is the property of, and was bred by, H.R.H. Prince of Wales. He is also by St. Simon—Perdita II., by Hampton—Hermione, by Young Melbourne—La Belle Hélène by St. Albans, and is own brother to Florizel II., the most successful racehorse that has up to this time carried the handsome royal colours. Persimmon has run thrice, and has won twice; but when he suffered his only defeat, finishing third to St. Frusquin and Omladina for the Middle Park Plate, excuses were made for him: he had been coughing, and perhaps was not quite up to the mark. Be this as it may, should he win the Derby we shall witness such a scene of loyalty and enthusiasm as has never been seen on a racecourse. The Duke of Westminster has been a most successful patron of the Turf, and as he nearly always breeds the horses that carry the well-known yellow and black cap, his victories are always highly popular. His horses, trained by John Porter at Kingsclere, are not overtaxed too severely in their two-year-old days, and in Regret I think the

Duke possesses a colt of exceptional promise. He is a bay by Sheen—Farewell, by Doncaster—Lily Agnes, by Macaroni—Polly Agnes, by The Cure. Lily Agnes will ever live in Turf history as the dam of the all-conquering Ormonde. Regret only ran once, and, truth to tell, did not have much to beat in the Houghton Stakes at Newmarket; but his action and style of moving were magnificent. No doubt he was backward as a two-year-old, but his home trial made him out a good colt, and from all accounts he has wintered very well. The stake he won was of the comparatively small sum of 317*l.*, and I believe I am correct in saying that John Porter hinted to the Duke of Westminster that it might not be worth while to lose the maiden allowances in some valuable stakes this season for such a small sum; but his owner replied that he was 'sure to win the Two Thousand Guineas and Derby, so he might just as well run.'

Mr. Harry M'Calmont has been one of Fortune's favourites since he took to racing. In Isinglass he has owned one of the most successful and game racehorses ever saddled, and his colours can be carried during the coming season by a magnificent colt, Knight of the Thistle (an own brother to Lady Rosebery and Mortaigne), by Rosebery—the Empress Maud, by Beauclerc. This colt, which was purchased at Doncaster by Captain Machell for 2,000 guineas, was too massive to be thoroughly trained on the hard ground last season, but showed great promise in running a good fourth in the Middle Park Plate, and second in the Dewhurst Plate, when, however, St. Frusquin gave him 10 lb. and won easily. This race was only really run for about 300 yards, and I know the stable's estimate of Knight of the Thistle is that he is a stayer. Teufel is a very nice and hardy-looking brown colt by Despair —Clootie, by Robert the Devil—Cornichon, by Cucumber—Voyageuse, by Adventurer. I have referred to his beating St. Frusquin at Kempton with 12 lb. advantage in the weights, but this form, if it came out correctly, does not put him alongside the cracks; his owner, however, must think him a stayer, as he has entered him in the Ascot Cup.

Amongst the fillies Omladina, the property of the Duke of Westminster, was a notable performer. She was not bred by her owner, but purchased as a foal, and is a daughter of Royal Hampton and Geheimniss, by Rosicrucian—Nameless, by Blinkhoolie—No Name, by Teddington. Geheimniss will be remembered as a first-class performer on the Turf, and she bred some fair racehorses to Barcaldine. I believe I am right in saying that John Porter was anxious that a Hampton-bred horse should be mated

with her, and on this account he purchased Omladina, with what gratifying results we know. Regret and Omladina were pretty much the some animals last season on their home trials, and it is quite on the cards that they may win the Derby and Oaks. Roquebrune, a brown filly by St. Simon—St. Marguerite, by Hermit—Devotion, by Stockwell—Alcestis, by Touchstone, is the property of Sir James Miller, who purchased her at the sale of the Sefton Stud for 4,100 guineas. She has the bluest of blue blood in her veins, is a beautiful filly, and that she had been highly tried before making her début at Ascot was evident, as she started favourite for the New Stakes, which she won, but only by a head from the Duke of Westminster's Shaddock. This was her only appearance on a racecourse, as, possibly owing to the adamantine state of the course, she suffered afterwards from splints.

I have now given a sketch of the careers, breeding, and ownership of some of the most promising of last year's two-year-old performers, and shall now pass on to the prospect of the season in other departments. By a recently passed rule of the Jockey Club, a handicapper cannot perform his duties and also those of Clerk of the Course, at the same meeting; hence we find that there have been some changes in the handicapping, notably at Lincoln and at Epsom. At the former meeting Major Egerton has framed the Lincoln Handicap instead of Mr. W. J. Ford, and at Epsom Mr. C. Weatherby has succeeded Mr. Dorling. The entries for the spring handicaps are not so numerous as usual. The Jubilee at Kempton shows the greatest falling off in numbers, and the Chester Cup has twelve fewer than last year, though the added money has been increased, and it stands out as the most liberal race that owners can enter for. No one seems to be able to give a reason for the diminished entries, when there are more horses in training than were ever known. I have been questioned about this several times, and my answer has been that the result is to be largely attributed to excessive two-year-old racing for tempting stakes; besides, last season was memorable for the hard state of courses and training grounds, and many horses, no doubt, have felt the effects. The subscribers to the two-year-old races are as large as if not larger than usual, and the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase holds its own with a more than average entry. Steeplechasing, strictly speaking, is not 'racing'; but almost every sportsman takes an interest in the Grand National. We are promised, next year, the champion steeplechaser from Australia, and already a spirited New Zealand sportsman, Mr. Gollan, has brought some horses from that colony and

from Australia to run in races 'between the flags.' This kind of rivalry conduces to the welfare of sport in its highest interests. We are reimporting the expatriated Musket blood from these countries; indeed, Muskets are being poured into Old England almost as freely as they were smuggled into Johannesburg. But it yet remains to be seen if they will 'go off.' Musket, when running in this country, was one of my especial favourites, and as soon as he went to the stud I sent a mare to him, but was unfortunate enough to lose the nice filly foal that was born. There can be no doubt that Carbine and Trenton were smashing good horses in Australia, and if they can reproduce their sire's and their own stamina, they will do incalculable benefit to our breed of horses.

It is very satisfactory in these days of short races to find that the Ascot Cup has obtained such a splendid entry, and let us hope that most of the cracks may come to the post; then we may see a race worthy of the rich prize and the Royal meeting. If some of the best of the young horses meet the older ones we shall be able to form a sound opinion as to the quality of this year's three-year-olds. As I wrote above, I am personally inclined to think they are above the average, and shall be somewhat astonished if this year's Derby winner, supposing he were to meet Sir Visto, does not very easily defeat that honest but moderate horse. Though the Jubilee Handicap at Kempton Park has a smaller entry than usual, some high-class animals are likely to go to the post for it; and after all it is not the magnitude of the field but the class of competitor that constitutes an exciting race. You may have as good a race, as far as the actual contest is concerned, between, say, a lot of selling platers in an overnight Nursery at Warwick November meeting, where very likely half a dozen or more are sold by auction afterwards for a few pounds each; but such a race has only passing interest. Three good horses, such as we saw at Ascot in the Hardwicke Stakes, when Ormonde, Minting, and Bendigo ran, give us a race which lives in our memories.

If any person has a doubt about the prospects of racing and the highly satisfactory state of the Turf, he has only to go to Newmarket, and note the wonderful changes that have taken place there in comparatively few years. New houses have been built, new stables have sprung up, and an enormous amount of capital has been spent on racing. It is also a matter of congratulation that many owners who have come on the Turf are not gamblers—many, indeed, never make a bet of any kind, but run their horses entirely for pure sport and amusement. That betting is very generally indulged in by all classes I will admit; but I am quite

sure that there is very much less betting amongst the largest owners and best supporters of the Turf than there was twenty or even ten years ago, and for this among other reasons I think the prospects for the future are of the brightest. Changes have taken place in training establishments, and during the present season we shall miss the burly form and good-natured face of poor Weever. Colonel North's horses have gone back to Newmarket, as Russley Park has been purchased by Mr. John G. Joicey, who, however, does not mean to train there, but leaves his team with William Leader at Wroughton. Baron Hirsch has selected Blackwell as his trainer, and this is an excellent choice, as he is a most painstaking, trustworthy man. Mr. Douglas Baird's horses have left Ryan's care, and are to be trained with Captain E. W. Baird's at Exning; but Ryan has the studs of his first patron, Mr. J. H. Houldsworth, and of 'Mr. Fairie.' The Hon. G. Lambton has a long string under his charge, and the horses of splendid supporters of the Turf fill his stalls, Lord Derby having revived the family traditions, and his son, Lord Stanley, is very keen about racing. Captain Machell of course presides over the admirably managed Bedford Cottage stable, as he has done for many years past, with Jewitt as his trainer; and whilst Cheveley is being rebuilt on its former magnificent lines, Mr. Harry M'Calmont has made his Turf headquarters at Sefton Lodge. M. R. Lebaudy possesses, as usual, a formidable string with Golding, under the Hon. Cecil Howard's supervision; but one will miss Mr. C. S. Newton's small team, as in consequence of Blackwell being engaged by Baron Hirsch, his horses have gone to Goater's, at Findon. Mr. Russel starts the season with a promising lot, and I am sure I am only echoing the wish of every good sportsman when I hope that Waugh may again lead back Whittier a winner. Mr. Wallace Johnstone has been a liberal supporter of the Turf during the last few years, and if he finds another Best Man we shall all rejoice. Lord Ellesmere, Mr. Lowther, and Lord Zetland are all staunch in their allegiance to the sport they love so well, as are the Duke of Portland and Prince Soltykoff. It is satisfactory to note that the old owners remain, and that there is room for new ones, such as Mr. L. Brassey, Lords Crewe and Wolverton. Sir J. Blundell Maple has as many horses in training as anybody, and is a princely supporter of Newmarket.

The 'provincial' stables—that is to say, those elsewhere than at Newmarket—are full of horses, and in whatever light we look at the future prospects, we must admit they are most encouraging.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club have no sinecure nowadays; they attend to matters of detail in a most careful manner, and they may rest assured that all conditions of racing men have the greatest confidence in them. That racing has become much more popular with all classes of late years I think admits of no denial. Perhaps the comfort of the enclosed meetings has very much conduced to this. I think I have written sufficient to prove that the outlook for racing was never better, and if one takes into consideration the horses, the owners, the management of meetings, the comfort of travelling and of the stands, it must be admitted that racing has made gigantic strides in the last few years. As long as it is supported by the highest in the land, and its interests are looked after by men of the strictest integrity, it will continue to flourish as the great national sport.

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

THUS a correspondent propounds some inquiries, the answer to which should, I think, be of very special interest. Will any of my readers kindly help to furnish the 'authentic cases' asked for? 'In studying lately the questions of instinct and intelligence in animals, I have been much struck by the difficulty of arriving at a satisfactory scientific explanation of cunning. In connection with this I venture to write, hoping that with your large acquaintance of hunting incidents you may be good enough to help me with regard to the cunning of the fox. I find that amongst hunting men a pretty general belief exists in a vixen's practice of training her cubs, and that cubs deprived of their mother's "up-bringing" are of comparatively little use in the field owing to their lack of resource or "experience." I should like to know if you would bear out these opinions, and if you could refer to any authentic cases of one animal training another in cunning? Further, I should like to ask, if I may, whether or not the foxes of a much-hunted district show a greater development of this propensity of cunning than do those in districts where their life is more in accordance with nature? This should follow if cubs can be schooled in cunning so as to rapidly augment their hereditary tendency. Yet I find that the Arctic fox has great natural cunning. As a biologist, anxious to work out this sidelight on evolution, I shall be greatly indebted by reference to incidents serving as good examples.'

I was much amused at a friend's account of what happened lately when he went to stay with a keen hunting man, who generally has a house full of guests, and stables full of their horses, from November to April. After breakfast, as usual, the men strolled out towards the stables to look at their own quads, as Mr. Jorrocks called them, inspect the animals of their friends, and talk horse, with digressions on the chase. We all know the gossip that takes place on these occasions. Before they reached the stables, however, a couple of them turned into a coach-house; the rest followed, and found half a score of bicycles leaning against the walls; and there these hunting men stood, and for a good half-hour criticised the machines as keenly as they were accustomed to criticise the occupants of stalls and boxes. Four or five years ago who would have believed such a thing possible? Then a man who rode a bicycle did so at considerable risk to his social reputation, and men who rode and drove horses were particularly scornful and contemptuous, if not actually wroth, when they came across a 'cad on castors.' To be on castors was, indeed, to be a cad in their estimation. Now, it is really a rare thing to find a man under sixty years of age and thirteen stone in weight who does not ride a bicycle, and anyone who, taking his stand by, say, the Albert Hall, tries to count the cycles that pass in the course of half an hour on a fine morning, will find that he gets into surprisingly big figures. I doubt whether there has ever been an instance of a sport—if we are to call cycling a sport—springing into such wonderful popularity; and the odd thing is that it should have done this so suddenly, after its comparatively few supporters had been derided and condemned for so many years.

This number, it will be seen, opens with an article entitled 'The Forest,' by Lord Ribblesdale, and I want to explain that this is not an isolated essay. Readers need scarcely be reminded that Lord Ribblesdale was Master of the Buckhounds in the last Administration, an office which by no possibility could have been better filled; and he was persuaded to undertake a book on the subject. I was privileged to see some of the manuscript, and had the good fortune to be able to induce the author to let me use a small portion of it in the shape of articles for this Magazine. I suppose I must not praise the wares offered in these pages, but I have no sort of doubt that readers will keenly appreciate the style—I reluctantly omit adjectives that occur to

me as specially suitable—of the present chapter and of a couple of others which are to follow, and that reading them will whet their appetites for the book when it is ready for publication. Lord Ribblesdale has lately been investigating the sport as it is pursued in France, and next month I hope to publish a chapter on that subject. Which of the remaining chapters may be selected for the third—I look forward to giving three—is not at present quite decided. I should much like the whole book to run through the Magazine, but time does not permit for one thing, and for another, it is perhaps desirable to keep the greater portion of the work fresh for readers who make their acquaintance with it between boards.

Here is a letter from a lover of 'small days.' After some pleasant remarks about the Magazine, he continues:—'I am only a shooter in a very modest way, and that somewhat in the old style of sport, by which I mean that I usually go out by myself with my retriever, working the fields, fences, and hedgerows. Now, as you are aware, this sometimes entails a lot of unnecessary walking, as one cannot tell if there is any game on the ploughs or in the turnips without walking them very closely; and it occurred to me that probably a retrieving setter would, in such a case as mine, be a more useful dog than a retriever? I should esteem it a favour if you could include in your Notes, some time later on, one on this subject, and any other little item useful to those using a setter, such as the proper way of approaching the game, when the dog is standing to it; or perhaps some of your friends would favour us with a short article on the subject, which I think would be acceptable to all your readers.' I have heard of cases in which retrieving setters have been employed with the most satisfactory results, and it strikes me as very pretty sport to shoot with this assistance; but I have had no personal experience. Perhaps some readers will kindly enlighten my correspondent? Prince Soltykoff uses a German retrieving pointer at his shooting near Newmarket, but I have not yet been able to take advantage of an opportunity of making its acquaintance.

In the course of his article on 'Turf Prospects,' Mr. R. K. Mainwaring, the handicapper, remarks on the care with which the Stewards of the Jockey Club fulfil their duties, which are a great deal more tedious and troublesome than most persons, even those

who know something of turf affairs, would suppose. How careful the Stewards are is shown by their postponement of the renewal of riding licences to some very well-known jockeys. Before these pages appear the matter will, in all probability, have been settled, and however the authorities decide, their verdict will be accepted as just. We may be very sure that no jockey will be ostracised unless his guilt is placed beyond doubt, and, on the other hand, if the licences are granted, it will be because the culprits have disproved the charges brought against them. Whether a licence once withdrawn should ever be renewed is another question. It has always seemed to me that if a rider has been shown to be a rogue, he should never be permitted an opportunity of renewing his fraudulent practices. I would have the law of the Medes and Persians put in operation against him; and that this is necessary seems to be demonstrated by the fact that in certain cases the severest warnings have been found inoperative—jockeys who have been 'let back' after being warned off have again incurred suspicion. For mere breaches of Jockey Club law which did not include fraud, the withholding of licences for so many months might be a fitting penalty; but it is so hard to prove a jockey's guilt that, once proved, his sentence of banishment should be irrevocable.

With reference to that question of the salmon-eating cows, Mr. L. Hawie Brown kindly writes to me from Dunipace, Larbert, Stirlingshire, N.B.: 'I have not seen the full passage referred to on p. 142 of the January "Badminton Magazine," but I well remember the circumstance as it was revealed to me at Inchnadamph Hotel, Sutherlandshire, by the late Mr. John Gould, who had just had the experience on the river Laxford; but the tale in your version slightly differs from that told to me. The sentence beginning at "It was resolved" (this is that the cows should be tested with another salmon, the ghillies having declared that the cattle had devoured one that had been left on the bank and was missing) "should end 'and placed in the byre before another animal, which promptly discussed it,' " or words to that effect. Mr. J. Gould, author and illustrator of so many grand ornithological works, told me on that occasion that the fish sacrificed to scientific observation was a "small grilse." The fact, however, is one well known to many Highland ghillies and sportsmen, although it was new to Mr. Gould.' Mr. Gould was, as readers are doubtless aware, a very famous naturalist, and as the story I

quoted ran, it was he who hinted suspicion of a keeper or ghillie when salmon left on the bank of a stream had mysteriously disappeared, and so caused the experiment of seeing whether cows would eat fish to be made; but as to the correctness or incorrectness of my version, I can say no more than that I quoted the story *verbatim* from p. 88 of the lately published 'Life of Joseph Wolf.'

I want to say a few words to those who may propose to send me contributions. Up to about the 25th of every month I receive articles, not infrequently accompanied by letters in which the writers, expressing the hope that their papers may be found suitable, add the special wish that, if so, they may be published in 'the next number.' Now, as a matter of fact, on the 20th of, say, February, the March number has long passed out of my hands; it is all printed and ready for distribution, and, in fact, I have practically finished April. An illustrated magazine cannot be printed off like a daily paper. For the latter one writes until two o'clock in the morning, goes home, and on the breakfast table next day finds the column, not a word of which had been penned before midnight. But a magazine article has to be read and its acceptance or rejection decided in the first place, and a busy editor may not have leisure for this the day it arrives. If accepted, a proof must be sent to the author, and another proof to the artist, who very likely is occupied with other work, and cannot at once begin to read and select his subjects, or consider the subjects selected by author or editor. The pictures have to be drawn and sent to engravers or reproducers; blocks have to be prepared; the slips in which articles are first printed have to be made into pages with the illustrations placed; these must be sent out for revise; then comes the printing, not an easy business when there are many pictures; and all these operations take considerable time. By the first of the month, indeed, when one number is published, the next number is made up, with the possible exception of an unillustrated article and a few Notes. One has to look a long way ahead, it will be seen, so that those readers who desire to be writers also must realise that a manuscript cannot be turned into a carefully illustrated article in a few hours.

THE
BADMINTON MAGAZINE
April 1896

THE SPORT OF YACHT CRUISING

BY SIR GEORGE BADEN-POWELL, K.C.M.G., M.P.

THE 'sport' of a thing, so the lexicographers tell us, is 'that which diverts or makes merry.' The man in the music hall exclaims, 'But I thought sport meant killing something'; and I observe that Mr. Otis Mygatt writes, of the 'Real Bull Fight,' 'So with all sport it is simply a question of how the killing may be humanely carried out.' But this is not the British view. Such a sterling authority as Daniel, in his inimitable 'Rural Sports,' assumes that British sports are the utilising of our mental and bodily powers in health-giving diversion from the ordinary toils and labours of life; and, of course, in horse racing, cricket, and many other sports, the question of killing is conspicuous by its absence. Moreover, if in any particular such 'divertisement' incidentally do good to the nation or the generation, then is it sport ennobled. But above all things sport must be for diversion; and the less it is for gain or even for prize, the purer the sport. *Ergo* (we argue ourselves into believing that) yacht cruising becomes a sport above all other sports, undefiled and beneficent.

But then the yacht cruising must be thoroughbred. It must be none of your cross-breeds—and there are two of these now in vogue which, whatever their intrinsic merits, must not be confounded with true yacht cruising.

In the first place we have what Yankee directness has so well labelled 'day boats'—that is, 'yachts' which afford no accommoda-

tion for the night—pleasurable, healthful, useful, but not capable of *bona fide* yacht cruising. And here I may say that cruising yachtsmen would not object if Lloyd and Hunt would bring out their annual Lists in two volumes—day boats in the one, cruisers in the other. On a rough calculation the cruiser volume would be only one-fifth the bulk of the present volume, an infinite advantage for purposes of reference.

In the second place we have a cross-bred form of so-called yachting which is illegitimate. It has already created international friction, has quite puzzled the minds of the port officials in foreign lands, and has raised suspicions which threaten the cancelling, in more than one foreign country, of the facilities heretofore granted to thoroughbred yachts. It must be looked after in the forthcoming amendments to the Merchant Shipping Act. The gravamen of this charge is that passenger steamers are advertised as 'yachts,' and as on 'yachting cruises' intent, though they carry passengers for pay. So far as the owners are concerned they are certainly not 'pleasure vessels.' They are, as it were, a cross between a mail steamer and a personally conducted tour—run for profit—a distinct commercial transaction of a public character: in their own way highly enjoyable, most useful, very admirable, but with no more claim to the title of yacht than has the Brighton beach sailing-boat at 'a shilling a head,' the excursion steamer 'right round the island for 2*s.* 6*d.*,' or the all-round-the-world trips by P. & O. and Canadian Pacific.

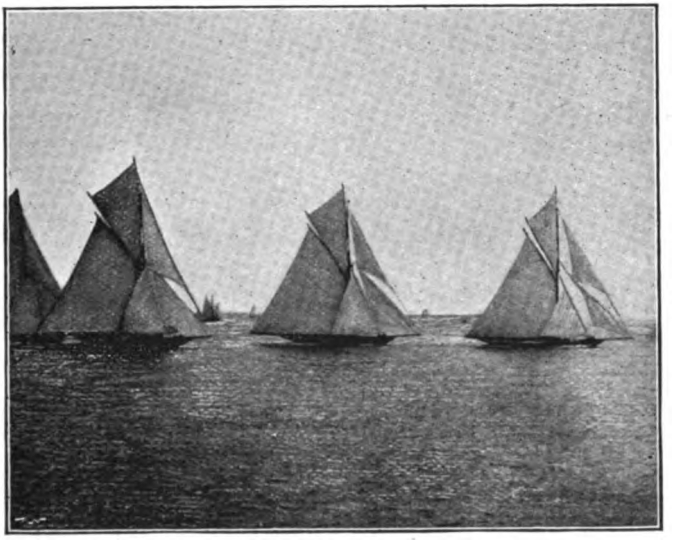
Now for the thoroughbred cruiser. This sporting yacht is a breed of itself, and, so far as we can tell, a breed of this century. It is a survival of the fittest of the characteristics of our progenitors. Our best blood comes from sires who were sea rovers. This gave us our non-seasick Crusaders, and also those founders of our empire who freebooted and buccaneered to their nation's great glory and their own no small profit. The same blood tingled in the veins of many generations of more peaceable merchant adventurers, and it impels the *bona fide* yacht cruiser in his sportive career to-day.

But—worse luck!—in these degenerate days we cruisers in yachts first of all have to come honestly into possession of our ships. In the good old times the 'governor' and his crew slipped away in any worthless old hulk and loafed at sea till they could lay aboard of some stout craft, make her their own, and in her gaily rove and cruise to their hearts' content.

The sporting elements remain to us. All the glorious uncertainties of battling with Nature survive. Channel fogs, Bay of

Biscay gales, West Indian hurricanes, West Coast white squalls, and Mediterranean tempests are all there as of old. Ocean incidents of fire, ice, uncharted rock, and collision all survive in at least as great frequency as in the days of Madog or Sir Richard Grenville.

I may here interpolate that, as Welsh genealogies are not as yet disestablished, an inordinate number of Welshmen feel richly endowed because their paternal blood is reputed to run direct from Madog; and he, as all properly educated people know, was the Welsh navigator who cruised to and sojourned in America long years before the Norse from Iceland ever wintered in 'Win-land,'

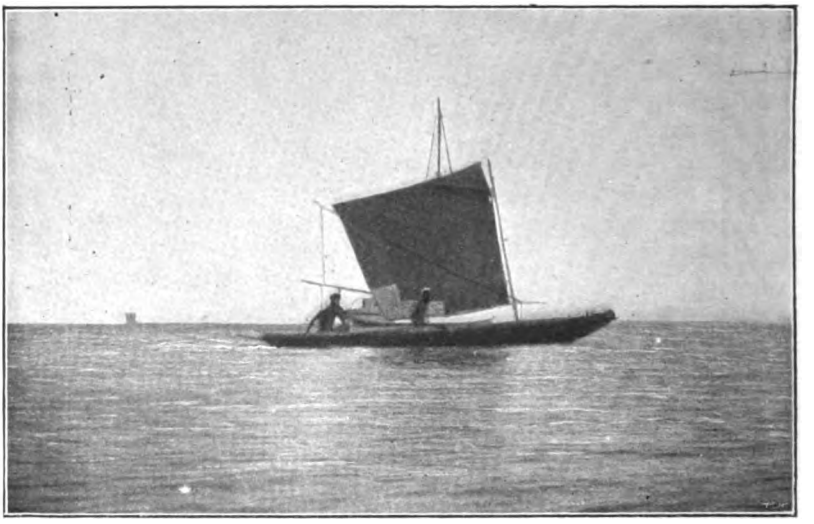


A Good Start

and ages before Columbus filched his sailing directions from the Cabots and drifted across the Atlantic in the north-east trades to the Bahamas.

Curiously enough, Madog, after revisiting the mother country, sailed again for his American estates, and was never heard of more. I say curiously because another more recent and maternal ancestor, lineally representing the great John Smith, the sea-roving founder of Virginia, coming home as a Loyalist in the troubles of 1780, started to revisit his estates in America and was never heard of more. He had left behind in England a son whose buccaneering spirit led him to run away to sea, with the consequence that in those stirring times he rose to be a distinguished admiral.

With this legendary double dose of buccaneer blood in the veins, it is hardly surprising that, even with the usual experience of most other games and sports, that of yacht cruising usurps the first place in one's affections, and this, despite the fact that one has, for nearly a quarter of a century, every season done more or less steering of racers. Talk of competition, you are always competing with somebody or something; talk of endurance, you are always going through something; talk of the eye and hand working in unison, you stand in need of a good deal more than that if you would handle and manage your own ship with brilliancy and success; talk of the noble sport of yacht racing,

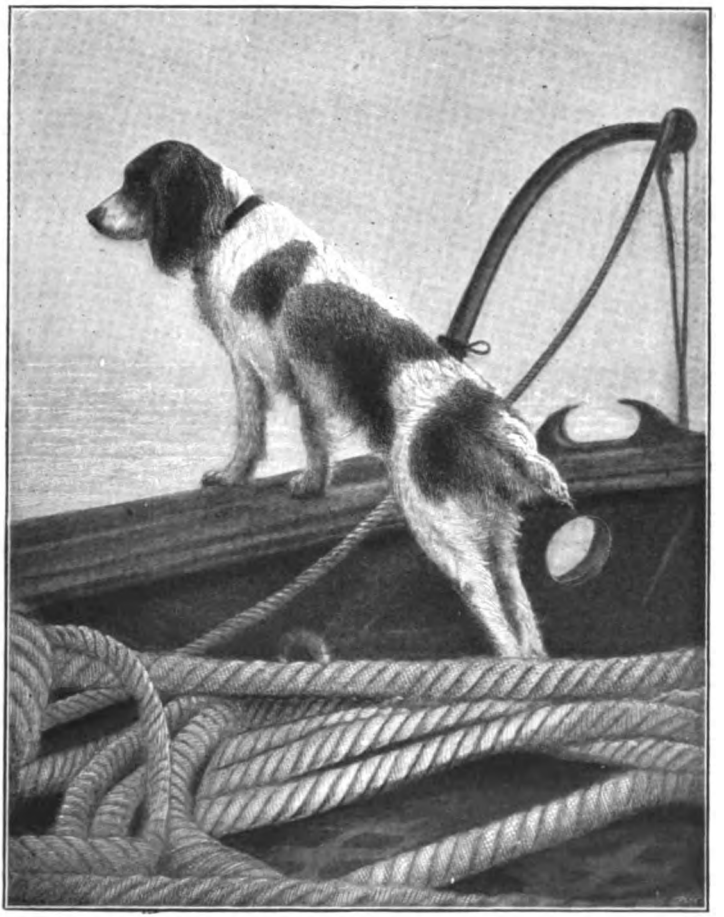


THE ABORIGINAL ONE-RATER

the very next best thing to being on board the racer is to watch a good start, a smart rounding of a markboat, or a close finish, from the splendid vantage ground of a cruiser in close attendance. Or you can travel to Bermuda or Ceylon and study the 'Mudian or outrigger forms of speedy sailing craft, or up the Gambia River witness the performances of the aboriginal one-rater.

For positive enjoyment at this end of the nineteenth century nothing dare compete with a good cruise. You equip your trusted ship—in friends, crew, stores, ammunition, and retrieving spaniel—and, for as long as you care, you cut yourself loose of letters, newspapers, invitations, bazaars, and all the other conventional but unnecessary trappings of civilisation.

Of course the enjoyment will be the more thorough the more you know what you are about; and you will know all the more, as with shooting or hunting, the younger you begin to play around in boats and yachts. If possible, *in primis*, be your own captain, or the sport may sink to resemble watching your coachman handle



THE RETRIEVING SPANIEL

your team, or your keeper pull down your rocketers. Then, again, you must know how to suit your ship to your cruise, or your cruise to your ship, and how to fit in your 'passenger' friends appropriately to both. I had the good luck to begin such life in a sea-going five-tonner—with rapid promotion to a ten-tonner—racing these around English, Irish, and Scotch coasts for

years with no one on board other than a master-mariner brother in command and other brothers to assist. Things grew as time went on, but that apprenticeship has trebled the sport of all these years of subsequent cruising in bigger vessels.

Another point in this sport is that there is, and can be, only one brain in command. There is no room for divided control; all the reins must be held and felt by one pair of hands. Each occasion gives you a fresh run. You determine you will cruise over Nelson's battlefields in the West Indies; shoot in Albania; voyage to Canada for salmon and scenery; try Jan Mayen for all-night sun and perennial ice. Having decided, you make up your party of enthusiasts accordingly; you see that your vessel is appropriately fitted out; you welcome always a strong leaven of your old hands among your crew. You provision up for six months; your gear is all overhauled, and renewed where necessary; your chronometers fresh rated and on board; your compasses adjusted; a trial trip of a week or so over; and all found ship-shape.

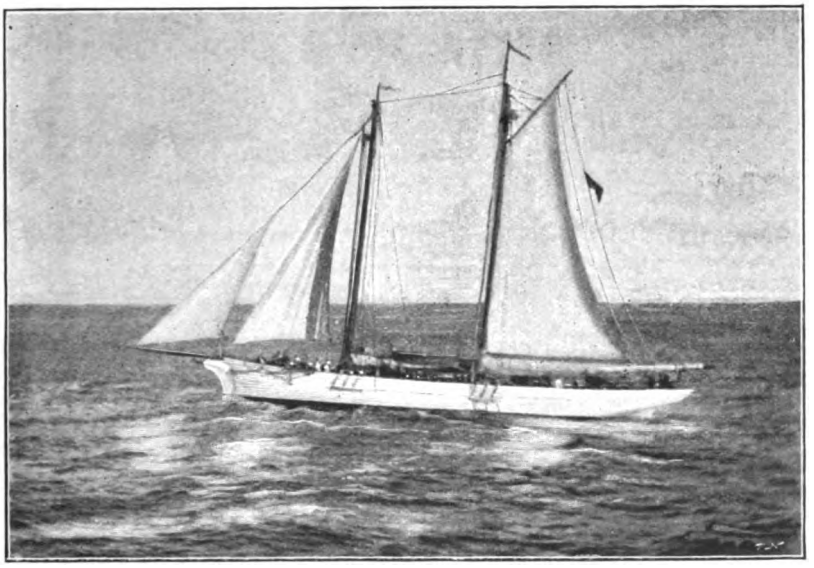
Thus equipped, there is no pleasurable exhilaration of mind and body at all comparable to the ineffable sensation as you feel your good ship first take the weight of her sails as she springs off from the buoy, free at last, on her cruise.

Descriptions are nothing if not local. So we find ourselves on board 'Otaria,' originally a racing schooner, still eager for the fray, despite her little but powerful engines running her auxiliary screw, when need be, at 250 revolutions. It is an autumn day. 'Otaria,' after her summer cruise, has been up off Marvin's, painting white for the tropics, and overhauling spars and gear and boats, the while you are attending to the driven partridge in Norfolk and having one short shoot at the first of the pheasants. At the appointed time the 27-foot steam launch meets the wife and you and the dog at Southampton, and as you steadily run the nine miles to Cowes your sailing-master and steward detail all their respective preparations, and your engineer declares his department all in order. Presently, as you swing across the swirling eddies by the Prince Consort buoy, your affectionate eyes get fixed upon your good old ocean home as she lies, about the only vessel in Cowes roads, temporarily fast to one of the idle Royal Yacht buoys. A short run ashore just to clear up all things and say goodbyes, and you find the chain has been unshackled from the buoy, the slip rope rove, and the mainsail well and carefully set. The steam launch is hauled up at the davits and swung in on deck, for the one thing certain about

yachting is that, whatever the weather now, it will be different within a very few hours.

'Break out your jib! let go the slip rope!' and the old ship fills off on the port tack, with the last of the flood on her weather bow, but helpful weight in a southerly breeze. Foresail, staysail and maintopsail are soon upon her, and as you stand across to Lepe and the Castle dims in the haze, 'Otaria' (*née* 'Janira') seems to look round and be surprised not to find 'Egeria,' 'Cetonia,' 'Miranda,' and the others straining every rope to catch her.

In yacht cruising, two points need attention at the start in regard to your friends. Firstly, be well clear of your port before



'OTARIA' SNUGGED DOWN READY FOR THE BAY

you embark them, and, secondly, take them as direct as you can into rough water—for a time. For which discreet ends Cowes is most handy. The sail to Portland gives you a few hours in which to test all departments, and you have time there to make good any deficiencies. The following morning your boats show their capacity by meeting your friends and their luggage. In the smooth behind the Chesil Beach all hands settle in, regardless of the flying scud keeping things lively for your second point. 'Otaria' is snugged down ready for the Bay, and next morning you plunge rapidly and unhesitatingly into the roughest sea you can find off the great Bill, and away down channel to Falmouth. Even before

you are past the Eddystone vestiges of returning appetites indicate better times, and, although you run in on the plea of last letters and fresh stores, there is no time for 'passengers' to go ashore, and the short rest does not suffice to rob them of their

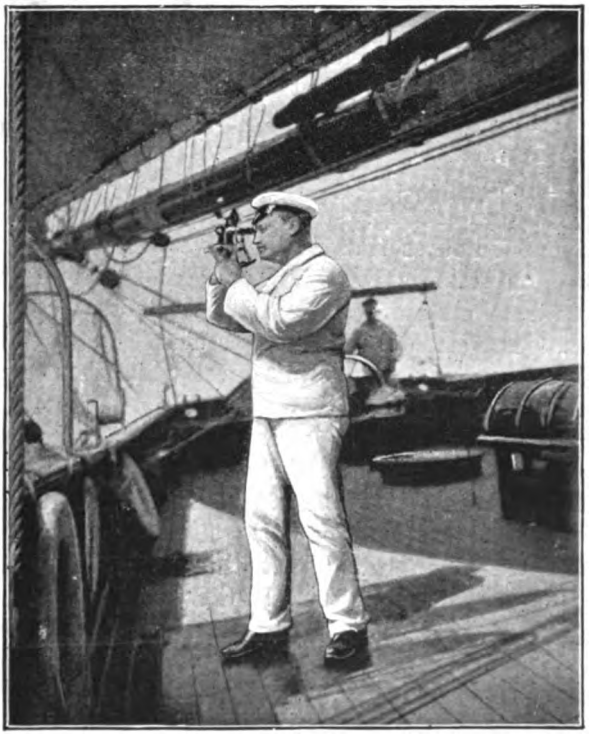
CROSSING THE DREADFUL BAY IN COSY COMFORT

sea-legs. You start as soon as may be, and presently all hands find themselves crossing the dreaded Bay in cosy comfort and enjoyment.

Such is the start. The log keeps itself from day to day. We had best sample it.

Sample No. 1.—December 21. Latitude 14·33 N.; longitude 18·49 W. Water smoother. North-east trade strong, but easterly. Temperature on deck 72°. Last night thirteen flying fish came on board, most of them striking the foresail. Note—quite as toothsome as fresh herrings for breakfast. Have been four days reaching across from the Cape Verde Islands, where we left Serpa Pinto, the African explorer, as governor, surrounded by a few swarthy and gaily dressed Portuguese; the British nation well represented officially, but also unofficially by a large well-kept

seamen's institute—a thing absolutely unknown to other nations, for lack of ships and men—and the islands swarming with the peculiar cross-bred negroid race that was certainly not indigenous. Navigation secrets are kept. The afternoon sights, so useful in the tropics, tell that, if the wind holds, Cape Verde lights will be in sight by 1 A.M. Orders are given to heave-to one hour after sighting the lights. This cunningly devised order does not prevent the sleeping owner and captain from finding himself on deck two minutes after the mysterious words have passed along that the lights are in sight. Strange how, to those in navigating charge, the sighting of land or lights at expected moments acts as an infallible alarum.



THE AFTERNOON SIGHTS, SO USEFUL IN THE TROPICS

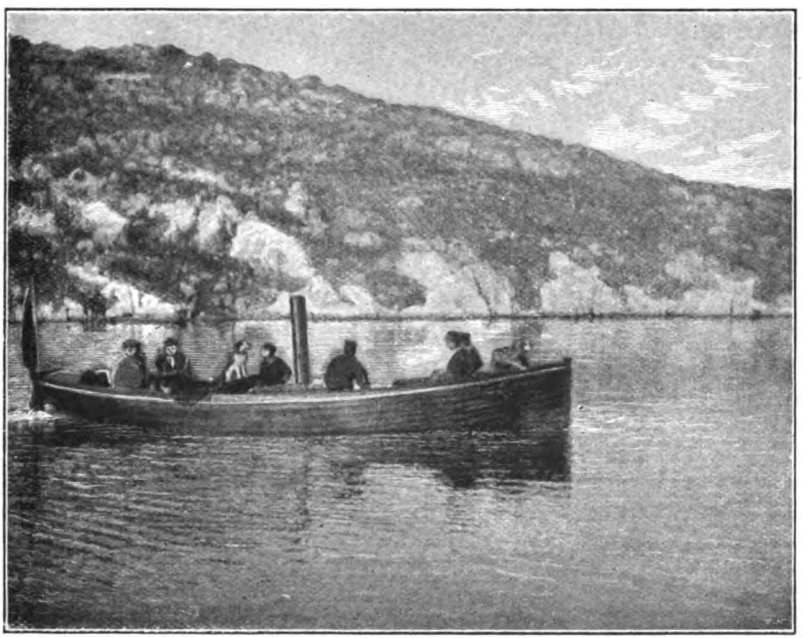
It is always darkest before dawn. 'Otaria,' duly hove to, has forged ahead, and just before daybreak is close in with the land, and a variety of shore and shipping lights are visible in Dakar, the new French military port of their new African empire, and also away on the island of Goree. Everyone knows that the

French do not allow foreign vessels into their military port, but send them to anchor in the roadstead of the island of Goree, the cradle of the great slave trade of old. With the thoroughbred yacht it is different. So as soon as ever there is a streak of dawn 'Otaria' stands boldly in on port tack, past the breakwater end, into the bay. Then she comes round smartly on to starboard tack, and stands close across the stern of a French river-gunboat, all white paint and heavy awnings. 'Down staysail!—dip the ensign!—ready with the anchor!' and 'Otaria' rounds to close under the stern of the Frenchman, and her good old bower brings her up close in, in this the best of all harbours on the whole west coast of Africa, from Oran to Saldanha Bay.

The glaring sun is soon well up. Your ladies, hurried by the unwonted quiet, are speedily on deck, to become entranced by the novelty of all things. Land usurps the horizon. The entrance is blocked by the distant but brilliantly coloured rock-island of Goree. Further to the right and closer at hand, from the bright green water's edge to the skyline of a gentle rise, is a medley of native huts, European bungalows, arcaded hospitals and barracks, and an incongruous isolated fraction of a row of six-story balconied houses that might have been taken *en bloc*, as they stand, out of any French provincial town—the whole embowered in deep and shining green foliage, and set off by fringes of tall palms. The stern of the yacht is close in to a long stretch of bright golden sands, marking the neck which connects the rocky peninsula of Cape Verde with the African mainland; and at the moment along these sands stream long trains of actual live camels, with live Moors in all their flowing white robes and long guns, coming in for early market. 'It's just like the flight into Egypt,' exclaims the youngest of the ladies, with anticipations of Christmas close upon us. 'Isn't this where Robinson Crusoe had his row with the Moors?' asks the youngest of the men.

Meanwhile the French authorities are polite, but puzzled; the category of yacht has not been broached in this port before. The end is a lively friendship with the French, and trips to their capital, up their 150 miles of real West African railway. The natives are, perhaps, most affected by the sailing of the gig, with her metal centreboard and batten-lug; for these natives, ever since the old days of slave hunts and slaver chasing, are great and ardent boat-sailors. The gig beats them all handsomely, and the gallant Frenchmen of the men-of-war look on approvingly because they catch sight of the white costumes of *les demoiselles anglaises*.

Sample No. 2.—Corfu. All are on board, after interesting rambles among the relics of British supremacy and prosperity in the good town of Corfu. Your friends among the residents have been off to 'afternoon tea,' and are now leaving in the steam launch for the shore. The sun visibly approaches the high ridges in the west; you hurry all you can to get your anchor and catch all that can be caught of the light evening breeze. And so you slip past the old 'Monsoon'—chartered by the Earl and his brother, the flag-captain you knew to be so capable away at Esquimault—and stand across to the Albanian coast for woodcock and for boar.



THE LAUNCH OFF TO THE WOODCOCK GROUND

The steam launch is to follow at leisure. Your local and *pro tem.* shikari has kennelled some nondescript pointers on deck, and is positive the breeze will last. But as it is blowing now, you give orders, with darkness crowding along, to fire up the engines. Sure enough your scientific knowledge of the one invariable axiom of yachting weather beats the experiential talents of the native. The wind dies away. A short wait, long enough to bring the darkness upon you, and you are under way again, with your good little screw revolving its 250 revolutions, 'for all the

world like a sewing machine'—so the ladies say. You go easy as you close in under the dark high hills, and the keenest eye can only detect a continuous line of boulder and beach. But the steam launch is by: you board her and lead the way, the big ship following the stern light you show. The darkness is 'pitchy,' but you recognise the windings of the shore, and feel your way along. Soon, in the turning and twisting of your course, you shut out even the westerly light upon the waters by which you entered. You creep round corner after corner, and suddenly coming upon three lights gently swaying, you guess you are in Pagania Harbour. You drop your anchor clear of what now you see to be three other vessels. A voyage of discovery in the launch proves the nearest vessel to be a yacht—the 'Otterhound'—the chartered sporting home of the admiral known to his host of friends as 'Sir Jock,' and as you step on deck in the dark, his cheery voice from below tells that he is in his bath, after a very successful day with the woodcock. The conversation is brief, as it ends in his heartily agreeing to come to dinner on board of you; and there with generous frankness he gives all manner of tips and directions as to where, how, and when to get the best of the shooting. Meanwhile you have run alongside the big yawl, which is none other than the wonderful 'Goddess' herself, and where you have a chat with her renowned owners, who have for the moment renounced trawling and five-raters for the rifle and Albanian boar. Such most agreeable surprises occur only in the diversion of yacht cruising, and formed a happy opening to a happy week of alternate days after woodcock and pig. Each day four of the crew volunteer to be of the party, and with canvas 'marled' legs and boarding pikes, to keep off boars and the dogs of the sheep, these four stalwart seamen, together with the four 'guns,' present so formidable an array that the Albanians willingly prefer the soft impeachment of paid retainers to extracting drachmas in ransoms as brigands. The group of Albanians and crew ready for the boar is picturesque indeed. The launch proves most effective in running the party up rivers and lakes right on to the woodcock ground, and the delight of the ladies is great as she glides gently along among swarms of waders—storks, pelicans, egrets, *et hoc genus omne*—which make the place, as one of the party exclaimed, 'for all the world like one big Zoo!'

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Sample No. 3.—January 14. Latitude, 9·50 N.; longitude, 12·0 W.; thermometer 79°; time 5 A.M. Pitch dark. Great Bear on end in north; Southern Cross in greater brilliancy in

south, hovering immediately over low tongue of land covered with big trees, above which wave numerous palms, and among which stand out the bungalow roofs of the brand new French settlement of Conakri, which some ardent statesmen regard as the terminus in the near future of the great Sahara trunk line from Atlantic to Mediterranean, *viâ* Timbuctoo; the only serious competition being the intended line of fast steamers, to run which other ardent statesmen intend to make a small ocean of the Sahara. You have heard of all this on shore the night before. Now you come on deck in the delicious tropical morning air. A steady,

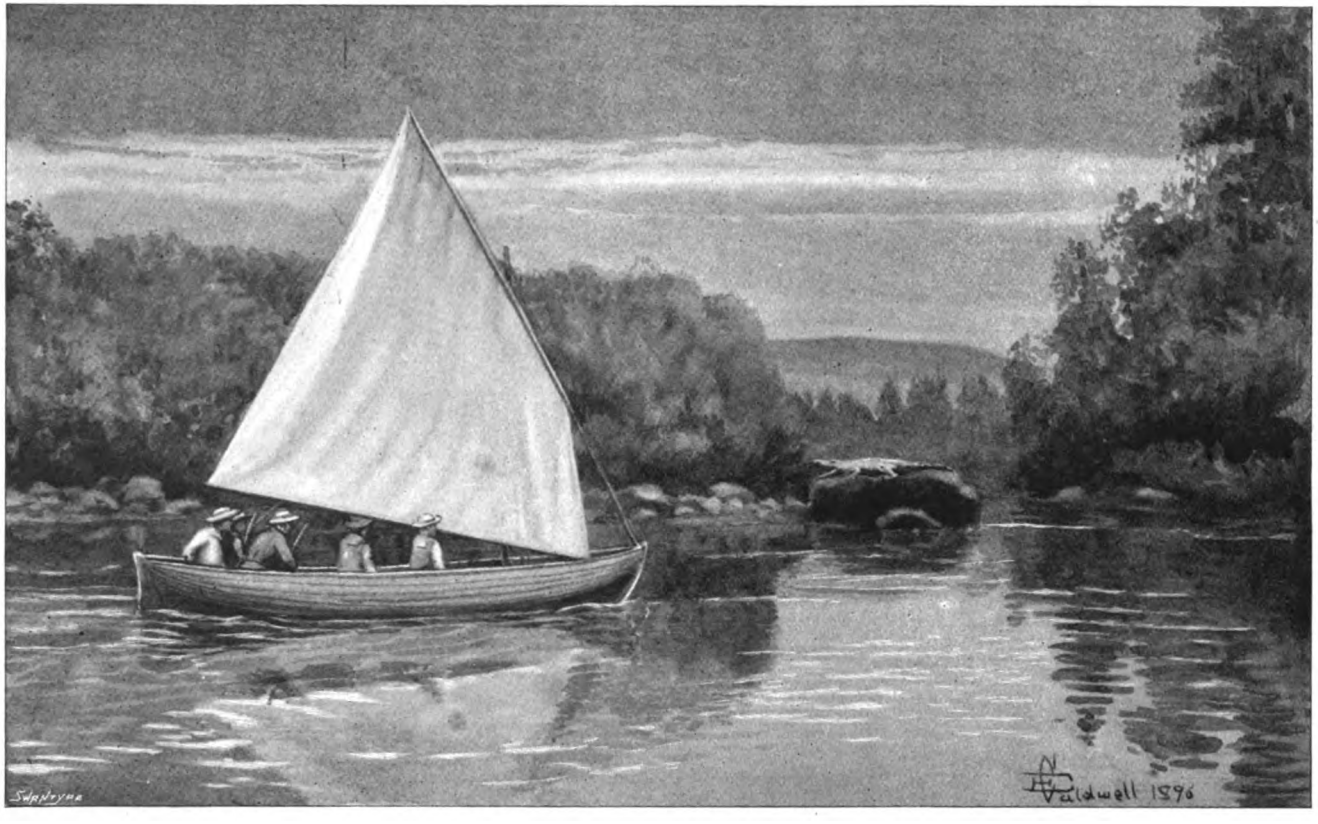
ALBANIANS AND CREW READY FOR THE BOAR

pea-soup-yellow current flows past the 'Otaria' as she lies quietly to her anchor. All on board have been awakened, and everything had been planned overnight. The steam launch lies alongside, and therein looms the big form of 'John'—taciturn, reliable North Countryman, priding himself on always having his 80 lbs. of steam neither before nor after the moment for which it is ordered. Coffee and a variety of snacks are leisurely partaken of by those ready, and hastily and indigestibly by those who still have 'things' to get. An adventure in 'the boats' up a West African river for a few days needs 'things,' especially for the ladies.

However, just before break of dawn ladies and men are in the launch aft, and forward the invaluable steward and two hands have all the impedimenta. By the light of the lanterns dimly burning you see the wistful looks of the officers and crew, who are peering over the side to see the start, for each and all would gladly have come. The order rings out, 'Let go forward—easy ahead—full speed!' and you swing round on the flowing tide, with the punt lightly towing astern. You may have your private qualms as to striking snags in this alligator-infested river, and only hope the lifeboat character of the launch is trustworthy. But the dawn is already breaking, and with the legendary suddenness of such affairs in the tropics, it is almost daylight before you have lost sight of 'Otaria' in the darkness. On either hand and ahead your prospect is yellow water swirling along with you, backed at a mile's distance by low green lines of mangroves. Those of them ahead, topped here and there by palms, form a bank about which is set in dark outline against the bright Eastern sky a weird and fantastic range of hills approaching the mountain height of 3,000 feet, the remarkable forest-clad volcanic peak to the right being the one mountain where are captured all the chimpanzees required by five continents.

You know your river entrance, for you have explored it beforehand. You make straight for the mangroves ahead with barely two fathoms of water over the soft mud bar till you approach close to the foliage, and the water suddenly deepens to five fathoms, you bear sharp to the right and find yourself in the deep cut channel of a winding big river a hundred yards in width. For some fifteen miles you follow its bends, with a shot at curlew now and then. And now, on your right, the mangrove swamps give way to partially cleared terra firma, you see genuine rocks ahead, and presently open out a clearing whereon are obviously European bungalows and stores, bearing aloft (as roofing) that standard of pioneer civilisation—corrugated iron.

A landing is soon effected. The three European traders are there to meet you, and here we must 'take as read' all the novel experiences that follow in board and lodging amidst hosts of natives, for the most part slaves. Presently the whole party, with their new friends, find themselves away up the river among rocky islets in two huge heavy boats, the long oars taken by lusty Africans nearly nude, silent and gloomy-looking and slaves. You are all advised, 'Don't fire at anything except the mallee,' although there, basking on a big boulder, lay a huge grey alligator, and at the word mallee even the slaves' faces show a glimmering of in-



THERE, BASKING ON A BIG BOULDER, LAY A HUGE GREY ALLIGATOR

terested intelligence. The other boat turns up a side creek, where we are sure to come upon the mallee. We follow at a hundred yards' distance. I have my biggest 'glass' fixed up the creek. I see my two comrades sitting on one thwart back to back, rifle on knee, the one looking up, the other down the creek on port side of boat.

Suddenly on starboard side you see close ahead of the boat two humps, two peaks, and a long ridge of browny black silently rise a few inches above the water. The boat rows on unnoticing, till the big swirl of the sinking hippo sends everybody in the boat wild with disappointment. Both boats are at once run on to the mud under the mangrove trees, to wait for Mr. Mallee to show his nose again. In silence we point out to the ladies the monkeys, of two kinds, creeping and running along the branches close by to have a peep at the intruders. No mallee shows up, so both boats row back to the main river and take different sides of the rocky islets in the middle of the channel.

Two heads of mallee almost at once appear 'on the port bow.' The excited Mandingo who steers from behind the awning and bosses the boat, with an almost silent but intensely excited grunt at once puts a strange vigour into the hitherto listless rowers. The clumsy big boat shoots ahead—the mallee once and again shows up. At last he snorts within two hundred yards, and as he withdraws his head beneath the water I get my rifle to my shoulder, remembering the only method of hitting the quick-diving platypus of Australia. All of a sudden, with a sloosh and up-heaval, and little more than a hundred yards square on our beam, a huge red-brown monster rears himself head and shoulders out of the water. One's first momentary sensation is that of a dazed dream; but instinctively the outstretched left hand points the barrel, there is a flash, a smack, a bang, and the great beast lurches over with a half-jump on the top of a rock just awash and sinks below the eddying waters 'killed dead.' At one and the same moment the five brawny slaves and the Mandingo set up with one consent a yelling chorus, which gradually subsides into a lively chant, which did not cease for one single moment, taken up by hosts of other natives when back at the 'station,' till long after midnight, and the burden of the whole song was the frequently repeated word 'mallee.'

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Sample the last.—Nauplia: January 30. Thermometer 64°. Days have been spent exploring Tiryns and Mykenæ, and you return to your ship lying at anchor off Nauplia, close to the little

A HUGE RED-BROWN MONSTER REARS HIMSELF HEAD AND SHOULDERS OUT OF THE WATER

fortified islet where lives, guarded from popular vengeance by a few soldiers, the official hangman of Greece. You get under way about 3 P.M., so as to clear all the narrows well before dark. You can hardly persuade your friends to come below for dinner, so gorgeous are the wild reds and yellows of the sun setting over the mountains of Lacedæmon. The self-recording aneroid, without which no self-respecting yacht ever goes to sea, keeps on going down behind your chair as you sit at dinner. There is no lingering below, and on deck, in addition to the grand panorama all round, you find a grand old breeze blowing up, and a tumble of a short sea even in among these Spartan fjords. With the aid of a light or two and some cross bearings you lay your course of 130 miles for Suda Bay, as you are making a most interesting round of all the naval stations of the Mediterranean. The wind comes down upon you out of the Cyclades, from the N.N.E.—maybe your old classical friend 'rude Boreas.' The dreaded Cape Thalea is under your lee. But the pace of 'Otaria' is grand, and equally grand is the motion as the heaving swell comes rolling up and curling over under her quarter. Darkness, very pitchy, succeeds the glorious sunset, with the inevitable idea, if not fact, that the weather has become very thick. However, steamer lights are all we can 'touch' till we get on to the coast of Crete, more than a hundred miles ahead. The night watches, under comfortably shortened sail, pass easily enough; but daybreak opens thick, and Crete is now not far ahead as we run with the willing aid of Boreas. The short steep sea is viciously angry at the ease with which 'Otaria's' quarters receive and repel the repeated assaults—an occasional shower-bath spray patting up her side and being blown down on those assembled aft about the wheel, ready for the main sheet, and peering with what looks like anxiety for some signs of land in the thick driving sea-fret ahead. The patent log already records 128 miles—a big average pace—since sunset. 'Have any of you ever been in Suda Bay?' 'No.' 'Anyone know what the entrance is like?' 'No.' Sailing directions are well studied in the deckhouse, and the order is given to pass along the deep sea lead, an old operation of seamanship culminating in the picturesque and musical 'Watch! there! watch!' which will have to be performed unless within ten minutes or so land is sighted. Meanwhile your friends are up and peering out of the deckhouse at the spray-wetted deck and looking, a trifle anxious but more amused and confident, at the busy men in wet oilskins and shining sou'westers, impervious and certainly inattentive to the driving wet mist and occasional

dashes of spray. You begin to watch for smooths, in one of which you may have suddenly to round her to, head to wind, to heave your lead, and have some breakfast in comparative quiet. Your eyes are over your shoulder looking for a smooth when a shout comes aft from under the staysail, 'Land on the lee bow!' You are at once at the lee rail, and then you see, under a momentary lift of the driving mist, a high bluff cliff broad on the bow. 'Haul her up a couple of points! let the staysail run down,' and 'Otaria' eases herself over the seas while you look round for more land. Sure enough out of the mists other

NONE CAN BEAT THE CREW

heights appear, and, steadying 'Otaria's' pace, the conviction gradually grows that you have made a good landfall. You let her away again into a large bight that opens out, with all the capes, peaks, and islets necessary to identify the entrance to Suda Bay. All you now need to make it a certainty is an island on your starboard hand, and a fort-crowned island further in. Just at the right moment, as so often happens when in under the land, the sea-fret exalts itself into a mist capping the mountains; all becomes preternaturally clear underneath, your islands duly appear, and also the undeniable forts on shore. You run boldly in

at full pace for a beach, the embouchure of a river coming down out of green and grey mountains. You effect an easy gybe, and hauling up on the starboard tack, range in under the fort-crowned island, and of a sudden find yourself out of all the rough and tumble, skimming, in unwonted quiet, over deadsmooth water to hard puffs of wind blowing down straight off stone- and grass-covered downs. Breakfast had been forgotten by all except the watchful steward, who had quietly taken upon himself the responsibility of adjourning the cooking of the dishes. It is only when, with an occasional cast of the hand lead, you have reached up the long length of the bay, past a few Turkish vessels of war, into four fathoms of water, that you luff up and let go your anchor, and have breakfast in Crete.

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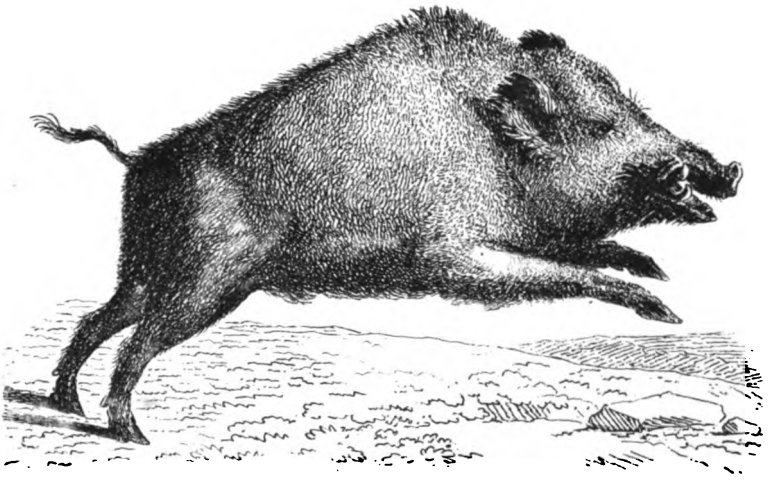
So much for samples of the log. These and a thousand others are the diverting incidents of the sport of yacht cruising. Incidentally the body and all its members benefit hugely, to the great advantage of an active brain or mind. Men so diversely constituted as the late Mr. W. H. Smith, and Mr. Gladstone, or Froude and Tennyson, equally declare the debt they owe to yacht cruising. Many a wise doctor has told us that foreign travel might be healthful if it did not wholly consist of packing and unpacking, fighting hotel bills, and puzzling out trains and diligences. These Miseries of Human Travel, which make up its whole content on the Continent, are absolutely non-existent in yachting. As for the mind, there is much that can only be observed, only properly pondered over, from the deck of a yacht. Take for instance those bays and channels of the West Indies where British fleets fought, and where so many millions of our national debt were invested in the foundations of our Empire. You must roam around in a yacht if you would visit the neglected bays in Grenada, Dominica, St. Kitts, and every other island, and explore the solid masonry of the forts and barracks and finished quays and buildings of old English naval ports, all built out of our national debt. On the other hand, take natural history in so many abstruse branches, astronomy, practical meteorology, sketching, boat sailing, sea fishing, and a hundred-and-one other pastimes, and you will find they can be enjoyed best, and far best, on a yacht. 'Tis no wonder that even our keenest yacht racers—our Mulhollands and our Dunravens, old and young—are all among the keenest of our yacht cruisers, or that our better regulated yacht clubs do not permit of the interests of thoroughbred cruising being sacrificed to the ancillary sport of racing.

One further consideration and I have done. Sport is ennobled by its incidental good effects on the national well-being. Our Waterloos are won by cricket; our excellence in horses is the result of horse racing; our cavalry is the best in the world, owing to fox hunting—so say the enthusiasts in those particular noble sports. Nowadays we know we must trust to our first line of defence—to our ships. Our Waterloos must henceforth be Trafalgars. In other words, we must maintain the best breed of seamen in the world. There are from 25,000 to 30,000 men employed on yachts, the seamen the pick of our seafaring population. I have had long experience of seamen in all classes of vessels, of almost every nationality, and in many corners of the world. For sobriety, knowledge, smartness, and steadiness, none can beat the crew of a thoroughbred British cruising yacht. The nation has cause to be grateful to those who maintain this sport which preserves a breed of men so essential to our national security. And all who read and know will agree in wishing well to the noblest, as it is the most enjoyable, of all British sports—yacht cruising.



SOME POACHERS

BY ALEX. INNES SHAND

THERE are poachers and poachers, and for some of them the genuine sportsman must feel sympathy and even regard. I do not allude, of course, to the gangs of ruffians who go about with blackened faces in the mining districts, sweeping the coverts by literal brute force. Nor to the skulking frequenter of the disreputable hedge pot-house, who would fell a keeper from behind and bludgeon him to death, were it not for wholesome terror of the gallows. But what is a poor fellow to do when he is born and bred amid rural surroundings with an innate and irresistible passion for sport? If he owned the domains of his Grace the Duke, or the manors of his Honour the Squire, or had the run of comfortable country houses like many of the impecunious among his social superiors, he might have lived in general consideration, or at least have never been brought into business relations with 'beaks' on the Bench or warders in the prison yards. As it is, he struggles up encompassed by temptations and lured into lapses from legality by seductive opportunities. As a boy he had a decided taste for zoology and natural history, like the 'old Madman' in 'Tom Brown's School Days.' He may have been set upon sport like that famous Oriental Nimrod, predestined to the Church by a serious parent, and sentenced to solitary confinement in a garret for frequenting the company of keepers and ratcatchers. For that incorrigible scapegrace solaced himself by hunting the rats infesting his room, till, being released from cap-

tivity because it was clear he rather liked it, he ultimately won the gold medal of the Geographical.

The peasant poacher begins with bird-nesting as the duckling betakes itself to the pond. The gentle slope tends inevitably towards Avernus and more serious trespass. There is a fearful joy in stealing into copses and preserves, patrolled by truculent keepers, and guarded by ominous placards announcing that all trespassers will be prosecuted. Creeping through the undergrowth, and in grassy ditches beneath the tangled canopies of the hedgerows, treading gingerly on the treacherous soil in the wilderness of sedges and bulrushes, the young vagabond, with each sense on the alert, gets skilled in ambushing and sign-reading like one of Cooper's Red Indians. Growing older, he goes to work on a regular wage.

He has already served his apprenticeship as ploughman's boy, and as he leads the team along the furrows his self-education has been progressing. When he has attained maturity he is active, athletic, and independent. When it pleases him to exert himself he is more efficient than most men, and he has no difficulty in obtaining employment. If he had the means or the thought of emigrating, he might find scope for his adventurous energies in the colonies. As it is, he does not care to resign himself to the monotonous routine of regular farm drudgery. So he goes in for piece-work, with frequent change of scene, or, if he lives in a woodland country, he seeks employment as a woodman. When he does farm work, by preference he engages himself for such light and exciting occupation as bush-harrowing. For as he sits leisurely dragging the bush-harrow across the grass, or strolls homeward towards evening, skirting the sequestered recesses of the woods, he has rare opportunities for the study of animated nature. He worms himself into the secrets and daily routine of all the stealthy wild creatures, and into the ways of the watchers as well. He knows each gnarled limb of the favourite clumps of trees where the crowing pheasants fly up to roost. And in the autumn gloaming, or in the dimness of dawn, when the ripe acorns are falling fast, and when the hedgerows are heavily laden with ruddy berries, he meets the pheasants wandering forth to feed, beyond the familiar beats of the caretakers. He has marked each amorous couple of partridges from early pairing time; he has seen and counted the coveys as they hatched out; he has noted each casualty by water or weasel, and knows exactly the quiet nook on the sunny bank where they indulge in their siesta and subsequent dust-bath. He stoops instinctively to distinguish the

run of the pheasant through the long grass from the well-beaten tracks of hare or rabbit. And by way of extenuation for Sir William Harcourt's atrocious edict, which has well-nigh exterminated the hares, we must own there were no creatures more tempting to the poacher. Our friend would stand motionless watching them at play in the fields; or he would be suddenly stopped short in his homeward walk by the hare coming leisurely up wind in the opposite direction. Seeing nothing directly in front, and confiding in his delicacy of scent, the unsuspecting animal would come lolopping along, playfully pricking his ears, and snatching aside here and there at some tuft of dew-sprinkled herbage. The watcher could almost have walked straight to his form; he knew the favourite tunnel by which he slipped through the hedge when the gate for which he would have scurried when alarmed had been barred or wired against his egress. All these practical studies, up to a certain point, may be very innocent. But the human passion for hunting and killing is burning in the veins, and the day comes with opportunity when it becomes irresistible. The systems of driving and of battue-shooting tend to encourage it, for the born poacher is keenest and most intelligent among the beaters, and consequently in high favour with the head keeper. In the wettest weather, or in hardest frost, he never shirks the thickest covert. He is almost as sure as the best retriever in questing after dead or wounded birds. And all the time, though perhaps involuntarily, he is studying the innermost secrets of the preserves. It may be said that if his sporting proclivities are so pronounced he ought in honesty to seek service with the squire, who would gladly engage him. So he sometimes does, and is advanced gradually by good conduct to one of the most enviable occupations in the British Isles. But the chances are that his adventurous spirit would be only half satisfied by sylvan servitude. He has no great liking for carrying or loading, or for walking in line with a stick in his hand, while his superiors have all the fun to themselves. Stalking the glades by moonlight like a guardian ghost, or squatting, on weary sentry duty, in a damp ditch, has no special charm for him. Although neither a sluggard nor a sybarite, he would sooner be in his warm bed. What tempts him into sin or criminal trespass is the devilry delighting in a dash of peril, with the development of the instincts which make every country boy stone cats and birds, though he may be in the habit of fondling the home puss on the hearth and be charmed by the minstrelsy of thrushes and blackbirds.

THE QUIET NOOK ON THE SUNNY BANK

I do not believe that the casuistry as to the rights of ownership in wild creatures has much to do with the matter; though doubtless the question is often discussed over the mugs of beer in the village alehouse. But the doctrine of heredity is responsible for a great deal. Saxon England was the Paradise of poachers; and so England would have still remained under the Norman and Angevin princes had it not been for the tremendous severity of the forest laws. As it was, the opportunities were so great, and the chances of detection so small, that the half-starved serf thought it worth while risking death or mutilation, or the diabolical penalty of having the eyes plucked out, according to a statute of the Conqueror confirmed by Cœur de Lion. The opportunities were great, for in those days one unbroken forest stretched from Trent to Humber, and onwards towards Tyne. Westward were vast woodlands and leagues of seldom-trodden sheepwalks. Southward, in the Midlands, were Sherwood and Needwood and Charnwood, till you came to the great forest of Anderida, which fed the smelting furnaces between the Medway and the Sussex Downs. Everywhere the choking of springs and the backflow of stagnating streams had turned forest land into impenetrable morasses, only passable by tracks known to the initiated. Here and there was the castle of some powerful lord, or the convent and church of a wealthy confraternity, and the surrounding domains were so broad that they could only be imperfectly guarded. In foreign warfare, or in civil broils, the Baron mustered all his forces, and was likely to mount the foresters among the men-at-arms. Through his woods and wastes, in the clearings and open glades, were the hamlets of the villeins and many a lonely hovel. The swine and the cattle ran half wild in the charge of herdsmen, like Gurth of Rotherwood. As the deer came to drink at the stream or mere, or as the sounder of wild boar were disturbed from the bramble or bracken, they were dropped to the silent arrow, or transfixed by the javelin flung surely at short distance. The game was hidden hard by, to be smuggled to the cottage after nightfall. Why was the English bowman who decided the day at Cressy and Poictiers so infinitely superior to Jacques Bonhomme, who let himself be flayed and fleeced by the *Écorcheurs* and Free Companions? Our stalwart yeomen never got their bone and muscle from the scanty produce of precarious forest crops, or from the convent doles they received in charity. They fattened on the venison and swineflesh, on the wild fowl they netted, and the fish they snared. When times were at the worst, the flower of them took to walking the

woodlands as banded outlaws, with whom the foresters cared little to interfere. In many another forest as well as Sherwood there were the counterparts of Robin Hood and his lieutenant, Little John. No one knew that better than the lion-like King Richard, and, truculent game preserver as he was, he had a sneaking sympathy with poaching freebooters. As he remarked to the jovial companion of his carouse, when he had received hospitality in the Yorkshire wolds at the chapel of the sainted Anthony: 'Nevertheless, were I as thou, I would take my walk by moonlight when keepers and foresters were warm in bed, and

ever and anon, as I pattered my prayers, I would let fly a shaft among the herds of dun deer that feed in the glades. Resolve me, Holy Clerk, hast thou never practised such a pastime?' Naturally the poacher of the period declined to answer so compromising a query, and sternly rebuked the indiscretion of his guest.

Disforesting made rapid progress with the alienation of crown lands, and the red-deer and the wild cattle generally disappeared with the wild swine. The fallow deer enclosed within park pales were more usually regarded as private property, and the deer-

snatching from these preserves was comparatively tame sport, although the sanctuaries were sure to be violated as long as haunches and necks fetched their price in the markets. As Justice Shallow, of Charlecote, knew to his cost, the most illustrious of dramatists and lampooners was also the most illustrious of deer-stealers. But in the last century there were still royal forests, where the red deer ranged at will within unfenced boundaries. There was Waltham Chase on the borders of Surrey and Hants, and Gilbert White tells the story in the tenth letter from Selborne. The deer, he says, did great damage to the crops, but were far more injurious to the local woods. He cordially assents to all our premises, for he adds that the temptations to poach were irresistible; as 'most men are sportsmen by constitution, and there is such an inherent spirit for hunting in human nature, as scarce any inhibitions can restrain.' Unless he had graduated in deer-stealing, no Waltham man could pretend either to manhood or the favour of the fair sex. So that the doings of the notorious 'Waltham Blacks' provoked the legislature to pass an Act that for its severity might have been drawn by the Red King; but even the making felonies capital failed to deter, and the Chase had to be cleared of its five hundred deer. A similar fate subsequently befell the New Forest, and not before the measure was imperative. These wildly picturesque woodlands were inhabited by races of forest farmers of long descent, of half-savage charcoal-burners, and of lawless squatters, cross-bred between the native tramp and the gipsy. The forest was a survival *en petit* of the Angevin England. Against these irregular bands, who had their huts and their pursuits in the gloomy solitudes, the whole staff of rangers and verderers and bow-bearers was powerless. When they ventured to make an example, it was sure to be summarily avenged by arson; and the consignment of a deer-stealer to gaol was celebrated by a blaze in the magistrate's rickyard. So, in consideration for the ineradicable frailties of the forest dwellers, the deer were doomed by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, and Grantley Berkeley sympathetically sang their requiem.

Poaching in England is to free shooting in Scotland what fly-fishing in a southern chalk-stream is to casting your salmon flies in the back-swirl of some brawling mountain torrent. The former is a fine art which is apt to demoralise its votaries. The English poacher is always playing hide and seek with strong staffs of keepers in small preserves; insensibly the most manly gets a slouching gait, with a look in the downcast eyes

that is alternately stealthy or sullen. He shambles along as if at any moment he might feel the policeman's touch on his shoulder. In Scotland—and especially in the Scotland of a former generation, when great stretches of hill grounds were seldom patrolled, and when even the Lowlands were insufficiently guarded—he was a very different type of humanity. The Highlander inherited the fixed idea that he need never think shame of taking a deer from the forest or a salmon from the river. Scrope and St. John, good sportsmen both, have left their

AN INCORRIGIBLE LAW-BREAKER

recollections of incorrigible law-breakers who won their admiration and almost their regard. A sportsman of that class I well remember. He was a denizen of one of the wildest districts in the north-west, where adventurous smuggling was a cherished tradition and illicit distilling still a recognised business. Duncan Mohr, as he was called, was a mighty man of muscle. Though well advanced in years he could lay any of the juniors on his back, and no two of the satellites of the law would have cared to tackle him. He was generous of gifts of the fish and game

which cost him nothing but a little powder or gut; and sundry widows and orphans were supported chiefly on his beneficence. Had there been elections for parish councils in those days, he would have walked in at the head of the poll. For there was no denying that Duncan was the most notorious of poachers. He might have lived happy in the general esteem of his neighbours, but with Duncan, as with all men, there was a rift in the lute. Partly from fear and partly from good fellowship, the two keepers of the chieftain never 'steered' him. It is true they had to watch many a league of hill and many a long mile of half-hidden salmon water, and, as Duncan had small difficulty in dodging them, his sport became unpalatably tame. Sometimes, when Satan got the upper hand, he would actually throw himself across their path, although, on these occasions, conscience troubled him. But his good friends were blind, or deaf to the gun reports; and Duncan was far from a contented man.

Highland estates went up in the land market, and the embarrassed chieftain was tempted to sell. Duncan, who had been brought up in patriarchal affection, heard the news with sorrow. Indeed, his lamentations were so loud that his motives were suspected. The ungrateful country folk declared that the old stalker was sorrowing over the prospects of a stricter *régime*. It was rumoured abroad that the southern banker who had bought the place was to begin his proprietorship with sweeping changes. No one could say he was to deal illiberally. The ancient keepers were to be retired on pensions, but they were to be replaced by a baker's dozen of zealous strangers. As the ill news spread and were confirmed, Duncan brightened up amazingly. At last his chance had come, and he might sate himself with the adventures he had dreamed of. No need now to obtrude himself on the keepers' notice. On the contrary, the game was all the other way. His cottage was watched, and his outgoings were often shadowed. With all his powers preternaturally on the alert, he found it hard to keep his larder supplied and was forced to become more chary of his benefactions. It was the latter grievance he felt most keenly. Many a long night did he lie out on the hill in his plaid, in fear of compromising kindly friends by seeking shelter in some bothy or shepherd's sheiling. He even took to reducing his charges of powder, thereby increasing the trouble of his stalking and—what he regretted still more—the sufferings of wounded deer.

He naturally began to grumble, but on the whole he enjoyed it. Now there was no lack of sensation in his life; there was the

double excitement of hunting and being hunted. Then one evil day a great misfortune happened, which changed the whole course of his career. The young London banker was as keen on sport as himself, and as free-handed. Duncan could not resist a genuine admiration of him, for, like the last Glengarry of famous memory, he would go on the deer path for a day or more, disdaining the attendance of stalker or spyer. That in his innocent inexperience he often came home empty-handed, was, in Duncan's opinion, the more to his credit. One autumn evening, when the wild range of sea-washed Ross-shire hills was enveloped in drifting mists from the Atlantic, the hard old Highlander was groping his way homewards through the gathering gloom. With all his Highland instincts and knowledge of the ground, he found it difficult to steer a course. He deemed himself lucky when he struck a rocky corrie which he knew must lead him downwards to the Strath. Down and on he went, among treacherous bank-slides and rugged boulders, with the burn he could not see murmuring beneath in the blackness, when he fancied he heard a groan, followed by something like an oath. It was a mischancy place and time; the Highlander was superstitious, and the words seemed to tell of some troubled spirit. Duncan was more than inclined to take to the hill again. But, like Rab Tull in the 'Antiquary,' he kept a Highland heart, said a bit of a prayer, and held forward. To cut the story short, he came on the new proprietor, who had had an ugly fall and sprained an ankle. Duncan, of course, played the good Samaritan, and, making the crippled Saxon as comfortable as might be, found his way to the house and brought efficient assistance. He made light of his timely help. 'The laird would have been little the worse for the caller air, and somebody would have been sure to have sought him out the next day.' The grateful laird thought otherwise. He swore that had it not been for Duncan's timely help his body might have been picked by the eagles and ravens. And his gratitude took the unwelcome form of giving orders that his preserver should never be interfered with. He might fire his rifle within hearing of the house and land his salmon within sight of the windows. With the new immunity Duncan's regrets for the old chieftain and the old times revived. He seldom cared to stir from home: he lost flesh, and fell off in spirit and sinew. Yet he liked the new lord of the soil so well that at last he condescended to ask a favour. It was a small loan to aid him to emigrate to West Canada—a loan which he faithfully promised to repay. The laird, after many vain remonstrances, made the advance

without looking to the security, and the old poacher left his native hills, simply because agreeable poaching had been made impossible.

Here is another illustration of the ruling passion from the Lowlands. The name is changed in order, as they say, to spare the feelings of any surviving relations. Sandy Watt was the son of a miller, who rented a small farm on the eastern coast. In those days there was no king in Israel—in other words, the 'state was unpreserved, and the boy, who carried a single barrel as soon as he could totter under it, had been brought up between the 'rabbit bents' and the snipe bog. The family were fairly well-to-do, but the rabbits and the wildfowl helped the larder, so Sandy was encouraged to become a crack performer. In due time, as Sandy grew up, both the miller and his landlord were gathered to their fathers. Sandy renewed the lease, but there was no more freedom to shoot. There were clauses strictly reserving the game, and the new laird was mercilessly down upon trespassers. Moreover, Sandy was not only a serious man, but had been reared in the strictest sect of the Calvinists. He sat out interminable sermons with devout attention, and was a severe and discriminating judge of doctrine. Had he been a single-minded man he would have hung his gun up in the chimney neuk and crowned his religious profession by becoming a member of the Kirk session. He was so fervent of speech and so great in exhortation that he should have lived and died in the odour of sanctity. But the old Adam was too strong, and for the life of him he could not resist his besetting temptations. Like the blessed St. Anthony, he was encompassed by fiends of the air; there was seduction in the plaintive cry of the plover and in the shrill whistle of the whaup. Sandy had laid to heart the homely Scottish proverb that it is an ill bird that befouls its own nest. There was no scandal in his parish, nor had the landlord cause of complaint. But gossip was soon busy with his mysterious disappearances, to the neglect of the mill and the farm. It seemed strange that a man who looked sharply after the main chance should neglect his affairs to their visible detriment. But there is no keeping secrets in these rural neighbourhoods, and speedily the truth leaked out. Mr. Watt went abroad on regular poaching raids. The day came when he was caught, convicted, fined, and severely reprimanded to boot by the sheriff. What he felt most deeply, perhaps, was the being preached at by a carnal latitudinarian, on whom he looked down with sublime contempt. From that public denunciation his open fall may be dated. He held forth

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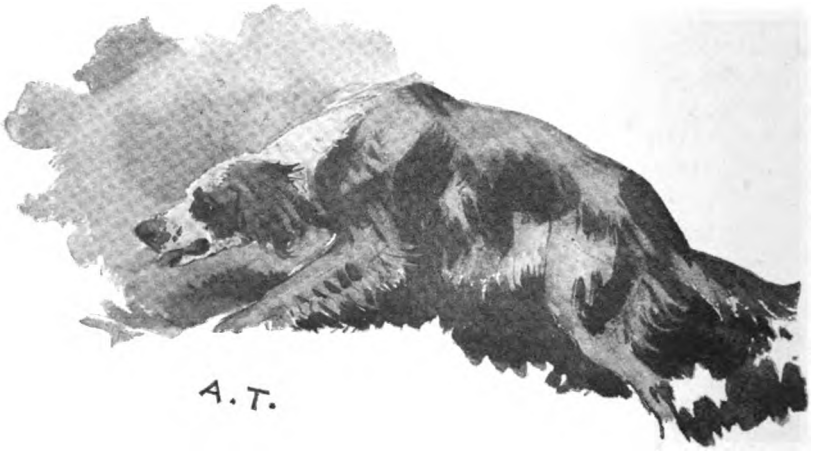
eloquently on common rights of property in all wild creatures, and declared that he would seek the crown of martyrdom for his convictions. He drove the mill and worked the farm more industriously, so that he kept a firmer grip than before on the world's gear; and he hired a small and cheap shooting, which gave him excuse for taking out a license, with unlimited opportunities for trespass. He became a scourge to all keepers far and near, till, with regard to their outlying beats, they could only appeal to his generosity. There was a covey of white partridges on an unwatched estate. The old keeper, who paid it but rare and occasional visits, was anxious to preserve those *lusus naturæ*. So, as he said, 'I took Watt into the inn; I gave him all the whisky and porter he could drink, and got him to give his promise to spare the birds.' That white covey disappeared. It had evidently been netted bodily. Mr. Watt was more indignant than the keeper. Some poacher had been poaching on the poacher's privileges of chase. He had accepted blackmail for the birds, and his honour was at stake. With the nose of a sleuth-hound he ran the offenders down, and duly handed them over to the authorities. He had much reason to regret his precipitation. Necessarily he was called as evidence for the prosecution, and subjected to a searching cross-examination which supplied ample material for his secret biography. As it chanced, he caught a chill in leaving the court, and in a fortnight was laid beneath the sod in the Kirkyard. In other circumstances so sad a falling away would have thinned the attendance at the obsequies and clouded the countenances of the mourners. On the contrary, there was an unprecedented assemblage; the consumption of spirits was abnormal. Even the worthy minister in prayer and speech dealt tenderly with the weaknesses of their departed brother, and the law-abiding parish of Belquihittery made a conspicuous display of its innate sympathy with the inveterate poaching instinct.

In Ireland, even where the law was weak, there were fewer temptations. On wild stretches of barren hill the grouse were thinned down by the hawks, the ravens, and the hooded crows, and, moreover, the keen-sighted and voracious crows kept a sharp look-out for eggs in the nesting season. In the vast morasses of the Bog of Allen and elsewhere there was little to be shot at save duck and snipe. Though the red deer ranged the hills around Killarney, there were no regular deer forests, and it was chiefly in the more civilised eastern counties that pheasants were reared by hand. Moreover, the lawless occupants of lonely

hovels were seldom rich enough to purchase a birding-piece or to pay for powder and shot. The speculation did not make it worth while to go in for ruinous advance from the local gombeen man. Dragging a salmon pool, or spearing salmon by torchlight on the shallows in spawning-time, was another matter. But many poachers have been bred in the districts of the wild west, and the Celt has an insinuating impudence all his own, to which his more solemn Gaelic cousin can make no pretension. A Kerry landlord was sorely troubled that way by a venerable dependent for whom he had a real esteem. Mister Spillane—he was no relation of a well-known Killarney guide—had been born on the estate, and engaged as a supernumerary on the keeper's staff before he listed in the Fighting Half-hundred. With a regiment in India his sporting aptitudes recommended him to a famous regimental Nimrod, who made Spillane his servant and constant attendant in shooting expeditions. No Zouave was ever more resourceful in providing materials for a Meg Merrilies stew in the camp kettles. Had he followed the British colours under Wellington in the Peninsula, he would assuredly have been shot or hanged by the Provost-Marshal. Spillane came back to his ancestral glens as a veteran with a pension, and settled down rent free in a cottage near the castle. He was grateful for free quarters and for the run of the castle kitchen. And he showed his gratitude by killing salmon when there were any to be caught, and leaving them at the back door of the big house with his compliments and kindly wishes. In vain the master expostulated, swore, argued, and even entreated. He pointed out that his best bits of water were often spoiled for himself and his friends. Spillane was courteous, good-natured, and pleasantly obtuse. 'Sure, your honour, if I knew that you or any of the company were to be out, it's always willing I would be to lave the pools for ye.' So the good-natured baronet gave him up as hopeless, and, being loath to resort to eviction, resigned himself to 'grin and bear it.'

But it is in Southern and Eastern Germany that poaching assumes its most dramatic aspects, and the struggle has been carried on from time immemorial between the foresters and the *freischütze* on such rules of wild chivalry as prevail among the Bedouin or the Pathans. The code is perhaps most authoritative in the Bavarian Highlands; but it is not only in force among that German population. It is likewise a law in Bohemia, where the lower orders are Slavs, and in Silesia and Pomerania, where they may be chiefly Letts. A keeper comes face to face with a poacher at some sharp turn of the narrow chamois track

on the precipitous hill side. He challenges and commands the trespasser to throw up his hands, as in a brawl in an American gambling saloon or in a *rencontre* of the police troopers with Australian bushrangers. If the poacher chooses to make a fight of it and succumbs, his kinsfolk and *confrères* take no notice of the incident beyond giving the victim honourable burial. He has fallen in fair fight, and no more is to be said. *Vice versâ*, if the poacher has first call and shoots the forester after sufficient warning, the brother foresters are neither aggrieved nor resentful. The poacher is simply suffered to pursue his calling, at the ordinary risk as before. But if a keeper has been known to have been killed unfairly or from an ambush—if, in fact, he has been murdered—all his brethren far and near make a virtue of revenge, and seek revenge relentlessly. So that in the Mountain Paradise, looking down upon Berchtesgaden and the Königsee, with a well-to-do and kindly people, pious beyond the verge of superstition, there are vendettas handed down from fathers to sons, and as remorseless as any in the Yemen or Beloochistan. For, as we set out by saying, there are poachers and poachers. The blackguard of the Black Country and the peasant of the Bavarian Highlands may both have hands deeply imbrued in human blood, but in all the virtues and qualities that go to make a man they differ as the staghound from the cross-bred lurcher.



OTTER-HUNTING WITH THE H.O.H.

BY HUGH L. HEBER PERCY

'WHAT bin they dawgs?' 'They!—they bin watter-dawgs.' 'And what bin they for?' 'They!—they hunt watter-hens, and watter-rats, and ought as swims in the watter.' Thus two Shropshire yokels were overheard some years ago discussing the use of the Hawkstone Otter Hounds. And if the truth were known, how few people really understand much more about otter-hunting! Most certainly know that otter-hounds are intended to hunt the beautiful and wily animal that lives in our streams, rivers, and lakes; but beyond that the majority are content to leave all the knowledge of the habits of the animal they are hunting, of the hounds they are hunting him with, and of the science which is required not only to kill the creature when found, but to find him at all, to the master and the few men who really try to think in what way they can best help him to attain his object. The habits of an animal that, unless disturbed, seldom moves from his 'holt' until the evening, and then generally disappears from view, without a ripple, on the slightest hint of any presence of danger or supervision, must of necessity be most difficult to become acquainted with; indeed, one seldom hears on sound authority of anyone having seen an otter at all, except when out hunting.

That otter-hunting is no better than an exaggerated rat-hunt is a common piece of small satire; but there is, in truth, much genuine sport about the pursuit of the otter, as those know who can appreciate all the beautiful hound-work required to disentangle the puzzle that an otter leaves behind him after his nightly

peregrinations in and out of the water, when fishing, or away up some trickle of a brook where he has been hunting for other food, or, perhaps, for a long distance across country, from one piece of water to another when looking for a mate. Then, after a long day's drag-hunting, at last to mark him in his holt; and finally, perhaps, after pursuing him for four or five hours, to see the whole pack, as I have done, swim the 'chain' of their prey steadily up a big pool, and fairly drive him clear out of the water up a bank and bowl him over whilst trying to reach a dry holt, which I suppose he considered his best chance of keeping a whole skin, poor beast!—that, I say, is sport.

Otter-hunting is one of the oldest of British sports. I read that as far back as the twelfth century King John commanded the Sheriff of Somerset 'to provide necessaries for Ralph the huntsman and Godfrey his fellow, with two men and two horses and twelve otter-hounds, as long as they find employment in capturing otters in your shire.' Otter-hunting, indeed, seems to be growing more and more valued every year; in Staffordshire, when investigating the plentiful supply of otters that the river 'Penk,' notwithstanding its fragrance and sweet holding qualities, invariably contrives to supply, one may always see people out in hundreds—a thousand sometimes would not, perhaps, be over the mark—besides a long string of carriages. It is a sport in which anyone can join with little expense, the one needful requisite being ability to walk a fair distance. The only two commands that are laid upon people thus coming out—and they are rules which all members of the H.O.H., or any other hunt, should do their utmost to enforce—are: first, to avoid doing any damage to the farmers upon whose land they are walking, by breaking down their fences, trampling down their hay, or any other crops; and, secondly, not only to keep behind the hounds, but to allow some forty or fifty yards' space at least between the master and his followers on the one side of the river, and the same distance between the whip and his followers on the other side. It is not only most unfair on the master—whose time and attention must of necessity be wholly taken up in watching his hounds and in noting the numberless signs which help so much to guide him in his decisions—to have his attention in any way distracted; but especially should he be free from the great annoyance caused by his field crowding upon his heels, or, as one sometimes even sees, by their walking on in front of both master and hounds, cutting across the bend of a river, and so forth.

It is very far from an unlikely thing that an otter is often

passed in this way. By acting thus the field often prevent the master from providing the sport which, one supposes, they all

A HELPING HAND

came out hoping to see. Such carelessness, too, is very unfair on the hounds. It is the most difficult thing in the world to get dependable 'markers,' and even the best hounds will sometimes

pass an otter without marking. It requires time, and often the nicest judgment and knowledge of particular hounds and their ways, to determine whether an otter is at home or not; and if hounds are hurried on too fast, and crowded upon by the field, they have no chance. Then, instead of the drag growing stronger or remaining the same, it gradually gets weaker and weaker, till at last even the 'Old Schoolmaster' cannot own it, and it dies out. After that, of course, everyone will have an opinion of his own to give. 'Oh yes! of course we passed him here, or passed him there,' and they vow the hounds are no good, quite forgetting that perhaps they themselves have been the most to blame. Probably, some of them will wish to have the pack taken back, after all the banks have been soiled by people and hounds, and possibly after having moved the otter by walking over his holt.

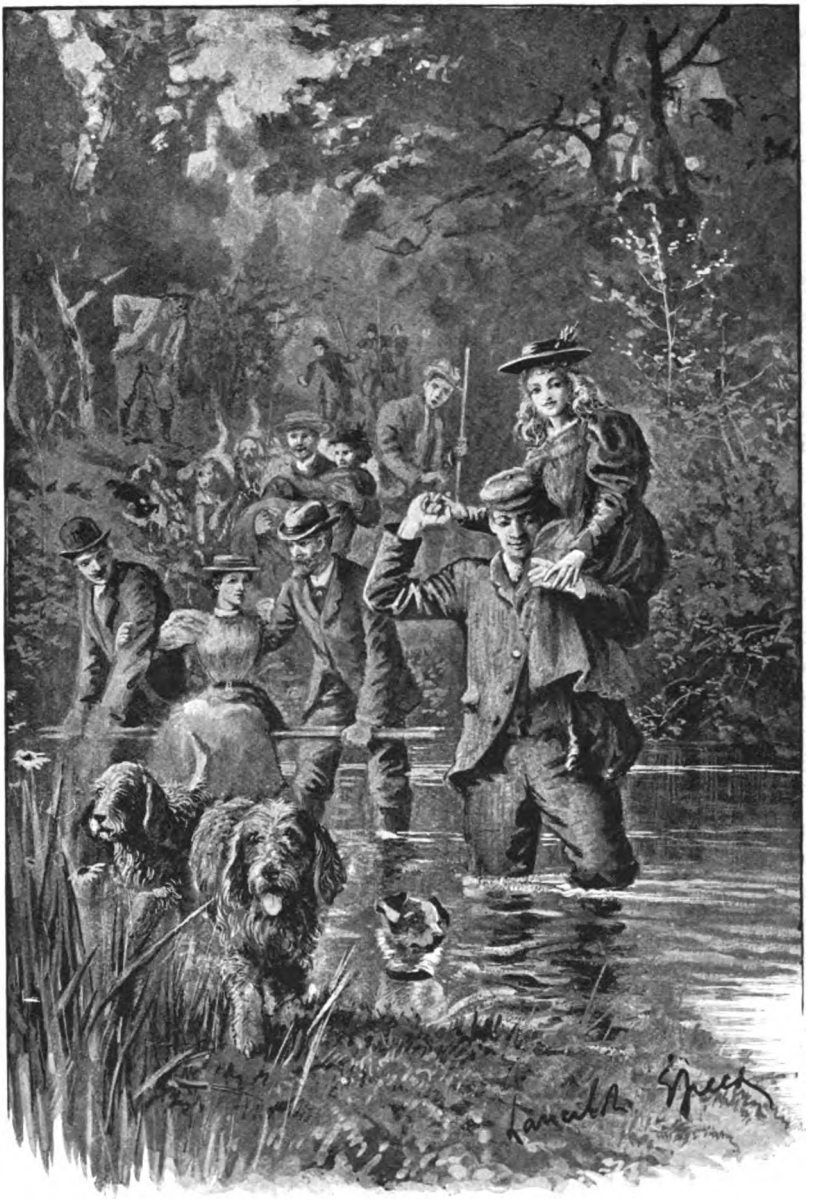
An otter almost always goes into his holt through an entrance under water, and then gets up to the nice warm bed of rushes that he has made for himself. In this holt the only way he can get air, except that which may rise through the water, must be through some hole up to the surface of the ground, possibly only a rat-hole; it is through this hole alone that the hounds can wind and mark him, and if hounds hurry past it your chance of finding that otter is gone.

The position of master of otter-hounds is, I suppose, as difficult a one to fill as there well can be. He should, first and foremost, have the physique and health to stand the great strain which must be felt by anyone anxious to bring credit to his hounds and show sport to his field; he must have plenty of leisure-time, and devote a great deal of it to his pack; he must have the temper of an angel; thoroughly understand hounds—know their individual ways and weaknesses; he ought to be as keen as mustard, know as much as possible of the habits of the animal he is hunting, and be eager to learn more; and last, but most certainly not least, with the H.O.H. he must be a gentleman.

Such a one we now have, and long may he stick to it! No one could have shown better sport during the past season than Mr. Wardell, and assuredly no one could have made the sport more enjoyable for those who accompanied him. Mr. Wardell has done his excellent work under difficulties, moreover, for the H.O.H. pack were rather a mixed lot when he took them over at the end of the season of 1894. After judicious additions and drafting he has made them what they are by his own keenness and judgment—a pack that for hunting qualities it would be hard to beat; and with the additional entry of young hounds the

coming season should find them a specially good-looking and serviceable lot.

We have had many very good hunts during the past season;

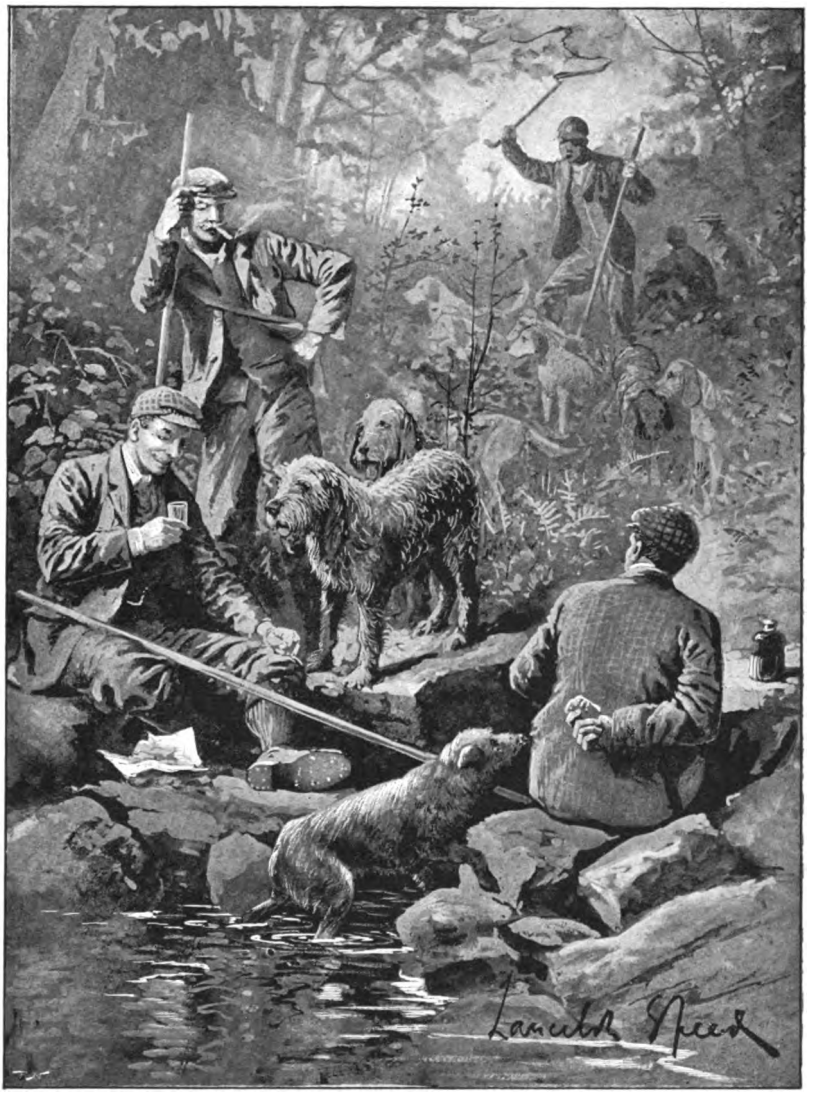


A PORTAGE AT THE FORD

but no one who was out will, I think, be likely to forget one in particular. The meet had been fixed at ten o'clock, above Lord Windsor's decoy near the river Teme, some way below Leintwardine. In pouring wet weather we soon got down to the river, and the hounds at once hit off a drag, evidently fresh. Of course one of those wiseacres who always think they know everything, and who are almost as invariably wrong, vows he knows where the otter is—under a big ash-tree in a bend of the river above Oakley Park; and presently we come to the place, a very likely looking holt certainly; but the object of our search is not at home. The master, however, has padded him on a bit of mud, and declares it to be the fresh pad of a big dog otter going down; so we are all full of hope. The hounds keep working the drag on down the river till we get to Bromfield, when suddenly, just opposite Oakley Park gardens, Flasher, Sportsman, Herod, and Lady make a rush to a small holt and proclaim a find; all but Herod speaking—Herod contenting himself with wagging his 'stern' with delight and scratching at the holt. 'Have at him, old man, look out below!' shouts the master, and blows his horn; all the rest of the pack race up, and swim across to join in the fun. But they have hardly reached the holt when the otter, thinking the disturbance overhead rather a nuisance, pops out of another hole just below the water's surface, though not quite quickly enough to evade the watchful eye of the master, who first sees the swirl in the water, and then the chain of bubbles which, rising to the surface, mark the creature's course straight away into the middle of the river. Away the whole pack goes to his 'halloo,' into the water, screaming with delight, one after another winding his 'chain' as it rises. But see! they have overswum him—the water has carried his scent down stream, and for a while they are at fault. And now the master, having done half his work in finding the otter, must have all his senses as keenly on the alert to keep him moving, and so tire him out; and in a long pool like this he requires all the help he can get. The first whip, in the meantime, has run down as fast as he can go to the first ford, where he can make sure of seeing the otter should he pass; and the second whip sets off also, only going up stream, each followed by one or two members to help if necessary.

At this stage of a hunt the people out may be a great help or a great nuisance. If they crowd, standing and sitting, close to the edge of the river bank, thus preventing the master and the hounds getting along close to the water, they do serious mischief; as they do also by eating their lunch—sometimes you see thoughtless people so engaged—close to the river, thus drawing away

from their work hounds that may not be so keen to hunt as to get a mouthful of sandwich. Those who really want to help can do so by scattering about along the edge of a deep, overhung,



THE LUNCH NUISANCE

sluggish pool, one watching the water under a root, another under a bush, or the corner of a shelving rock, or a patch of flags,

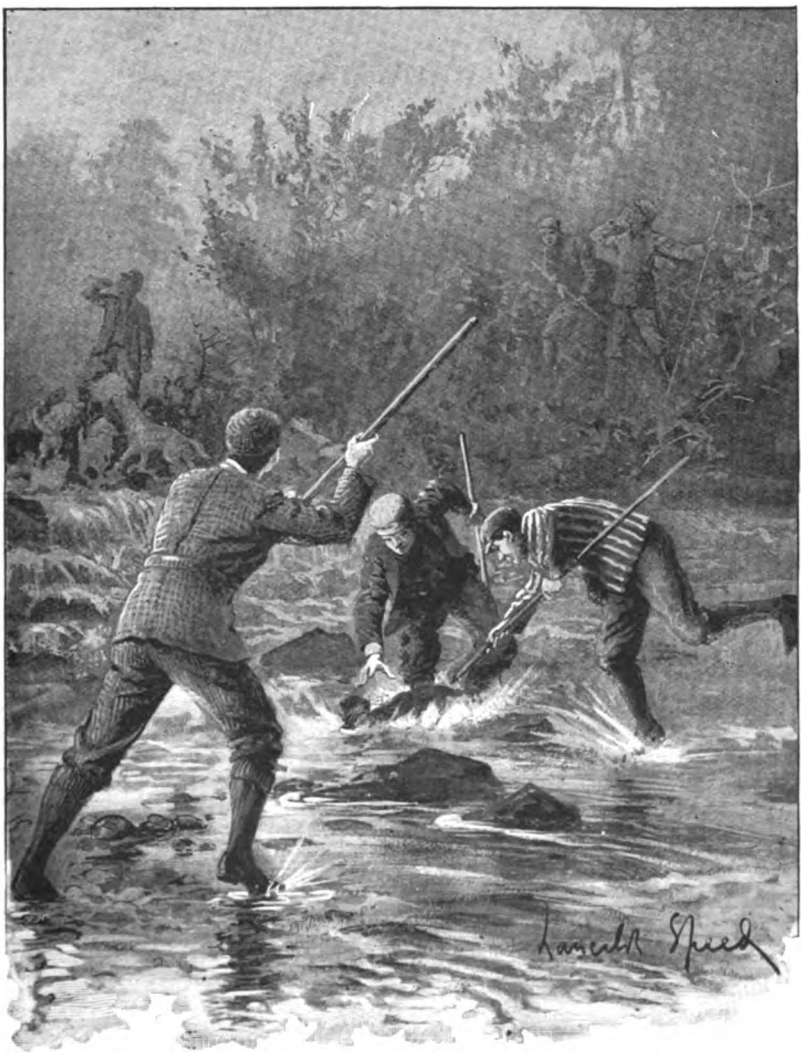
or, indeed, any of the many places that an otter is likely to visit; but they must be most careful not to halloo an otter till they see him. For those who are foolish, anything that moves the water or makes a chain is good enough to halloo. It is far better to hold one's tongue than to use it without certainty.

But, hark! there is Sylvia marking him above where he has got into a small holt. 'Huic to Sylvia, huic to Sylvia, huic!' shouts the master; then he blows his horn, and away all the hounds race. The otter, however, has moved, and got into the water; and now they swim him across, then up, then down, and keep moving him from one point to another. Now and again someone views him, and all the crowd rush up to look vacantly at the place where he has been. Forty yards up he is viewed once more, and the pack swim him grandly down the pool; but as he has come up two or three times to breathe they overtake him, and, swimming over him, he sees them, doubles back and across, and again they are at fault. The master, after carefully casting them down stream to make sure, again brings them up. Meanwhile some of the members are working up to their waists in water, trying every likely resting-place with their poles, so as to let a little light into them, for this once done, an otter will not use the holt so readily again. Thus master, hounds, and members work on for a time, but the otter seems to have disappeared like a spook.

But listen! There is the first whip's halloo. The otter has slipped down and crossed the ford. Away goes the whip as hard as he can to the next ford, and the master blows his whistle, to bring down the second whip to guard what was before the lower ford. All the field rush helter-skelter down, but the first whip has hardly got down to the next ford when again he views the otter passing him, and again the second whip has to run down to take his place.

The hounds are meanwhile swimming the line down with a cry that must surely make enthusiastic followers wish that they, too, could own to a scent that evidently gives the pack so much pleasure. Some of the hounds race down the bank, and mark a place where the otter has risen to the surface for breath near the bank, but, finding he has gone on, rush down farther and head him, and so miss him. The master, blowing them together, works them well down stream first, but not touching on his scent, brings them up. At this moment old Royal (commonly called 'The Schoolmaster'), who has not hurried down as fast as the others, marks him above; and away back they all race, to add their voices

to Royal's—and with no stint, for there is not a doubt he has got into a small holt. There is no rest for him, however, for dear little Scrub slips into the holt. The occupant finds it best to go,



THE OTTER ATTEMPTS TO PASS THE FORD

but he is not quick enough to evade a nip from Neptune, who nabs him as he glides into the water, and holds him well for a second or two, notwithstanding that the otter returns the compliment freely by pinning Neptune by the nose. But as hound and

otter slip into the water Neptune has to loose his hold, and away swims the otter down stream, having found out that he is not quite so much master of the position as he before thought he was. He rises on the far side, but quickly disappears again; rises once more fifty yards lower down, in the middle of the stream, floats for a yard or so with his head above water, critically examining his enemies on the banks, then dives once more, and continues on, having evidently made up his mind that he had better get to some heavier water and stronger holt down below.

All the field are wild with excitement as, rushing along, tripping over each other's heels, and knocking one unfortunate over the bank into the water, they view him first in one place, then in another. This is sport indeed! The hounds give tongue as they swim him down all the way; again he passes the whip, who races fast to a lower ford; and so they work him to and fro, overswim him, head him back, work up once more, mark him, and swim him down, gradually getting lower and lower down stream, till at last there are only three fords between the otter and a big heavy pool just above Ludlow, into which if he once gets almost all hopes of killing him with the hounds—as they must be tired and chilled with cold—are at an end. A lot of willing hands are sent on to man the two lower fords right across, with orders to stop him at any cost. Now the hounds put him out from under a lot of dead thorn-bushes under a high bank on the right hand of river, and race him down over the next ford, their hackles up and yelling with delight; for they seem to think it is time, after hunting him between three and four hours, that they should get hold of him. But he just saves his skin, for, as he glides off the shallow into the deep water he shows his back, and one or two hounds make a rush at him—just too late. This renders them over-keen, and, helped by the current, most of them pass some heavy weiring. Not so Nelly. 'Have at him, Nelly! have at him, old lady!' is the cry, as, swimming down close to the weiring, she winds him, swings short round in the current, and, getting her fore-paws on the wattle, holds on, trying to tear it down with her teeth. The horn and the master's voice soon bring the other hounds back; they too begin tearing at the top of the weiring and move him. But he evidently has a run at the back of the woodwork, for they mark him first in one place and then in another, without his ever showing himself outside.

At last he makes a bolt of it to try and get down to the heavy pool; but on reaching the next ford, and seeing the men guarding it, he doubles back up to the weiring again. And now, what has

happened? What is the excitement? People and hounds seem suddenly to have taken leave of their senses, for they are rushing in all directions, slapping their faces, rubbing their heads, madly

A WASPS' NEST

pulling their hair about. The onlookers laugh heartily, and are vastly amused till their turn comes, and they see a tribe of little black- and yellow-barred insects endeavouring to make their acquaintance; for a couple of wasps' nests have been disturbed.

Lucky it is there is no holt just near them, else we might bid the otter good-bye. It is said that a lady with a bee in her bonnet is remarkable; but certainly a lady with a wasp stuck in her hair, humming merrily close to her ear, causes an astonishing display of activity and utter, reckless disregard of appearances.

We have hard work now to keep the otter moving. The hounds are shivering and tired, their teeth chattering like castanets, and people begin to get slack; but it is now they must give the master and hounds all the help they can, working at any likely holding-places with their poles, and keeping keenly on the alert. At last one member gets down on to the weiring, and with the help of other men drags out some of the logs at the back of the upright posts, letting daylight into the run behind, and so cutting the run in two. We had previously been unable to get a terrier in; but this done the otter is completely disconcerted, and away he goes down stream again to have another try at the ford; again, however, funking the men who guard it. The hounds swim him down and pass the men. Ragman, not satisfied in his own mind that the otter has not gone over the ford, can be seen working the water below across and across, his nose just not touching the water, trying to wind him, but to no purpose. They are taken up again, carefully avoiding the wasps, which have by this time settled down a bit to their regular work, and mark him behind the weiring; but he, thinking anything better than stopping where he is, and not daring to go down, swims up again, and is viewed going over the ford; gets into deep water above, knows there is no holt hereabouts to rest in, remembers the heap of dead thorns where he rested before, and creeps up under them.

But Jack, a good terrier, has spotted him. Making a drive under the thorns, the dog freezes on to him, is joined first by two or three hounds, and then by the whole pack, all trying to get hold of the otter, but doubtless often catching hold of each other. Down jumps the master, almost up to his armpits in the water, determined, if possible, to save the otter from sinking, as he would be nearly sure to do if during the worry he were dragged into the water. He manages to catch hold of him by a hind leg; someone else jumps after him, loses his staff, which goes floating gaily down the stream, and grabs the otter by the 'pole.'

Otter, hounds, and master all tumble about in the water together; a couple of the followers, too excited to look for a ford, rush straight into the water and swim across to join in the fun, and at last the dead otter is dragged on to dry land, safe from all risk of being lost. He is weighed, declared to be twenty-

five pounds, then his 'mask,' 'pads,' and 'pole' are cut off as trophies to be given to some favoured ones; and amid many 'who-whoops,' and as much horn-blowing as the master can find breath for, he is torn piecemeal and eaten by the deserving pack, who have hunted him over four and a half hours, from the time he was first marked at Oakley Park.

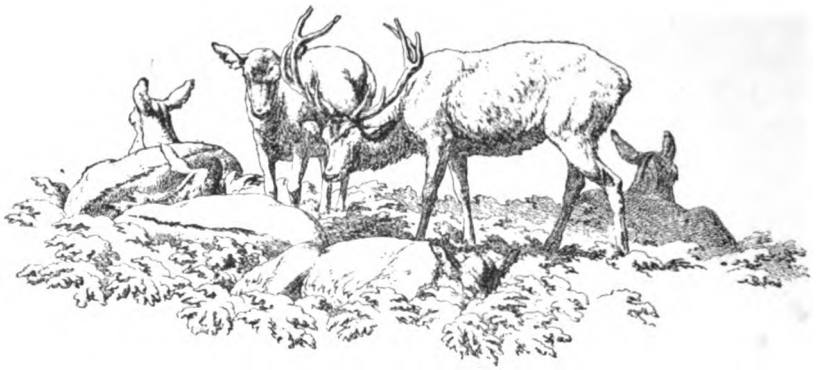
Luckily the hounds are near their kennels, and so have no weary tramp home; and luckily, too, for the field, a hospitable house is close to the river.

So all, men and hounds, go their way, tired and happy, to their different resting-places; and, let it be added, the otter even had no reason to complain. He and his brethren had been preserved all their lives, saved from steel traps and other barbarous inventions, in which they would probably otherwise have been caught. Very possibly our victim would have dragged the trap about, suffering agonies, until at last he died of starvation. He probably suffered little pain, even when he was caught by the hounds, poor beast! for then he was fighting savagely, his blood was up; and, as everyone knows, at such a time pain is not felt. I have known a man who, after tailing an otter, was not even aware that he had been severely bitten in the calf by the otter until some friend pointed out to him the blood running down his boot.

The following list of the number of otters found on the different rivers hunted during the season of 1895 by the H.O.H. may be of interest:

Tave	5	Tern	1
Nevern	1	Mees	1
Teifi	7	Adderley Brook	3
Towy	7	Penk	5
Teme	9	Clwyd	4
Arrow	7	Elwy	3
Corve	5	Mawddach	3
Lugg	5	Dwlais	2
Rea	3	Einion	0
Usk	4	Wye (in three days' hunting)	0
Ithon	1	Jenny	2
Monnow	1	Clettwr	1

The pack hunted 67 days, found 80 otters, killed 46, not counting small cubs, which by bad luck, were chopped, had 16 blank days; were actually stopped one day by flood, but went out many days when rivers were really unhuntable. Only four otters were tailed, beside two that were tailed and let go, as the hounds had had sufficient blood.



A BUNCH OF GRAPES

BY LADY MIDDLETON

Prelude

'Rather making overmuch fuss of a bunch of grapes, eh?'

'Yes, perhaps; but you take up in your hand one of the proudest trophies of your gardener's efforts, and feel the weight! pretty heavy, isn't it? Then imagine a walk and scramble over the roughest hill ground, for one who is only occasionally given to such expeditions (as a hostess is rarely free in guest and stalking seasons) with one hand cumbered by this trophy; and before the end of a mile you'll feel as burdened as if you had a creel half full of peals on your back.'

'Then you were a fool for your pains!'

'Possibly! but my first idea was the solace of a weary fellow-mortal; my second feeling, a sort of British "stuntness" and resolve not to be beat!'

'And for all this—the reward?'

'Ah! read, and you will see!'

The Narrative

'Now, mind you are in time to-morrow; breakfast at 7.45 sharp, and off at nine!' said my lord and master one lovely September night. D., the lord in question, has a great notion of plenty of time; he would rather than otherwise kick his (and my) heels at a railway station for half-an-hour before a train is

due, so, my feeble expostulations at this needless sun-worship availing nothing, I retired to bed, carrying my dignity, but not my point.

'Half seven' (*i.e.* 6.30) my lord, with a rap-rap, recalled me from a pleasant slumber to a sense of unpleasant obligation, which I defied by turning on my pillow for another plunge into Lethe, regardless of upheavals and earthquakes beside me, betokening the uprising of a lord of the creation. But again I was baffled (and one can't be dignified in bed!), for first one window and then another was unshuttered with a clatter, the blinds rushed, and 'Such a splendid morning, up you get!' was the cry. With a ferocious threat of pulling me out of bed by the feet if not up on his next visit, and with a crash and bang of opening and shutting doors, D. went away to dress.

I was drowsily ruminating on the terrors of a vivacious and energetic partner at early hours of morning, when another rap sounded, followed by immediate entrance. 'It's seven o'clock, and ye'll need y'r time, for breakfast's in three-quarters of an hour!' came from my devoted Abigail, so now there was no help for it, and, once up, the glorious sunshine and peep of hill and sea from my window repaid the effort.

Tub and toilette hurried through, family prayers and breakfast 'over'd,' as they say in Yorkshire, I visited my kitchen, &c., to give orders during a day of complete absence.

'Would you like to see the fruit that came from England last night, my lady?'

'All right,' I said, and went to the store-room, where was laid out a ripe array, about which I gave certain directions, and pouching two fine pears, was just leaving, when I remembered how much D. had once enjoyed grapes one hot day on the hill.

So I determined he should have some of these—luscious, fat, fresh, they looked—and, selecting a large bunch of 'Madresfield Courts' I packed them in two folds of foolscap (neglecting to tie them in!) and departed. But room for the 'nasty, squashy things' was flatly refused me in the cloak and sandwich bag which hung to D.'s saddle; so I ruefully popped the grapes and pears into the wallet-like pocket of a big cloak which was buttoned round myself when in the saddle, and I fastened it tightly with a safety-pin. 'Keep the dogs, Macrae,' was the order to the butler; and the terriers were secured, while Spy, a grand black collie (the most ancient of all collie breeds are the pure black, and they don't yap) started off, hoping and fearing, out of the yard, lest he too should be doomed to a day at home.

But he was welcomed, and off we set. A truly picturesque cavalcade; the 'Moroar,' as the natives called him (*i.e.* the lord), leading on his wonderful pony, Dearg (red), a true-bred mountain charger, chestnut of hue, with pallid mane and tail, strong as a Highland bull, wise as are few men, and devoted to his master, whose every wish he knew. This animal would take D. over a flooded river, and then, reins on neck, would march back in his stately fashion and bring each stalker, or gillie, through the water in succession.

Following the leader rode his brother on another richer chestnut, with mane and tail of silver, like mountain waterfalls; and on her grey daughter—a pony you could trust on stone better than moss—and with a red covering under the saddle to keep dirt from one's skirt, rode 'me' and my grapes, black Spy, as running footman, alongside.

A bit behind us, the head stalker and a gillie bestrode the deer-saddles backing a couple more true and tried steeds, respectively black and whole chestnut. I am sure Landseer would have longed to paint us, as up the path we moved in sunned richness of colouring, the joy of the day in our blood; the very ponies brisked up, and it was difficult for me to remember that laughter and any but low-voiced speech was 'verboten.'

What a view we had of near sun-kissed flat and hillock, far cloud-swept mount and corrie, rushing burns and stunted birkens, and stones to build Londons! While away beside, below, behind us, the sea, shining like 'schoolboy's morning face,' lay like a channel between our mainland and the dream-like Western Isles. September? it was July, sure! and fine at that! It took an hour and a half of steady going to reach the top, and we beguiled the way—if such a beauteous way needed beguilement—by chat and story.

My brother-in-law told us of a curious experience in stalking, which he said he seldom told for fear of being thought imaginative. He and a stalker were on the hill spying, when, on the side of a small cup-like corrie, they observed three stags, all grouped together. These they stalked successfully from above, and on getting within range, E., the brother, fired at the best stag of the three. He had apparently missed, as the stag never winced, nor did his companions move. E. loaded again, and again fired at the same animal, who this time fell.

The other two stags maintained their position, and the sportsman, reloading and selecting the best of them, shot at him. But, as in the first case, there was no result, and the stag stood still.

TO MY SATISFACTION HE CONSENTED TO EAT A FEW

E. loaded afresh, and gave him a second shot, which brought him down. Still the third stag stood as if waiting his turn, and the rifle was again charged, but, just as it was raised to fire, number three turned tail and bolted. When the slayers went up to their victims, they found that the one stag held three bullet holes, and the other two!

One bullet had gone through both stags. Why the animals had so evidently courted death by standing to be shot at, is unaccountable. They may have thought the sound came from below, or some kind of echo may have bewildered them; they seemed utterly nonplussed. And the stalker, looking through his glass, did not even notice a wince or start when the shots were fired.

There were other sporting stories worth recording, but this capped them for queerness, and on its conclusion we found ourselves at top of the great Bealloch, or pass, and met a posse of stalkers and ponies from the other side of the forest. After much consultation our party separated, the brother and a 'suite' going off to the left, while the head and a younger stalker, with a gillie to mind the ponies, followed 'the lord' and myself to a great corrie on the right of the main road. But first, there was a general rearrangement of properties, and D. and I ate our pears to get rid of them. A sad qualm came over me, when, taking them from out the pocket of the Inverness cloak, they had, with the jolting, got uppermost, and the grape bundle was suspiciously moist. Praying for a moment's grace, I gingerly lifted out my charge, to find that several grapes were crushed, and one side of the paper saturated with juice; but I received blandly (for was I not suffering for his sake?) the objurgations levelled at me by the head of the cortège for keeping it waiting, and then, after disposing of the crushed grapes, popping the parcel back into the damp pocket, I mounted and we rode on. Soon steep rocks and intervening bogs made me prefer my own feet to those of my admirable pony, who, no doubt, as her burden descended, thought me a relief, and a fool. I consigned her and the 'Inverness' to the gillie, and walked. Ere long we reached a grassy flat, where the ponies, extra cloaks, &c., were to be left while we went in quest of quarry. I watched them hopple the ponies, loosen girths, and off with bridles to let the creatures crop the juicy mountain grasses, and then retrieved once more for examination the grapes.

Things were becoming serious with them; they had received a bang somehow, and many berries were crushed and oozing.

So, persuading the sportsman for whom they were intended that he must be thirsty, to my satisfaction he consented to eat a few. But he only took the whole ones, returning the bunch with all the mangled berries still hanging.

These I had to eat. Meantime the whole lot were damped and abominably sticky, and their paper cover was further dissolved. I had no string (never go out on the hill without string and knife!) but, inspired by despair, I found the safety-pin, and pinned the best of the foolscap together in a fashion fairly satisfactory.

'Leave that Inverness; it's too hot to want it,' said the commander-in-chief.

'But what of the grapes? I've no pocket big enough to hold them,' I feebly observed.

'Oh, hang the grapes! pitch 'em away; we can't wait all day!' was the sympathetic reply (and I was bearing all for him!). My wounded soul uprose, and, vowing inwardly that only force should tempt me to part with my burthen, I clutched the white parcel in one hand and my stick in the other, and announced myself ready to start.

Off we went; Hay, the head stalker, leading in assured but stealthy fashion, his master following, Johnnie (No. 2) hanging behind to give me a shove or a pull when the going was steep, and my black Spy clinging, as it were, to my footsteps. Suddenly, at a sign from Hay, we all ducked; and out went the glasses, through which the hillside was optically scoured in case of ambushes. For truly we fancied ourselves Rocky Mountain hunters on the look-out for hostile Indians; the gentle but wild deer seem to become dangerous and subtle foes in the excitement and ardour of sport. Then, with a soft click, glasses were shut—and on again.

Now another check, and down we flop, as Hay points to a hind, hitherto hidden by a jutting rock. She had not spotted us yet, and the man set the example of crawling back on his steps—all four of us wriggling backwards for many yards. It wasn't easy—with one hand encumbered by my bunch—to play the worm; and as we scrambled to our feet, and made a crouching *détour* out of view of the feeding lady, I heard a whispered command to 'Keep that blessed white thing out of sight, or she'll see it move!' 'I hoped she'd take it for a ptarmigan,' I muttered; but this was no time for argument, and my thoughts were unpleasantly distracted by finding I had been kneeling in a damp place, and was wetter than my grapes! However, they were, so far, going on well. At last we reached the corrie's edge; and all

five of us (Spy included), sat or lay on a ledge and slope, and looked beyond us. It was a poor spying day, because of heat-haze; but the great broad corrie, with its shadows and sun-spreads, looked very splendid and full of delightful possibilities—and the glittering sea, with its bounding opposite shores, veiled and quivering, made a truly glorious outlook.

We all got our glasses (I first placing my charge on the short heather beside me, and seeing that Spy was safely laid at my back), and scanned the sweeping flats and broad steeps below us. Then came to our ears, on the wonderful silence, that sound of the mountain autumn, that glorious challenge to winter, which, alas! it heralds—the bell of the red-deer.

The bracken is brown on the steep,
  The leaf is forsaking the tree,
The hills are asleep—and asleep
  Is the storm-weary sea.

Hoarse brags the dark deer from the hill,
  Adrift lies the boat on the wave,
All Nature in sweetness wears still
  T'wards the hush of her grave!

But this braggart wouldn't let Nature do her slow dying in silence, for again and again his voice rang out. I sometimes wonder why it is called a 'bell,' that wild, fierce crying, and whether, if we knew not that it came from an animal harmless to man, it would not inspire nearly as much terror to unused ears as that awesome roar of the lion?

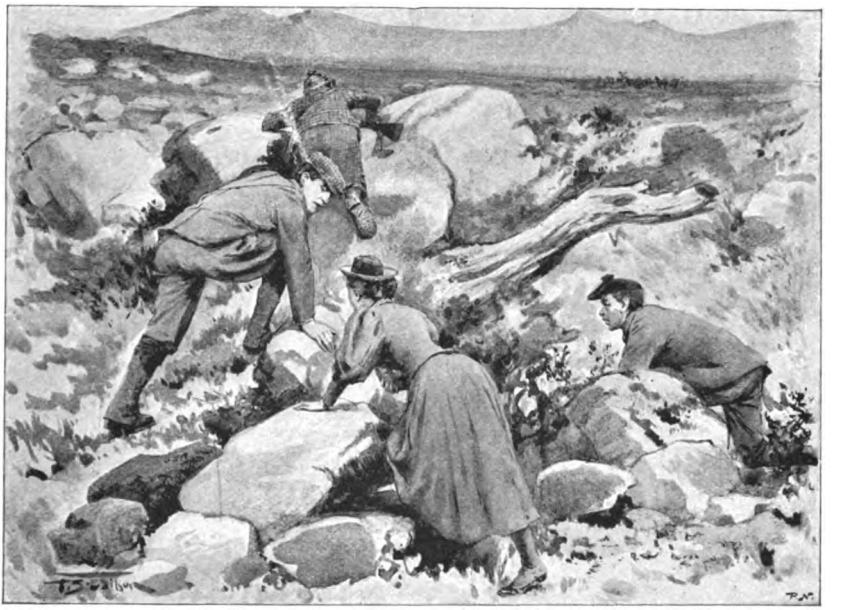
'Ay, he's there,' whispers Johnnie, in whose soul neither poetry nor imaginings, only strict business, had a place. 'There wass three of them in the corrie this moarning, and they wass all bellowing.'

'There's the staig, my lord,' said Hay; and described where, at a short distance from a bevy of hinds composing his hareem, the lord of the corrie was lying.

He was a good six-pointer, and had been a heavy beast, but was a little run-off with anxieties and to and froing. After a long gaze and much whispering, 'He'll do,' was decided by the chief—and the glasses moved round, and afield. Soon a cluster of small stags were noted, further from us, evidently on their probation, and, like young Indians, not allowed to marry till they had undergone the ordeal of battle. Then, away up towards the head of the corrie, rang another challenge, but our friend (or foe?) below us had evidently tried issues successfully

with the talker, and minded him no whit, for he lay perfectly and contemptuously still.

In my own case, I may here remark, the battle between the hereditary love of sport and female compunction is great. I can joyfully and enjoyingly go through all to the finale, but I could not fire the shot, nor have I ever witnessed the 'breaking-up' of a fox, though not because of being 'never nearer than the next field,' as the fox-hunting curate assured his expostulating superior. I fully sympathise with my spouse who, when commended for



WE SCRAMBLED TO OUR FEET, AND MADE A CROUCHING DÉTOUR OUT OF VIEW OF THE FEEDING LADY

some very long shots, replied he would always shoot better when he didn't see the beast's eyes looking at him.

Well, I was tired of spying; and shutting my glass attended to the *incubus*, as I had now mentally dubbed the diminished, but still important, bunch of Madresfield Courts.

I took him (for he began to have a sex) out of his wrapper, and laying him on the heather to dry, opened out the paper covering; hoping sun and tiny breeze, just brushing the heights, would dry it. But the white sheet gave a flutter, and three pairs of reproachful eyes were at once removed from the telescopes and directed at me. So I had to pin the paper down with stiff grass

stalks. Meantime Spy had wriggled down closer to me, and, seeing a sticky finger or two licked after these operations, fancied it was lunch-time; and before I could check him put out a long red rag of a tongue and licked my drying treasure. Four grapes were thus sacrificed, and the bunch further diminished. I implored the object of its 'esse' to eat some more, but the occasion was not propitious, and I felt that the whole weight of the incubus lay still on my wrist.

By and by a 'diet' was held and decided that the first six-pointer was to be quarry. It was yet early in the day, great management was needed because of wind, and as the stag's siesta would very likely be a fairly long one, we could take our time. The utmost care must be used that no outlying hinds should feel suspicion of our existence; and there was no real chance of getting a good shot at the stag till his own family party moved on. We therefore planned to leave our present grilling quarters and take a circuitous route to bring us lower down, and nearer to his ground.

Hurriedly were the Grapes (a capital G now!) wrapped in the still damp paper and with a 'blessing' from D. on the parcel for keeping him waiting, a start was made.

We partly retraced our steps, but took a more easterly turn, and ere long found ourselves on the brink of another stupendous corrie, infinitely grander in its savage wildness than the first, through which, climbing and zigzagging, ran the post-road of the district, the highest in all Scotland. We remained awhile, admiring and spying, I, venturing less near the brink of the rocky precipices than the men (taking care of my grapes, of course!) and then we wandered on to circumvent our intended prizes. The passes became rougher and wetter, and the sports-men more absorbed and intent, when suddenly Hay viewed a hind in dangerous proximity. Of course there would be others with her. Down we flopped, and lay in a very damp spot, till the creature, who was facing straight our way, should decide whether to take alarm or not. Then responding to a whispered command, we proceeded to play the snake, and slithered painfully inch by inch in single file, back on our tracks. This *was* suffering, for I could only lay the wretched incubus on the rough ground, and shove it along by inches as I crept; indeed, once or twice I really thought it must be left to its fate. But there were pauses, and I wiled away the heavy moments by examining the nails on the three pairs of upturned shoes ahead (we were laid on our stomachs, be it known!). Those of the head stalker were disposed in threes, my husband's ranged in thick and heavy

rows, and Johnnie's soles, which at times, as he lurched forward on fresh starts, I was prepared to receive in my face, were a mass of *studded* ingenuity. My knees were soaked through; I felt horribly stiff, and hated the hind who was still gazing whenever I peeped round; but at last she turned, our leader made a series of wild but careful sprawls, and I saw the triple-studded soles no more, for their owner stood up on them, though still with crouched body, spying ahead. A raven flying over our heads had croaked an alarm, and disturbed the deer, who moved in a body over the hill. Would they, or not, disturb the corrie?

However, there was little help for it, and we crouched and stooped away till there was no chance of alarm, though one sus-

HE LICKED MY DRYING TREASURE

picious and inquisitive dame came twice back to look round the corner where her party had vanished.

Then our pace accelerated; poor I was clean forgotten, even by Johnnie, and had to scramble and climb as I could after the men, followed closely by the faithful hound, who crawled and slunk or rose and ran as I did, and seemed quite alive to the intricacies of the situation.

Suddenly I caught a tired toe in a crevice, and went a howler into the heather.

Away went the bunch of grapes in one direction, my stick in another, and I blessed my luck! However, up-gathered, I was not much the worse, and after a brief hunt found the parcel, not much spoilt either.

Of course this took minutes, but happily for me Hay had stopped to spy as usual, and I made up time. We had now

attained once more the corrie heights, on a rather lower and nearer stratum, and chose a spot whereon to settle for awhile, and wait till our gentleman, reclining with his back to us in the heather, should see fit to rise and marshal his harem, scattering as they fed, and march them to the 'burning grounds,' a bit up towards the corrie head, where the sweet grass had sprung from ashes of the burnt heather.

Great heed and absolute quiet on our part were necessary, as our position was fairly open; there were other herds of deer in the vicinity, and one or two of the ladies below us took occasional long looks in our direction with that female instinct of danger that often overpasses male reasonings.

The heat was tremendous! I tied a blue gauze veil over my face to save my eyes a little from the glare, refracted from the sea and stones; and soon, imitating the example of Johnnie, pulled my cap over one cheek and lay flat on the grass and heather, first depositing the 'incubus' in shade of a big stone, close by.

Suddenly I felt a gentle touch, and recognised Johnnie's excited breathing (he always puffs and pants with eagerness):

'See, look, my lady!' and just below us, high over the deer, soared a magnificent golden eagle. I could easily have hit him with a stone, and saw the markings on his wings quite distinctly. I think he took us for corpses, as he flew very low and near, and watched us for several moments; when, on the stalker whispering 'There's another!' I turned a little round, and must have scared him; for, joined at a greater distance by a companion, he soared slowly on high, and was soon out of sight. The hinds fidgeted, as if they, too, had wondered what he was after, and all heads were thrown up on the alert; but soon they resumed their quiet repast.

I remember once, when fishing by the river mouth at home, I was startled by a loud swishing noise just overhead, and, looking hastily up, beheld an ascending eagle, which had swooped at a scarlet cap I was wearing, evidently thinking it was meat; and the then head forester told me how, sleeping one day on a hill in Skye, he was almost struck by a golden eagle that pounced at a red kerchief thrown over his head as a guard from the sun.

My husband has more than once seen eagles attack deer—the bird going for the beast's head, swooping and flapping; while the stag (it was such in two recalled cases) defended himself for a while tossing his head and poking at the assailant with his horns, until at last he turned tail, and ran for it, the eagle not pursuing.

Whether the monarch of the air meant blood, or whether it was mere wanton teasing on his part, who shall say? Grand birds are the eagles, and wicked it is to destroy them, as are being gradually destroyed all wild, interesting, and beautiful denizens of the forest. The wild cat with us has become wholly extinct. Whether the enormous increase of rabbits in certain quarters is partly attributable to the putting down of predatory animals—cats, foxes, stoats, and weasels—I cannot say; but whereas at our home on the western coast of Scotland rabbits were twenty years ago an unknown quantity, the evil-smelling and destructive little pests now swarm, nearly out of hand.

After the passing of the feathered kings we lapsed again into vigilant repose, till a stirring of the other sportsmen below us made me sit up and clutch at the grapes, to which I was so admirably (as appeared to myself *only*) faithful. D. and Hay slipped down the steep, crawling and stopping alternately whenever the stag went out of sight or returned in view, till at last they vanished completely. Meantime the corrie's king came back to his original heather-bed, seeming a little blown, and presently stood for a time, quiet, and broad side on.

Suddenly there rang out the sound of a shot, followed by another. The stag jumped at the first; and the second, which raised a dust just beyond him, settling his mind as to moves, he sprang down a steep and followed his galloping family out of sight. I fancied he limped, but neither shot had touched him—the down-crawl and difficult going having shaken the marksman's arm. Now Johnnie and I marked the other two men creep out of their shelter, and prepare to pursue the herd, and we made shift to follow. Creepingly and watchfully we slunk onwards and downwards, very wary, very breathless, till we reached safer (*i.e.* less exposed) country, when, to my horror, I realised that I was minus the bunch of Madresfield Courts! I nearly sat down—between fatigue and disgust. Was all indeed over? Had the endurance and resolution of hours ended thus? Never! I would toil back and retrieve the forsaken treasure. Johnnie had climbed on to a high rock, where he lay upon his stomach, spying away in the direction of his vanished master. I went to him, and told him to await me, having first ascertained that there was no great hurry, and then I started.

Those grapes—they had become absolutely individual, they assumed even human attributes!—how should I find them? would they be sulky?—would they be dejected?—would they assume that air of sore but long-suffering patience so galling to

one who has made huge efforts for the sake of the impatient? Would they even be there at all? Might not a blue hare, scampering past our recent 'camp,' send the bunch to Jericho by a fling of his quarters? Might not an inquisitive 'Petermuggan,' as an old keeper would call the white grouse of the heights, have pecked at the parcel and scattered its (to his notion) worthless contents? Might, perhaps, a hill-fox have whisked his odorous brush over the hiding-place of my burthen and rendered it unsavoury, to say the least? Nay; none of these things could well have happed, for I recollected we had sat too long in our recent quarters for any wild animal not to avoid for longer minutes than our absence the scent of dog and man that would cling to the heather, and I was not surprised to find the Incubus where I had left it—sticky and intact.

I seized 'him' once more, and scrambled back to Johnnie, who meantime had received orders to take me up the rocks to a good viewing place, where we were to wait events.

It was now stiffish climbing, and I told the stalker I would take my own time, as I found helping hands only hurried and confused one. So he went up ahead. Here again the wretched grapes worked me woe, for, lacking a hand to help myself among some tossed-about boulders, my foot slipped into an aperture between them, and my ankle sustained a wrench that at first felt very like a sprain. I had to plump down, and in trying to give the injury a rub, feeling very sick and careless, down went the miserable grapes into a damp crevice among the rocks. In my pain and wrath I hastily decided to leave them to their fate, when a low hiss from Johnnie showed me I was within reach of help; he had returned to find what delayed me. So, stretching the aggrieved limb, and finding it was only a strain, not the sprain I feared, I boldly fished for the packet, and, after some trouble, got it, more or less safe, from out the hole.

At about three o'clock we found ourselves on our destined ledge, and somehow, though I had breakfasted at 7·45, I wasn't hungry; the grand air of the corrie fed one, and one forgot meaner diet. Only I was thirsty and could willingly have eaten the Incubus, but that was not his end! At this spot sat Johnnie, Spy, and I for over an hour, exchanging occasional remarks watching our deer, of whom we had a good view.

The herd seemed to have recovered its fright and was quietly feeding, all save one vigilant hind, who, placing herself on a small hillock, stared, motionless, point-blank in our direction. Her lordly spouse chafed about a bit, pushed and poked at stragglers,

but soon lay down against a rock, above which we could only see his head and shoulders. Now followed another long wait, during which we ate some of our lunch, and, my eyes being tired of the telescope, I told Johnnie to report any fresh departure and lay prone on the brae.

In a very brief while, as it seemed, Johnnie exclaimed: 'There's Hay! I haf got him, and there's his lordship, too, they are coming out of the rocks!' and out popped my glass.

The hinds were moving. The stag had risen and restless'd about as usual, finally following the last of his hareem out of sight under the hill. Soon the hinds re-appeared, going up towards the head of the corrie, but the stag we saw no more.

DOWN WENT THE MISERABLE GRAPES INTO A DAMP CREVICE AMONG THE ROCKS

Now the situation became intensely exciting to us in the gallery; the sportsmen-like sleuth-hounds were evidently 'on' the stag, whose movements we could guess at through theirs. Cautiously and slowly they groped and grovelled, taking advantage of the concealment lent by hillock and crag, now making a run for it, now playing the worm. Suddenly two wicked, black-faced sheep, whom we had watched with anxiety, seemed to get their winds and flung off at a wild gallop in their evil fashion, till they met two others, and all four wheeled at gaze. Had the stag seen the racing sheep all would have been over, for he and his ladies would never stop till they had put another hill or two between themselves and the possible danger.

Hay and his master at once changed tactics and route, and, turning back a bit, took a wider sweep out of, and round to, their first direction.

Soon they passed out of shine into shadow, and, finding it difficult to spy, being only used *en amateur* to the glass, I left it to Johnnie's professional eyes to acquaint me with the procedure given in his Highland English with its quaint confusion of personal pronouns and sibillant toning.

'I haf losst them . . . they went passt a stoane . . .' (pant, pant!). 'I haf got them again! Hay iss crawling—hiss lordship iss waiiting, now they are boath' (*i.e.* together); 'now the lord. *She* iss spying with *his* glass! . . . and Hay iss spying. . . they are seeing the deer . . . I losst them again . . .' (A long silence and much panting!) 'There! it's I am seeing them, they are ovfer (over) the burrn; now . . . they are keeping out off sight' (pant). 'I haf got Hay . . . and hiss lordship . . . they are standing still . . . they are going on fasst' (puff). 'I am sinking (thinking) the stag iss moving . . . they are stopping . . . hiss lordship has out *her* glass—no! no!—it is the riffle' (pant, pant). Crack! came the sound of a shot. 'He hass shot!' (so I heard!) . . . 'a ferry long shot it wass. I cannot be seeing the deer' (puff, pant).

'Has he got the stag?' queried I.

'I do not know . . . I am afraid . . . they are not moving . . . they haf not got her.'

I felt flat for a moment, when the spyer exclaimed: 'They are going on . . . I sink they haf him . . . they haf him—yes! Hay wass taking off his tchacket (jacket).'

I couldn't help a hurrah, *sotto voce*, as I jumped up, and Spy, mistaking the situation, and thinking sport was for him, gave a gambado which nearly settled the Incubus, for it was kicked dangerously near the outer edges of our heights.

I once more saved it from adventure—its last, until——

Now Johnnie and I held conclave, and he proposed taking me up the hill to where the ponies were waiting, and leaving me with them till he took the deer-saddled one to fetch the now assured quarry.

But no! I wasn't to be baulked of my finale, I must see and congratulate the skilful marksman and judge for myself of his prowess, for the shot must have been a long one, as Johnnie had never all the time of his spying got sight of the animal, and the stalk was a very stiff one, owing to the exposed nature of the ground. Also, Johnnie reminded me that it was

we carried the 'linch' (*i.e.* lunch) in our bag, and it was now five o'clock.

So I decided to climb down the hill and cross the whole corrie to where D. and his victim were waiting under the hill. It was now cool and pleasant, though the upper rock still held the heat of that blazing sunshine, and little airs wafted down upon us off their face were warmed as in summer. But where we walked, as we set off across the flats, it was delicious, and fatigue was ignored.

A third of the way across we were met by Hay, whose only half-washed hands told their tale.

'It was a fine shot, my lady, a long shot . . . do you see that stone?' (pointing to a big rock out on the flat). 'The stag stood there, he never got a sight of us all the time . . . and there was no shelter to go on, and when his lordship came to that rise there he *must* shoot, and he got him, and it is two hundred yards! Yes! I am sure!'

Bidding Johnnie away and fetch the ponies, Hay and I went on our road.

'His lordship thought your ladyship would be best at the ponies, and not be so tired as coming this length,' he remarked.

'Will he be angry at my coming all this road?' I asked.

'It was never myself at all that saw his lordship angry, never once,' was the pleasant record of a thirty years' service; and truly the cheery smile and welcome that met me confirmed the servant's character of his master.

Now I was shown everything, how the stalk was carried out, where the stag stood, how he was placed, the direction he ran when struck (stags frequently run 100 yards and more even when hit through the heart), how he had gone up a hillock and over it, and they feared he was going on, when, on climbing after, they found him laid on the brink of a wee lochan, half in half out of the water, stone dead.

He was a fine stag, and would still weigh well. Not far from his bier was an excellent spring, and we repaired thither for the successful sportsmen to 'linch,' as Johnny called it. While they were eating, the bark of a fox disturbed the silence of the opposite 'face,' and it reminded Hay of a singular experience of his own, well worth recording. One day, when shepherding in Skye, he watched with curiosity and interest, through a glass lent him by my father-in-law, which he carried, the movements of a fox. The animal seemed very busy about a burn that ran through the distance, passing up and down out of it, and again coming into

sight. Hay watched it for some time, and then, so queer were its movements, he went off to the place.

There, in a pool of the burn, he counted forty bees floating, all drowned; while on the brae beyond was the bees' byke, or nest, torn out and scattered abroad, the honey rifled and gone. He had no doubt that the cunning robber had got the bees on to his brush (or tail, as Hay called it) where they could sting harmlessly at their pleasure, while he ate their stores; after which master fox had deliberately and cleverly drowned in a body, by passing his brush through and through the stream, all the brave defenders of their ruined home.

NASTY SQUASHY THINGS, WHO COULD EAT THOSE?

The banquet over, now came my supreme moment, and, with honest pride and much self-gratulation, I handed to D. the still appetising remnant of that magnificent bunch of Madresfield Court grapes.

The spies from the promised land, as depicted in carving on an old chair at home, bearing on a stave between them a mountain of berries, had no prouder feeling than was mine at that instant. How he would enjoy them – home grapes, in that savage wilderness, suggestion of flowery lands, of snowy table linen decked with glittering silver and fragrant viands—how grateful to the parched

and weary hunter would be the fruit's delicate aroma, its refreshing juices!

'How you could bother yourself to carry that rubbish I can't think!' was his simple observation as he opened the dilapidated paper with a wrench, 'nasty squashy things, who could eat those? See if I can hit that stone!' Then, with a whirl and a sough that sounded like despair, away went the Incubus through the evening zephyrs, and, missing the stone, sank out of my sight for ever in some bog-hole beyond it!

I tasted the sweets (?) of martyrdom; the long day's travail of soul and body all undergone for this! I was speechless; no words could convey the impressions of my soul!

My reward must be to myself alone, in the very unsatisfying (in this case) sense of sacrifice! Would he ever know what I had suffered and undergone for his sake? Never! unless he reads this article.

Down came Johnnie with the ponies at a helter-skelter scramble down the rocks. You heard him puffing and panting with eagerness and lack of wind, far away, my crupper broken, my saddle dislodged. The last offices to the dead deer were performed, and his limp body strapped firm across the selle, while his poor branched head was tied back erect to the pony's withers; and away we started home. As the shades of evening were very pronounced shades, and I preferred my own feet to an uncertain saddle, I half owned to a sense of release at having no Incubus to carry as we scrambled and struggled and wriggled through the terrible Corrie-na-Clach (of stones)—well named; and glad I was to reach the high road and the other ponies.

A perfectly divine ride under the now risen moon—whose soft shining invested our wonderful country with a new and mysterious loveliness—brought us home by 9.15 P.M., and ended a day which I at least shall never forget.

I wonder how soon those widowed hinds in Corrie Scamadale found a new tyrant!

I wonder who or what got my grapes!

GENTLEMEN RIDERS

BY THE EARL OF SUFFOLK AND BERKSHIRE

LIKE charity, the term 'gentleman-rider' covers a multitude of sins—and of sinners, too, for that matter; for though the rules of the N.H.C. do draw a distinctive mark between the 'gentleman' who, through membership of one of a long list of clubs, is an *ex-officio* rider, and his 'qualified' brother of the saddle who must be elected, and annually re-elected by the committee, yet in the eyes of the public they are all alike. The member of White's commands no more respect than the latest livery stable importation who has had the luck to get through the ballot in Burlington Street, and a great deal less confidence if, as is often the case, the Whiteite is the inferior horseman of the pair. In the old days, when there were no rulers or rules for what is called now, and certainly was then, the illegitimate game, there was a tolerably general idea that anybody could become a gentleman rider by the simple expedient of causing his name to appear on the telegraph board with the prefix 'Mr.' Nobody who has read 'Soapy Sponge' can have forgotten the scene at the aristocratic steeplechase meeting where Pacey objects at scale to Mr. Buckram's roughrider, who claims a 3-lb. allowance as the *Honourable* Captain Boville; or Mr. Bragg's definition of a gentleman: 'Does nothing—breeches by Anderson, boots by Bartley—besides which he drinks wine every day and has a whole box of cigars in his bedroom;' or the delightful compromise, eventually proposed and apparently acted upon, whereby the stable lad abandons the 'Honourable' and sinks into plain Captain Boville. The absurdity of what used actually to take place is here but slightly overdone. For though Mr. Surtees knew little or nothing about racing in any form, it was difficult to exaggerate the state of things which existed in the cross-country business during the fifties and first half of the

sixties. It was not till the formation of the N.H. committee in 1866 that any serious attempt was made at a definition of amateur riders; but in that year was drawn up the already mentioned list of clubs, membership of which should bestow the rank of gentleman rider. Officers of either Service on full pay, magistrates, peers, and persons bearing courtesy titles, were also made free of the guild; while for the benefit of amateurs of lower social standing was ordained the election by ballot of qualified riders. The number of privileged clubs has since been extended—not always wisely. Farmers and their sons really engaged in the business,

A PERSON WHO HAD NEVER RIDDEN FOR HIRE

and with a minimum occupation of 100 acres, have been most properly admitted. And election has been made a trifle more select by the candidates being now proposed and seconded by members of N.H.C. only, instead of being sponsored, as they originally were, by men bearing the club or commission qualification. These are the three doors of admission to the gentlemen's dressing-room. They are wide enough in all conscience; perhaps some day a Dante of the Turf may provide them with an appropriate superscription.

For a few years there prevailed a dreadful creature called 'a person who had never ridden for hire,' evolved from the inner

consciousness of clerks of courses. Needless to say, he was almost invariably a corrupt hireling of the most shameless sort; but he became unbearable, and was somehow squeezed out of existence about the time of the reorganisation of the N.H. committee in 1883. A good deliverance from the worst of rubbish! In theory, of course, the gentleman-rider was always supposed to give his services gratuitously—he was forbidden even so far to sink his dignity as to receive bare out-of-pocket expenses; yet for a long time this prohibition was so entirely set at naught and disregarded, it was a matter of such universal knowledge that the 'gentlemen' most in request were, if they so willed it, systematically and liberally paid, that it came quite as a surprise, almost as a shock, to the steeplechasing community when Mr. Frank Lotan, after winning the National Hunt Chase at Melton in 18— on Mr. Studd's Cooksboro', was objected to, and disqualified, on the ground of having received payment on previous occasions.

No better proof could have been given of the prevalence of the fee system than the perfect candour and cynicism with which an old employer of Mr. Lotan gave evidence on the subject. As a matter of fact the crack gentleman jockeys, then, as now, fully the equal of the professionals over a country, with scarce an exception expected and received retainers and rewards on an exceedingly generous scale. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* We are more virtuous now—or let us hope so—yet it is not many years ago that a friend of Mr. Arthur Coventry was besought by an old and observant owner to secure Mr. Coventry for a certain race, adding, 'Besides being far the best of them, he's the only one who doesn't want to be paid.'

'What!' said his astonished hearer. 'Do you mean to say that Mr.——, and Mr.——, and Mr.——, &c., take money?' 'All of them,' was the answer—'all of them except Mr. Coventry. Those that don't take it straight are the most expensive of all, for they want the odds to a pony or fifty; but somehow or other they all take it—*all* except Mr. Coventry.' He who made this sweeping assertion may have been mistaken—let us hope he was—but he was a thoughtful man, many-counselled, and not given to throwing his tongue. Naturally, there is the other side of the question, and there are a good many gentlemen who pay a high price for their mounts. Practically, the late Mr. Abington Baird taught himself to ride by power of purse. He would at one time give almost anything for the chance of being on a winner; and some of his selling-plate triumphs must have cost a small fortune, where part of the bargain was that, in addition to the stable being on to nothing, he

was to buy in the winner, an arrangement by which the owner of the second, perfectly cognisant of its terms, was not unwilling to profit largely. The difficulties of his education were also increased by the fact that his ambition did not lie in the direction of jumping: it was but for a short time only that he rode in hurdle races. His aim and object were to look like, and ride like, a jockey amongst jockeys; and in both aspirations he was rewarded by a certain measure of success. Certainly he was the first amateur who obtained special permission from the stewards to ride amongst the professionals at Newmarket.

It may be that men are thicker-skinned and not so afraid of ridicule as once they were. Formerly, if a gentleman seriously

LEARNING THEIR ALPHABET IN PUBLIC

intended to perform on the flat, he almost apprenticed himself to a trainer, in order to learn the art of riding gallops and trials, and obtain such slight initiation into the mystery of finishing as might be thus acquired. If the master was satisfied with the pupil he would soon give him a mount in public, not always perhaps *pour le bon motif*, but just to encourage him and others. If the *début* was tolerably creditable, he was given another chance; if not, and he had no horses of his own, he might stand down for the rest of his life. After this fashion were taught 'gentlemen' such as 'Josey Little,' 'George Ede,' 'Tom Towneley,' Captain Scobell, 'Mr. Thomas,' Fothergill Rowlands, Captains Coventry and Tempest, and many other heroes of the saddle who obtained

eminence in their professedly unpaid profession not only between the flags, but under that fiercer light which beats alongside the rails. Nowadays, no false shame seems to prevent our young gentlemen from learning their alphabet in public. Some few of them may try to walk in private before giving an exhibition of running *coram populo*; but for the most part, I fancy, we witness their maiden efforts at Bibury, Sandown, &c. So they, or many of them, persevere notwithstanding the curses of their cannoned antagonists, and the occasional remonstrances of humane stewards. They get mounts somehow; and their audacity is occasionally rewarded when, after some years of strenuous struggle, having lost most of their money and the whole of their character, a small percentage really do end by coming very fair fourth-class jockeys over long distances. There are not half a dozen gentlemen in a generation who can ride a five-furlong race. Of course there are always a certain number of men of wealth and social position who ride their own horses, or those of their friends, from sheer love of the sport —*chevaliers sans peur et sans reproche*—of whom Mr. Hedworth Barclay may be cited as a typical instance. These are gentlemen riders in the true, the best sense of the word, and it is to their high repute we owe such vestiges of respectability as can still be claimed for the calling of the amateur jockey.

Unlike the poet, he is 'made,' not 'born.' Yet even this rule has its exceptions; notable amongst whom must again be quoted the name of Mr. Arthur Coventry. Race-riding seemed to come to him as a second nature. He may now and then have amused himself by riding trials and gallops at Danebury—probably he did so—but most assuredly he never troubled himself to go to school. Nor did he ever, even on his first mounts, excite the derision of the spectators; indeed, he began to win almost as soon as he commenced riding, and in a comparatively short time developed into the best 'gentleman' I have ever seen in my life. Out of many brilliant finishes, one at Sandown rises up with special clearness as I write. He, Webb, and Archer came home locked together, Mr. Coventry being in the centre—not the most desirable position with such formidable antagonists. I forget who won, but a finer display of horsemanship was never shown, and no one personally unacquainted with the men could have told which was the non-professional, or have guessed that there was one. Unluckily, he stood out alone, separated—by who shall say how wide a gulf?—from the incapacity of one section and the dubious integrity of another portion of his contemporaries. That our *equites* numbered him amongst their ranks will always be a

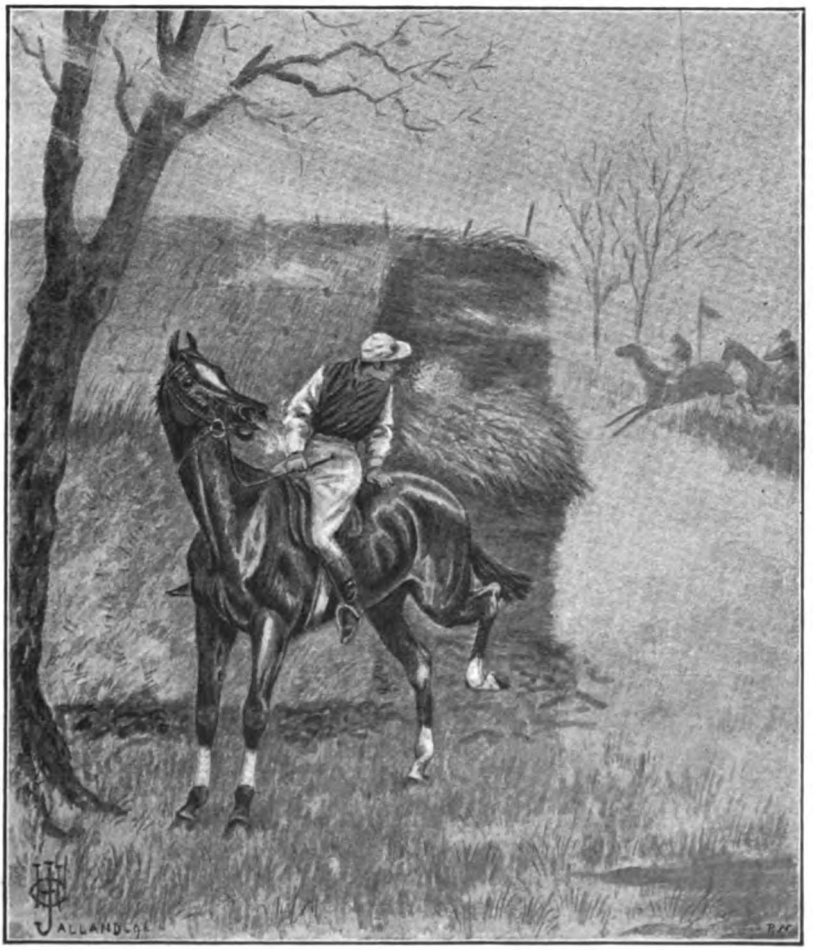
source of legitimate pride to the order. Would that they more often had such cause for complacency!

The semi-sharp one of the commonest variety out of the mixed multitude who ride under the elastic title of 'gentleman' is usually a specimen of natural selection from the men already noticed, who, having after much toil and loss attained a certain proficiency in their art, are to be seen at most race-meetings under N.H. rules, and not seldom in the saddle. Owners are not at all averse to putting them up; and it would be too much to say that they are regarded with anything like actual distrust by the majority of racegoers—there is no particular reason to doubt them. If on the best horse they are more likely to win than not—with 10 lbs. in hand will be well-nigh certain to do so; yet amongst the careful bettors there is a feeling, perhaps more generally felt than expressed, that they would like very much to know positively whether Mr. Semi-S—— has or has not backed his mount, and if so, to what extent. They trouble themselves no doubt far more often than is necessary. It would be more germane to the matter to inquire, if they are ignorant, what manner of man is the owner, and if *his* money is invested. The Semi, though he may 'ride to orders,' does not often 'ride for his own hand,' in the evil sense of the term. He naturally does not like to be left out in the cold as far as profit is concerned; but he greatly prefers winning to losing, and may with tolerable safety, if left to his own devices, be relied on to do his best. He has a character of a sort to keep up, though he may not always resent a gentle imputation that he is open to reason, especially if it be made by a brother of the craft; for a sharp above all things he wishes to be considered—indeed, he not unfrequently has himself only to blame for harsh things that are said about him. I knew a man once who was in truth as honest as the day, and would have given anything he possessed to win races; as a matter of fact, he did part with a good many of his possessions in his endeavours so to do—yet so anxious was he to be considered 'fly,' and *dans le mouvement* as far as sharpness was concerned, that he was always talking about 'dropping his anchor,' 'running a bye,' or whatever was then the fashionable slang for doing the things he ought not to have done, until his friends might really have begun to look askance at him, had he not been such an execrable horseman, and so utterly incapable of aught but throwing a race away under any circumstances whatever. However, he could not be reckoned as a semi-sharp, and is here merely cited as an instance of how the Devil may occasionally be his own limner in black.

On the whole, the semi-sharp may be regarded as a mitigated nuisance. Though he is no good, he only does a limited amount of harm. We should be better without him, but are likely to have him with us always, as, unluckily, he represents about seven-tenths of the 'gentlemen' who are in request, and therefore in constant practice.

That the regular 'wrong one' should continue to flourish in our midst as he does is the worst blot on the reputation of the Turf. Over professional jockeys the ruling authorities do undoubtedly exercise a very strict supervision, and cases of questionable riding are promptly and rigorously investigated; but the 'qualified' thief often plays Captain Armstrong all over the country for years without being called to account. The explanation of this immunity may be that all amateurs ride so badly at first, and stewards are so used to wonderful displays of incompetence, that they become almost unable to distinguish between 'he won't' and 'he can't.' If they called upon every 'gentleman' who stops, instead of assisting his horse at the finish, to explain his riding, a race-meeting in winter would be a sort of permanent petty sessions; so the gradual development of clumsiness into skilful knavery often passes unnoticed. It must be remembered, too, that opportunities for doing wrong are more frequent and facile in the long races, and at the time of year most affected by the gentleman rider. Modern conditions do not render it easy to imitate the trick, ascribed to Tom Oliver, of waiting behind a haystack in a fog while his opponents completed one entire circuit of the course, and joining-in like a giant refreshed on the second round; but during a two-mile journey on a hazy afternoon a strong man with a head on his shoulders may still do a good deal without attracting much attention. Nevertheless, as a rule, retribution comes sooner or later; the limping Nemesis is a good stayer, and the culprit, grown overbold in guilt, shows himself up at last, or is rounded on by a confederate. Then comes the summons to Old Burlington Street, the interview with Radamanthus & Co. in that upper chamber, the usual tears, oaths, and protestations of immaculate innocence, the stern sentence of exile published in the 'Calendar,' shortly to be followed by notice of Jockey Club confirmation, a few indignant letters in the 'Sportsman' demanding that the whole case shall be reopened and judgment quashed—or let the rulers of the Turf beware of the consequences; then silence and good-bye to the 'wrong one.' He may return to his beer-pumping or his livery stable work, or whatever may have been his occupation before a noble love of sport prompted

him to place his skill in the saddle gratuitously at the service of his fellow-creatures, and to journey from Kempton to Kelso, from the Park of Hurst to that of Hamilton, for no reward save glory; but the gentlemen's dressing-room is likely to know him no more.



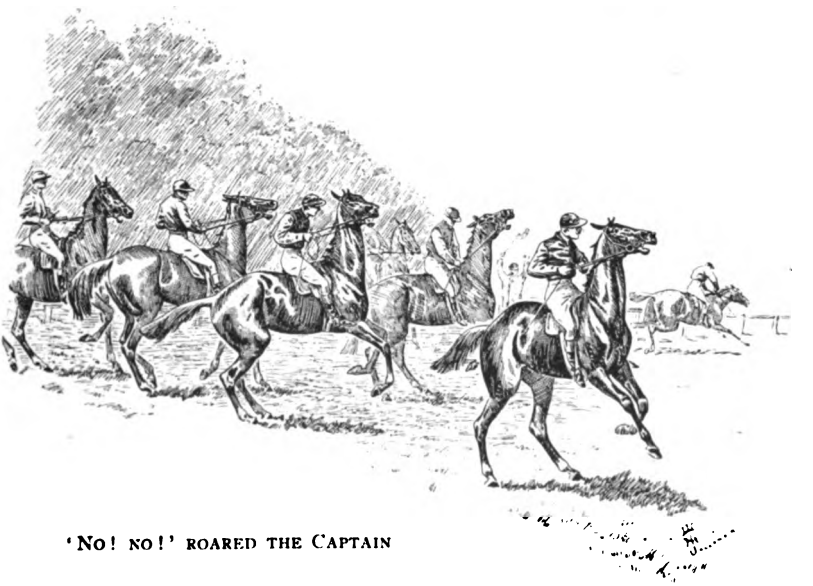
TOM OLIVER AND THE HAYSTACK

Some few there may be who escape detection through a lifetime of wrongdoing, and who ultimately retire into private life of their own accord, and with a reputation for successful roguery which causes them to be venerated in their social circle, and it is to be feared, urges ambitious young friends to destruction.

Are the amateur jockeys as good now as they were, say, thirty years ago? They ought to be better, for there must be ten races open to them now where there was formerly one. But from what I see and am told there is not much difference in the excellence of the steeplechase riding—always the gentleman's strong point—if allowance is made for the utter dissimilarity of the old and new courses. The captains of the host in the early sixties would have laughed to scorn our present courses, but might have found in practice that, considering the pace at which these are negotiated, they are not quite so easy as they look; and there is no reason to suppose that, if riding over an untrimmed country, roughly flagged, were once more the fashion, our modern heroes would not find their way across it as boldly and skilfully as ever did Mr. Burton, Captain Coventry, or Captain 'Doggie' Smith.

As far as skill and courage are concerned Englishmen are always equal to the occasion. On the flat, too, there is probably much the same average of merit; though perhaps nobody rises above his fellows as in their time did Mr. George Thompson and Mr. Arthur Coventry, who could more than hold their own in any company. Still, allowing for a natural tendency to be *laudator temporis acti*, I do not seem to hear of such good all-round men as were Captain Little, George Ede, and Captain Towneley—the latter a most elegant horseman, who had modelled himself on his tutor, Sam Rogers; and there was really not very much to choose between them, though the Captain was not such a butcher on a horse as Sam. Poor Tom Towneley did dearly love to play the game with the advantages. He it was who sawed through the ox-rails at Market Harborough the year Bridegroom won the National Hunt Steeplechase. Not that he gained by his carpentering, except perhaps in confidence; for Mr. Angell, suspecting something, had the course watched, and wanting it as strong as possible for Bridegroom, had the cut timber replaced by nice new rails. The gallant Hussar's cunning was more successful on another occasion—this time in a flat race. The story is not a very creditable one; but no one will deem this article a pæan in praise of gentlemen riders. And the affair in question took place at Shrewsbury too, where so many strange things used to be done that it might almost have been considered *hors la loi*. It was in the year 1862. Things had been going very badly: the handicaps of the great John Frail too often flattered only to deceive, and a retriever was sorely needed by a certain band of defeated sportsmen, who after much consideration hit upon a notable plan. There was a welter-race set down for the morrow, intended chiefly for gentle-

men, but jockeys might ride carrying extra. When the entries appeared, there was one horse whose previous career made him out to be—what he was—so bad as to have hardly a chance in any company; and when it transpired in the morning that he was to be ridden by a professional, and that professional Fordham—who would have been a very unpleasant person to approach on the subject of an arrangement—it was decided that his mount should carry the money of the syndicate, and win. It was not part of the plan to let the owner into the secret, and his astonishment may be imagined when, having made up his mind to throw away a tenner for the very last time—at the longest of odds—on his wretched crock, and, strolling into the ring for that purpose, he



'NO! NO!' ROARED THE CAPTAIN

was informed that he was a redhot favourite at 7 to 4, with an upward tendency. It is not known if he took the hint offered by the market or retired in disgust; his proceedings previous or subsequent appear to have interested nobody. Arrived at the post, the Captain at once took command of his troop, and his anxiety to procure fair play for the solitary representative of that commodity was as touching as it was unusual. 'Let poor George come up; don't leave Fordham behind. Let him have the rails: he's got an awkward mount,' and other such tender expressions of solicitude for 'poor George,' usually considered fairly able to take his own part at the start, but who 'tumbled' to the situation with his peculiar sardonic tranquillity, and was nothing loth to

profit by it. At last down went the flag, and away went Fordham with a commanding lead. 'No! no!' roared the Captain. 'Confound it! that won't do—he must come back'; then, after a moment's hesitation, 'Well, I suppose it's a start; we must go and see if we can catch him,' and, their tongues in their cheeks, the merry cohort set off in hot pursuit. It is almost needless to tell the rest. A horse may be as bad as you please, but, given about three hundred yards start in a mile race, with the best jockey of the day on his back and a not over-zealous field behind him, he simply can't be beaten. Nor was he in this instance. It is by remembering such little episodes that one can form a sort of estimate of comparative morality on the Turf. We often hear of 'one horse races.' My belief is that we rarely, if ever, see them, and that such an organised procession as described above would be nowadays impossible.

Between Captain Little and George Ede there was little or nothing to choose; each of them first became famous as steeplechase riders, and were afterwards equally celebrated on the flat. The Captain, however, left off riding between flags years before he gave up the less dangerous game; while, as everybody knows, poor Ede, in spite of some awful falls, which might well have proved a warning, persisted to the bitter end on that fatal afternoon at Liverpool when Chippenham rolled over him at the fence before the brook.

There is, by the way, a picture of Josey Little on Chandler, his one successful Liverpool mount, which gives the man to the life, and was said to be an equally good likeness of the horse; though the artist only could have known why he depicted the pair in the midst of a stony desert. Perfect hands had Josey and a beautiful seat; very strong at the finish, riding with a long rein, he could pop them in anywhere. Once, when he on General Hess had just been beaten by Fordham on Bally Edmond at Bath after a tremendous set-to, an eminent trainer turned with tears in his eyes to a friend and said: 'Splendid, wasn't it? Never saw the Captain ride better. Could have won a length, was beaten a neck, and looked to be doing all he knew. Splendid!' Gross scandal, of course, showing how the greatest men may be maligned. But it was really a magnificent finish. Another celebrity in his way was Mr. Fothergill Rowlands. Honesty and courage were his leading characteristics. They have always been a sporting lot in Wales, and it was while he was surgeon to a great colliery that he first took to the big cross-country work where he chiefly made his mark. Probably, to the day of his death he never knew

what fear was, and everybody felt sure of a run for their money when 'Fog' Rowlands was up. He was a roundabout little man, who did not look like the horseman he was, and it was a sight to see him kissing old Medora's soft muzzle as he held it between his lavender kid gloved hands before he had the leg up for one of his many, and mostly victorious, rides on her—almost pathetic had it not been so intensely ludicrous. He ended his days at Epsom, where he trained for, amongst others, Lord Marcus Beresford, a man after his own heart, as straight and fearless as himself.

The adventures of the shady division may be the more amusing, but it is far pleasanter to write about those men who ride for the fun of riding first of all. Not that they did not back their mounts, and often perhaps more freely than wisely; but it was their own mount, and not that of a confederate in the guise of an opponent, on which they stood to win. If Lord Marcus ever undertakes to write his riding recollections and the story of his connection with 'Fog,' he will have no difficulty in finding a publisher.

One of the very best and safest was Mr. William Bevill, now Clerk of the Course at Kempton, and who has, so to speak, only just retired from active service. He must have been at it a great number of years, for he was riding in the fifties, and reckoned a good man then. Steeplechasing, at which he had quite his share of success, he gave up comparatively early, as soon as he found he began to fall heavy—an example, which, if generally followed, would be the means of saving many lives, to say nothing of bones. He did it, too, in spite of his father's remonstrances, who, a persistent racegoer summer and winter, and one who never missed betting on a race, was particularly partial to backing Willie, of whose skill he had a high opinion, and whose honour, always beyond suspicion, exalted him considerably above the majority of his fellows. However, in this, as in most other matters, he was a far better judge than his parent, and declined breaking his neck to please anybody. In one respect he must be quite unique amongst gentlemen riders—viz. that, except for the purpose of race-riding, he rather disliked being on the back of a horse, and would always even walk to a trial ground in preference to riding. He is, too, the only gentleman I can call to mind who has ridden in the Derby, having steered Alpenstock in 1869. He had capital hands, there was no better judge of pace, and his finish, if it lacked the polish of one or two of his contemporaries, had the not too usual effect of making his horse go faster instead of slower. *A propos* of the Derby, it may be well here to correct

an erroneous but not uncommon belief, that Mr. George Thompson has ridden in that race. He never did so, though he certainly rode once, if not oftener, in the Leger.

The name of Captain Coventry can never be passed over in silence in a notice of amateur jockeyship. He was quite the finest horseman I have ever seen in my life. When in his prime it would have been a difficult matter to find a horse that could get rid of or run away with him. With immense physical strength, and courage to match, he had the hands of a woman, and could force a refuser to face water or make a hack bend to his finger in the Row with equal ease and precision. He, too, will always be best remembered as a steeplechaser, for his win on Alcibiade in the Liverpool of 1865 was achieved by as magnificent a piece of riding as has ever been shown at Aintree, and was won in great measure by superior condition. His friend and antagonist, Captain Tempest—'White-headed Bob,' as he was then familiarly known—was no mean foe, nor one to be held cheap; but he had been ailing for a week or more, and so was far short of the superb fettle of his rival; on the other hand, he had the invaluable assistance of old Hall Court, who, with or without a jockey, always insisted on getting a place in the Grand National.

There was joy that evening in Leicestershire, and though even then it was a disputed question whether the ringing of church bells was a decorous way of celebrating a racing victory, the inhabitants of Somerby decided emphatically, and much to their own satisfaction, in the affirmative.

Let no one suppose, however, that 'Bee' Coventry was not really as good as his fellows on the flat. He proved it on more than one occasion, notably when he won the Autumn Cup at Warwick on Lord Burleigh, also from his friend B. J. Angell's lucky stable, and had all the pick of the amateur talent arrayed against him *plus* Custance. He was not quite so brilliant in the straight run-in as his brother Arthur; but put 'Bee' Coventry on the best horse, and he would be certain to win over the sticks, across a country, or on the flat; and he was likely to have a good look-in even if riding the worst animal in the race, so cool and quick and excellent were his nerve and judgment in seeing and seizing opportunities. Toil and trouble were as nothing to him: he would constantly start very early from Somerby, canter over to Lubenham, at least sixteen miles, ride Alcibiade in a gallop, hunt afterwards with Mr. Tailby or the Pytchley, and return to Somerby in the evening; but for years he must have been too heavy to ride comfortably under 12 st. 5 lb. He had to waste

terribly, and the injury he thus did himself no doubt was the predisposing cause which led to his early death.

His intimate friend, 'Curly' Knox, who died two years ago, though not quite as good as he thought himself, was always in request on every steeplechase course, and won an immense number of times. He had a particularly nice 'way' with horses, and could handle a hard puller better than most men.

But this is all very ancient history indeed, and more than enough has been written of it. However much one of their generation may love to dwell on the prowess of those best men of old days who were sportsmen of the highest class, it is far beyond the limits of an article to deal with even a fair proportion of them. Perhaps their merits are magnified by time; but it must be repeated that theirs was almost entirely cross-country work, for there were practically no hunters' races (the Billesdon Coplow at Croxton Park being the only one of any note), and comparatively few events of any sort on the flat, open to them; and the great variety in the nature of the steeplechase courses afforded more scope for the *individuality* of the rider than do the present cut-and-dried tracks of the regulation pattern. Not that these are by any means to be sneered at—they are stiff enough in their way, and take lots of doing; still, there is no denying that if a man has ridden over one of them, he can find his way over all; whereas formerly it was a necessity for a rider to walk round and study each course before performing on it, or he started at immense disadvantage with the more careful competitors, and he who had learnt and remembered his lesson had many chances of profiting by it during the contest.

It is true that at hunt steeplechase meetings—now far more numerous than they were twenty years ago—there is still some sort of variety in the obstacles. The brook, for instance, is often a real watercourse, though too often gorsed and trimmed to look as unlike one as possible, and never, we may swear, exceeding the regulation twelve feet of width; the fences too are composed of a certain amount of natural growth. Oddly enough, although the 'open grave' with the guard rail has been the best-abused device ever invented by man, the amateur riders, who practically have it all to themselves on these occasions, now greatly prefer—nay, often insist upon—the bit of timber being added whenever a ditch is on the taking-off side. Yet we *used* to hear that this appendage would never be required when the course lay over a regular hunting line. Nevertheless, at hunt meetings is to be seen the nearest approach to the old style. Ridge and furrow

cannot well be levelled for the occasion, all fields are not equally well drained, and there is considerable variety in the approach to the fences. And the local talent—always fairly represented—add much to the spirit and fun of the proceedings, though their inexperience as to racing requirements, their almost absolute destitution in the matter of racing gear, and their astonishing ignorance of their own bodily weight, well-nigh drive the most long-suffering clerks of scales to the verge of distraction. Still, when these preliminary difficulties have been overcome (about three-quarters of an hour after time), and the provincial 'gentleman' or farmer is once on the top of his borrowed weights, he often displays nerve, coolness, and dash in a contest against antagonists far more versed than himself in the business, and, if it does not come to a very tight finish, is not unfrequently hailed the winner. What pride, what joy is his, tempered only by the anguish of separation from his beloved whip (the one thing he never by any accident leaves behind), when, seated in the scales, he hears the 'All right,' and realises that his triumph is at last complete! He is for the most part a good fellow. Let us hope that he may be content to leave well alone, and not be tempted by this first success to engage in the thorny paths of amateur professionalism.

To give anything approaching to a list of the crack gentlemen jockeys of the day, or to descant upon them in order of merit, would be far too delicate and invidious a task. Suffice it to name three or four who are at about the top of the tree—Mr. Atkinson, Captain Bewicke, Mr. G. S. Davies, and Mr. Lushington, written thus in alphabetical order to avoid all appearance of 'placing.' Roughly speaking, it seems to me probable that these four are the equals of any quartet who have been contemporary jockeys within my memory.

For good or for evil the gentleman rider is an institution of which we are none of us likely to see the last, and people must form their own judgment as to his utility on the Turf. His true element, no doubt, is the steeplechase course. There he shines, for there his courage and sporting instincts are most fully aroused; while it would certainly be no loss to the racing community if he confined his appearances on the flat to Bibury and Croxton Park. Our 'national hunters' are not a high class of racehorse, but they could be far better ridden by professionals, and, to put it mildly, their public form might be a good deal less perplexing. At serious places, such as Newmarket, Epsom, and Ascot, the amateur should never be tolerated at all It is quite certain that a better jockey can always be found amongst the

regular ranks—one, moreover, who, if he does anything outrageous, will not plead ignorance or incompetence. The story goes that when the late Mr. Abington was had up before the stewards for trying to put Lord Harrington over the rails, his only excuse was, 'How could I know he was a —— Lord? I thought he was a —— farmer!'

The worst part of the gentleman or qualified rider system is the sham which underlies it, or a great portion of it. Here is a case, *not* imaginary. A man asks a member of the National Hunt committee to propose a certain youth for riding qualification. Naturally there come the questions: What sort of a fellow is he? What is he by profession? Is he straight? And the answer:

HIS TRIUMPH

'Oh! a nice, honest young chap as you could find, wouldn't do wrong for the world, and the mainstay of his mother, who keeps a little haberdashery place.' And we are seriously asked to believe that this excellent young man can afford, if asked (as on showing skill in the saddle he surely will be), to travel about all over the country from meeting to meeting at his own expense. And so the sham has to be carried on by what is really fraud.

Personally, if one of my young friends were to consult me as to the advisability of taking up amateur race-riding as a profession, I should be almost inclined to suggest pocket-picking as the more dignified avocation of the two.

One consolation remains to us, if the tales we hear are only half true: they manage these things a good deal worse in France.

WITH A CYCLE IN JUTLAND

BY C. EDWARDES

It is becoming something of a fashion to slight the railways at holiday time and rely on the cycle for the desired amount of locomotion. When in Jutland the other month I met an enthusiastic Danish wheelman (middle-aged too) who the previous summer had run from Hjörring, well to the north in that province, right down through Schleswig-Holstein and the necessary areas of Germany and France to Paris, and who this summer projected a scamper through England and Scotland also on his beloved 'bike.' He was a kindly, hospitable person, like so many other Danes, and nothing would serve him but that I should enjoy his company for five or six miles of the road out of his native town on my way to Skagen. 'We are great cyclists in Denmark,' he said, with some pride, and away he went up the cobbled street of red-roofed Hjörring at a preposterous pace. I had already ridden sufficiently that day, and was in no humour to 'scorch' in the golden light of the June evening. The consequence was that I soon lost sight of my estimable friend; nor did we come together again for half an hour, when he was on his way back. 'That,' he said gaily, 'is how I shall visit your England.' I thanked him for the pleasure his society had given me, and thought to myself that he, like others, was in a fair way to sacrifice the end to the means. He would no doubt travel well when he came to England, but he would see little.

I, at any rate, had not made that error. It had taken me rather more than a week to get to Hjörring from Esbjerg, by the indifferent roads of West Jutland, the railway, and the capital main thoroughfares of the north. To be sure I had had to endure two spells of idleness—one at Ringkjöbing and one at Skive. Truth compels me to say that tyre punctures were the cause. I

believe it is the thing for the cyclist in a strange land to cover a few thousand miles without once having to mend his machine or get it mended. He may be chivied as a 'foreign devil,' robbed, beaten, and knocked up by manifold indispositions; but his heroic cycle comes out of the ordeal of bad roads and no roads at all without a scratch. My record in this respect, however, was quite otherwise. I have only praise for the Jutlanders; but there were times when I execrated both the particular makers of the tyre to my machine and the optimistic native cycle smiths who had

THE ONLY BEINGS THAT INCOMMODED ME WERE THE DOGS

patched me so unsuccessfully. There were times too when it was all I could do to fight the recreant inclination to turn tail on Jutland and hurry home as fast as the laggard State railway would permit.

This weakness, I am glad to say, I resisted. In travelling, as a general thing, it is only by a stoical or assumed indifference to the discomforts that one can get at the honey of the pleasures, which are really very sweet and invigorating when obtained. The remark seems to apply forcibly to cycling. Now and again, when I was degraded to the rank of a much-encumbered pedestrian, urging my mutilated machine instead of speeding on it, I sighted a single magpie. The omen was discouraging. But I always declined to accept it, and cast about patiently for the magpie's

mate until I discovered it. The parable is a simple but instructive one.

And here let me say that in Jutland, as in all Denmark, the cyclist is never, as by some unfeeling English folk, regarded with open animosity. The only beings that incommoded me were the dogs. One cannot expect much culture in the gaunt brutes that guard the lonely farmsteads of the far-stretching Jutland moors, and are permitted to roam and exercise their lungs at pleasure. I had three of them busy about me one blithe morning a few miles north of Varde, when the larks were mad with music overhead. The comfort is that, though a solid annoyance, the brutes keep their teeth to themselves. Even their growling seems more a make-believe than aught else. Apart from them the cyclist is much respected in this old territory of storks and vikings' tombs. At one time a boy ran in my way and stooped as if to make a back for me. There was a piece of glass on the road and his tender soul sympathised with me in my peril. It was a common experience to have a row of pigtailed lasses and their brothers, fresh from a little granite school-house, stand sedately curtseying or capping while I passed them by with such smiles as I could spare. At the town hotels the machine was always well cared for, nor ever charged in the bill as if it were a horse. And when I slept at a wayside inn the villagers who came thither in the evening to drink penny cups of coffee (with cognac, a halfpenny extra) contrasted my iron thoroughbred with their own obsolete bone-shakers, and were most generous in the compliments they paid it and the admiration they tendered me as its owner. It never seemed to occur to them that so magnificent a creature might be a 'roarer,' and that I, its rider, was well content to cover but forty or fifty miles of road in the long midsummer day. It was the old proverb 'Omne ignotum,' &c. These Jutland characteristics may seem trivial, but they did much to make my run memorable. I don't know how many cyclists there are supposed to be in England. In Denmark they reckon their number at 20,000, or about one per cent. of the population. That, you would think, must include a stout proportion of youngsters, prone to take liberties and bring all their brethren into bad odour with the general public. But the young Dane is as a rule a singularly well-behaved fellow. Compulsory military service does him good in matters of discipline as well as physically.

When I landed at Esbjerg I found one of Ibsen's plays billed for performance that evening in the small theatre attached to Spangsberg's hotel. Such midsummer revelry seemed to me incom-

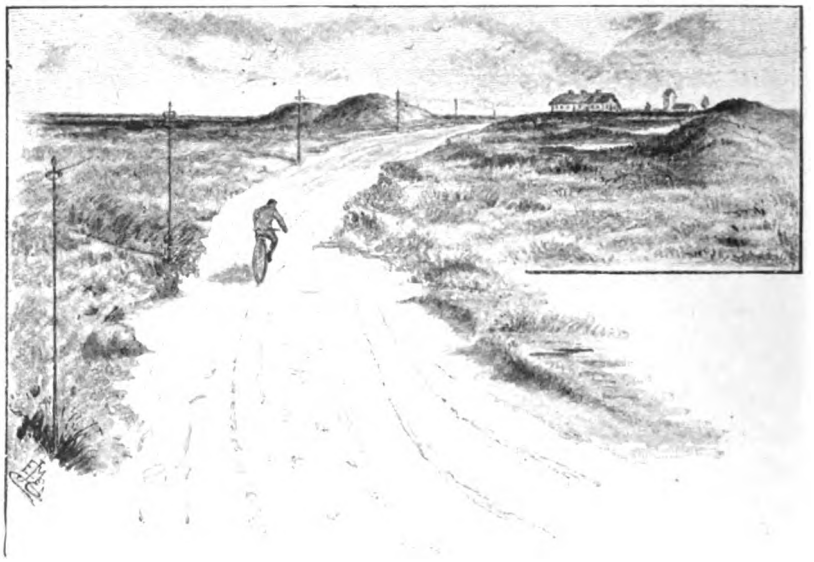
patible with the gaiety of temperament of the average Dane. I was fortunate enough to have made the acquaintance of a charming young lady of Zealand. I asked her how she could stand such depressing pastimes. 'But,' she retorted, with a winsome wrinkling of her brows, 'is not life sad? Is it not right that he should portray it as he does?' I am afraid my reply was not very academic, but I assured her that if she would only try cycling, like hundreds of other Danish girls, she would soon be in dissympathy with Ibsen, clever man though he is. My friend, however, did but shake her pretty head and say that she could never, never follow the example of the 'rationals,' and therefore, she supposed, might never become a cyclist. Yet in one small Jutland town I

PIG-TAILED LASSES AND THEIR BROTHERS CURTSEYED AS I PASSED

was told of four-score local ladies who had taken to wheels. The ladies here even condescend to race in public at the athletic meetings, and ribald journalists make copy out of the materials and colours of their knickerbockers and stockings.

Western Jutland, however, knows little of such doings. Here, for scores of miles north, conterminous with the coast, one sees nothing but undulating moorland, faintly purple with heather, and with bright little lilied pools where holes have been dug for peats. It is, perhaps, one of the slowest parts of Europe. The rough road goes straight on its way. You see it for miles ahead, now dipping into a stony hollow and now rising with more steepness than you would suppose possible in a land so devoid of downright hills. The heavy wheels of the ponderous country carts have cut deep

ruts in it, which are allowed to get deeper and deeper until the district farmers come to the conclusion that they must really improve matters a little. Then they have a spell of mending, with results shocking to the cyclist. Of course the main roads are State affairs. But all others are managed on this co-operative principle. No 'going' could be better than I enjoyed between such places as Aalborg and Hobro and Frederikshavn and Saeby; and, with the added opposition of the vigorous west wind, none could

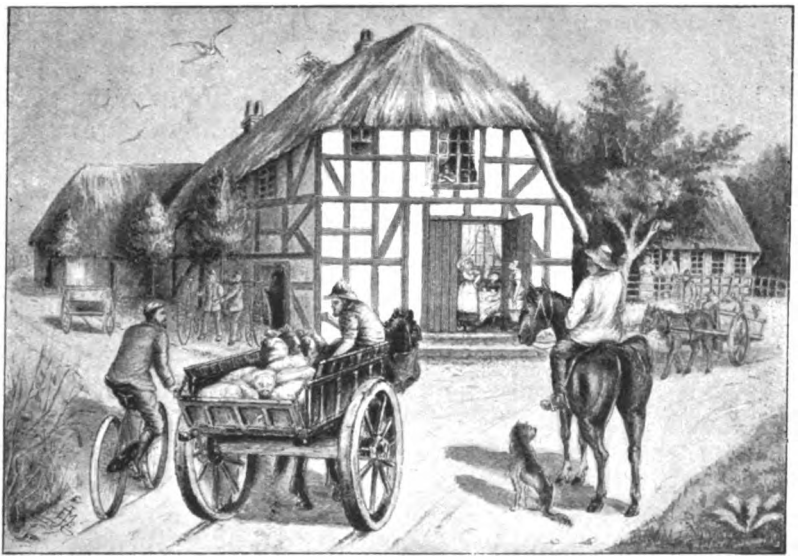


THE TOMBS OF THE OLD DANES

be more heart-breaking than that I had to face into Ringkjöbing from Skjern and towards the vast white sands of the North Sea from Aaby by the Lim fiord. There were times when I would, I think, have changed natures with the broad-winged, red-beaked storks who swooped overhead with such delightful ease. But these of course were weak moments.

Along this west coast, right up to the Skagen sands, the tombs of the old Danes are the most striking objects in view. Quite apart from their historic suggestiveness one owes them a genuine debt of gratitude for their pictorial value. But for them the long ridges of heath would be very ugly. There they stand, however, by twos and threes—neat rounded mounds, from ten to twenty feet high, covered, of course, with heather and dwarf shrubs. Between Thisted and Tversted there must be thousands of them.

They and the white saddle-towered churches stand well against the blue sky; and, with the wooded old manor houses in the more sheltered parts of the country—huge establishments, nowadays mainly devoted to dairy farming, for the good of England—quite



A Jutland Farm

save Jutland from the terrible charge of tameness. One farmstead near Svinklöv, at which I called for a drink of milk (and where they preferred to indulge me with a distasteful beverage of elder beer), was set with its back to an acclivity beaded for hundreds of yards with the mounds. The wild North Sea was not very distant from this site. By a little play of fancy one could imagine that these ancients were kindred to the other Jutes who pushed off their boats in companies from the sands and settled down in such determined fashion in Kent and the Isle of Wight.

I was tempted to poke into sundry of these hillocks, urged to do so by the many partial excavations in their sides. The Copenhagen museum and most of the provincial collections of Jutland teem with trifles harvested from the Jutland tombs. But thousands remain untroubled. In the vicinity of several I trod upon fragments of ancient pottery with rude lines thereon and bones galore, telling of the rather irreverent zeal of previous explorers. And the like objects, with flint implements, were all that rewarded my own antiquarian prowlings. I deserved no better success,

though I am content to think that there may be treasure enough to inspire a romancer still here in the peat and black sand. These old Danes loved the sea. In many of the country churches one marks the constancy of this national trait in the trim little models of ships which hang in the aisles or side chapels. Even the cathedral of Aarhus does not disdain to be thus decorated. But of course really the things may also be associated with the same instinct which finds a vent in the exceedingly miscellaneous collection of votive offerings in the Catholic churches of South Europe—this too though the Jutland models all date from post-Reformation times.

If I may judge from my experience of it, June is the month for Jutland. The splendid length of the days is one great point in June's favour. Up to half-past ten at night I was often out of doors watching the mist rise over the lush meadows and the sunset colours in the sky. At eleven it was still so light that a bedroom candle was superfluous. The dawn is, of course, correspondingly early. Anything more exhilarating to the cyclist than the Jutland air and landscapes in midsummer at six o'clock in the morning I can't conceive. They give one, I imagine, something of the same agreeable sense of consequence felt by dwellers on the American prairies.

To be sure, it is warm in June here when the sun is up. But the blessed west wind is always abroad to temper the heat and stir the sweet perfume of the clover. I got to trust this wind vastly more than I trusted the tyre to my cycle. To the man interested in cloud effects, Jutland may be confidently recommended as a field of study. Nowhere have I seen such impressive masses of snow-white cumuli as the west wind here carried over the land from the North Sea. Artists have found out this characteristic. They assemble in Skagen quite as much for the waves and clouds as for the steamers, schooners, and smacks which keep these turbulent waters populous. Even if they chance to be temporarily absent during one's sojourn at the Skagen hotel, one may judge of their craft and the Jutland skies from the very attractive panelling of their works in the hotel dining-room.

For an entire fortnight I had the wind west or north-west. It took me lustily in the hollow of the back from Fjerridslev to Aaby, and from Lökken to Hjörring, and was always more of an aid than a hindrance. It served me with especial solicitude on the morning of my getting to Skagen. This was rather a remarkable finish to my journey from the south. I had to go by

the sea sands for more than twenty miles, barred from the interior by the loose cliffs of sand cast up by the gales. It was a tempestuous day, with a falling glass. The North Sea was sullen and the clouds were black over its horizon. From Tversted, where I started, after an unpleasant night in a dirty inn, I looked north at nothing but the waves and a well-nigh invisible yellow headland, which I had to turn ere Skagen could be come at. The going was impossible, except as close to the wash of the waves as I could ride. And so for these twenty miles I travelled with the din of the North Sea constant in my ears and its salt water ever and anon dashing over machine and me. Deviations were necessary now and then to avoid the black skeletons of ships

SKAGEN SANDS

fast sunk in these fatal sands, and sundry other flotsam and jetsam. But they had to be made afoot. It was an enlivening jaunt, thanks to the friendliness of the wind, which grew fast to a storm and then whirled me along the firm sand at a spanking pace. And all the while the clouds were thickening with unmistakable rain, so that I had an added impetus. The rain hissed down as soon as I had dragged my cycle from the deep soft sands nearer the land into the deserted village of Old Skagen, with its fishy smells and general air of dismal resignation. And in a very solid downpour I had to trundle for two miles from Old Skagen to New Skagen, across the tongue of the headland. It is all sand up here, or nearly. For the life of me I can't understand how they have

managed to rear that apparently indispensable adjunct of a Danish town, a wood, in the neighbourhood of this most bleak and exposed of places. But they have, and though its outer trees all look like geese with extended wings flying from a foe, inside the little Skagen 'skov' is as thick and dark as the Danish woods elsewhere. The Jutlanders do enjoy their woods. These are not only retreats from the sun. Hither on Sundays the stolid peasant comes with his long china-bowled pipe in his mouth and a plump black-kerchiefed sweetheart on his arm. They both like their love-making to be environed by darkness. And here too, on very high occasions, all the youth and beauty of the place assemble and dance solemnly in the romantic gloom for hours at a time, while a fiddler (or two) plays mechanically with a brute energy that owes much of its endurance to corn brandy.

As kind fortune would have it, the wind veered to north-west while I tarried at Skagen, half deafened by its shrieking and the noise of the Cattegat waves, and waiting for the rain to end. This little clean town of a single long street cannot be an exciting place of residence except for a meteorological enthusiast or a retired mariner. The latter would find endless sport in the procession of ships, big and little, round the Skaw. These tail after each other both ways, and keep the lighthouse men active. But they take precious good care not to come into the furious boil of waters just off the blade of white sand which is Denmark's extreme north point. Here the Cattegat and the North Sea meet in eternal disagreement. It is fine to see the conflict of their waves. The spray flies high, and the roar is loud. But it is a wearisome trudge through the sand to get to the edge of the arena of this sublime combat.

For a few miles south of Skagen the sand is even worse than at Skagen. The country here is nothing but a loose arrangement of sand-hills, through which the toy train to Frederikshavn slowly picks its way. When the wind is high the sand is shot about in all directions; old hills are shorn of their crests and new ones formed. One may judge of its tyranny from the old church of Skagen, a mile or more from the town. The sand has choked it up to mid-tower. Its red saddle roof and white face have a strange appearance, thus pathetically upstanding in this wild waste of sand-hills thinly overgrown with reedy grass. At any rate, the old Skagen dead in its churchyard have had a thorough interment.

The north-west wind assisted me gallantly from Frederikshavn to Saeby, and thence to Aalborg. Here I missed the comforting sense of vicinity to the North Sea which had been

with me up the west coast. But the Cattegat did its best to indulge me with a stirring spectacular effect as a substitute. Its waters were in a furious state of commotion. Far out to the horizon, nothing could be seen but white waves or a leaden surface of sea. By Saeby, an ancient pretty little port where they unship much coal direct from Newcastle, the coast was magnificently lashed, and I had much ado to keep the wind from driving me along at hurricane speed. It was the same when I left this place and dashed across a rather uninteresting stretch of interior Jutland. I broke the monotony of these eight-and-twenty miles at the wayside inns of Flauenskjöld and Hjallerup, and found the usual diversion in the litter of waggons (pig-laden and otherwise) at their doors, and the muscular types of rural Jutlanders drinking, smoking, and dice-playing within. Entertainment costs little indeed in these Jutland inns. They boarded and lodged me well for two days in one of them, keeping no account of the many bottles of beer and soda-water and glasses of cognac I called for between times, and giving me their first new potatoes and choicest strawberries—all for six crowns, at thirteen pence halfpenny the crown. The customary price for a soda and brandy is twopence halfpenny, and I have paid as little as three halfpence for coffee and gin. This cheapness is one of Jutland's good points; nor need the stranger whose Danish is of the halt and maim kind fear that the rural landlord will take advantage of his ignorance. When, for instance, I exclaimed in admiration of the smallness of the above bill, and said it seemed to me there must be some mistake, the pretty little daughter of the house, who made the claim, retorted promptly, 'No, it is quite enough.'

The middle part of the run from Saeby to Aalborg was the best. Here I had to cross a hilly and forested upland that would have been rather formidable but for my ally the wind. My old friends the tomb pimples reappeared. They studded the ridges where trees were not, and strangely seductive they appeared to me in their crimson heather coating. The green forests and the dun and crimson moor had all their colours enhanced by an inky sky that threatened torrents of rain. But I distanced the rain clouds, and it was not until I was in the large town of Aalborg, on the perturbed Lim fiord, and across its shivering bridge of boats, that the storm broke in earnest. They congratulated me at the hotel on my escape, and began, as usual, to talk butter and bacon. The honest Jutlanders seemed wholly unable to imagine that a Briton unconnected with these useful trades should think

it worth his while to visit their country. Certain of them were not, indeed, convinced by a first denial on my part that I was pecuniarily interested in butter. Merchants themselves, they seemed to believe I had a very special purpose in not pleading guilty to the soft impeachment that I was negotiating a corner in farm produce, for example, or something of the kind.

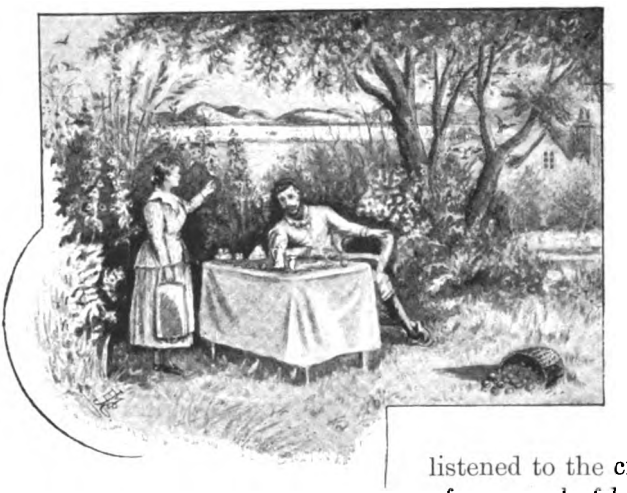
Aalborg saw more of me than I intended. My dumb steed fell sick, and was led tenderly to the best smith in the town. For three days it was bandied about between me and the smith. The latter, who was a watchmaker to boot, each time he returned it, warranted it in every respect as good as new. His workmen, three merry, obliging lads, were as confident about it as their master. But the thing continued to play me false. It would take me a few miles and then collapse, leaving me to push it home under a blazing sun. The fact is, the boys did not understand my machine's extremely modern constitution. Their medicaments were too coarse for it, and the best they could do was to temporarily fortify it.

However, these days of comparative inactivity were not wasted. I became much at home with certain contiguous churches. After the manor houses the churches are the buildings best worth seeing in Jutland. But it is always a toss-up whether the village church will possess any decorative features of interest inside. One finds crude sculptures of dragons and other indeterminate monsters mounted on the granite of the porches and elsewhere, and the brightness of the white buildings with their scarlet roofs (though some are merely leaded) please the eye. For their interiors I must mention Kollerup, Oxholm in Öland, Saeby, Mariager, Saltum, and Skive. Whitewash has done much to mar the graces of the Jutland churches, but much also is left to admire. Of the cathedrals of Viborg and Aarhus, and the old church of Kolding, there is no space to say anything adequate. The first is among the most remarkable Romanesque buildings in Europe, and so exquisitely restored of late years (having been quite taken to pieces and reconstructed) that it looks as if it were not a decade old, instead of nine or ten centuries. Some of the cemeteries attached to the Jutland churches are (in June at least) even better to see than the churches themselves. Each private sepulchre is a brake of roses, syringa, and other flowers. Nor does one see any of the hideous marble enormities with which bad taste disfigures our British cemeteries. The Jutlander prefers a tiny granite slab with the one word 'Farewell' on it to towering obelisks and profuse epitaphs.

At last I got clear of Aalborg, and, in spite of a west wind that had an unwelcome touch of south in it, ran in an afternoon to Hobro, due south. This road, though capital in itself, was very hilly. But I was fain to forgive it its hills for the beauty of its great wood of Rold, rather more than halfway between the two towns. This stretches east and west for about eight miles, and has a breadth of some three or four miles. The road undulated among the solemn Norwegian pines, which cherish a deathlike stillness in their midst. A trivial opening here and there appeared, to show a radiant little pool with lilies on it and storks about its margin. Herein the trees and the clouds mirrored themselves brightly. In one of them a single vagabond stork stood at ease on one leg, fast asleep under the hot sun. I could have shot him without let or hindrance if I had been minded so terribly to run counter to local prejudice. But even had I been provided with the necessary gun and sacrilegious impulse I should have spared him out of regard for his family on some distant house-top. By this time I had seen many of his brethren and sisters among the Jutland chimney-pots, and had come to feel a certain affection for the droll, stilted creatures.

That same evening I cast anchor in Mariager, on the Mariager fiord. The weather was ideal. But I had had to push my steed for a few miles in the fag end of the day; renewed disaster had befallen it, and so I was a little out of temper. Dogs, horses, and men had, I fancied, looked at me with contempt as I held on my burdened way; and a couple of yellow-hammers (no doubt merely engaged in seasonable coquetry) had flitted alongside of me for a mile or more with a constant twitter that seemed to me to embody a series of unkind comments on

my plight. And so, in the waning sunlight, passing many a field of golden rye, I came to the recess by the blue fiord where the Mariager villagers live peaceful days. The inn was a long, clean house of a single story, and my bedroom was extremely open to the eyes of the tailor and his wife who lived across the way. But I cared not for that. I ate my supper in the garden, among cherry and pear trees, and with dishevelled rose bushes all about me; and between times listened to the cries and laughter of a parcel of boys in a boat out on the glassy fiord, in which the green environing hills and the ruddying wisps of clouds soberly reflected themselves. At 10 P.M. an industrious artist was still at work here in a meadow by the water-side. And long ere eleven o'clock, when a third of a moon was hanging over the green headland on the south side of the fiord, all in the hotel went to bed, and left me to lift the latch and follow their example when I pleased. A stork in an unusually coarse nest on a gable point made a quaint picture bossed against the fire-red sky.



I ATE MY SUPPER IN THE GARDEN

I have dwelt complacently on my good days in Jutland. Now let me groan for a moment or two over the most tiresome morning my cycle gave me. It behoved me to get from Mariager to Randers. The distance is thirteen miles and a half; the road (there is no railway) varies in elevation, and is totally unblessed by shade once the beech woods near Mariager are passed. I had to push my cycle all the way. It was excellent training for perambulator work, and as such may have been serviceable. But I never had such ardent doubts about the wisdom of cycling in Jutland as on this warm June day, and if a shrewd huckster had met me, say at Gassum (six miles from Mariager), he might have bought my machine at a bargain. However, I persevered in my disagreeable toil, and come at length to the steep descent into

the cobbled streets of Randers, whose old timbered houses and picturesque inns were much less to me than the discovery of a meritorious smith, willing to swear by all he held sacred that he could and would completely heal my poor steed's complaints. I found a smith. He was as courteous and confident as his colleagues elsewhere—and as incompetent.

But enough. I was unfortunate with my machine, not in my choice of a land for its capers. In all Europe I do not believe an Englishman on wheels could find a country better able to give him pleasure and health, combined with roads such as the cycle loves. But in this last particular it is necessary to pick and choose. The west coast of Jutland must be treated with discretion. The east coast roads, on the other hand, are admirable, with their avenues of trees and snug landscapes. The Cattegat, moreover, is as blue as the North Sea, and, as a rule, much less given to bluster. Lastly, if only for the sake of the strawberries and cream, let the adventurer by all means take his cycle into Jutland in the merry month of June.

THE JOYS OF A BOAT-RACE

(BEFORE, DURING, AND AFTER)

BY C. M. PITMAN

THE University Boat-race has been described and discussed in newspapers, in magazines, and in books from various points of view. The feelings of the spectators who see the race from steamer and from towpath have been set out, and even the excitement of those who wait to hear the result in London, at Oxford, at Cambridge, or elsewhere, has furnished copy for the local paper; but it seldom occurs to the general public, and still more seldom to the reporter, to inquire what the actual sensations of the crew may be on the day of the race, unless we take into account the regular statement by 'Our Rowing Correspondent' (who has prophesied the result of the race incorrectly), that the losing crew finished up quite fresh, while the winners were completely exhausted, a remark which, if true (N.B.—It never is), would reflect very little credit on those whom he wished to console.

It is impossible in the nature of things to learn from a sporting paper on the day after the race anything of the experiences of the crews. First there is a column headed 'The Scene on the River,' describing how a vast number of steamers, launches, and barges made their way up the river before the race, and down again after it was over; how some of them made an early start, while others were just in time; how their 'human freight' seemed greatly to appreciate the day's outing.

In the next column, under the heading, 'The Weather,' it is announced perhaps that the warm sun, tempered by a stiffish

westerly breeze, made it very pleasant for the spectators, without any reference to what the crew probably thought of the atmosphere. And when, as may sometimes happen, 'showers of sleet from the north-east made it a miserable holiday for the crowd,' there is no thought of what the sleet felt like to the sixteen unfortunate individuals who were condemned to appear for nearly half an hour with bare legs and arms, and only the thinnest of zephyrs and the shortest of shorts to keep the rest of them warm.

As to the column headed 'The Race,' from which one might hope to gather some idea as to what it feels like to those who take part in it, of what does it usually consist? More than half is, as a rule, filled with a flowery description of how 'the octette of stalwart dark or light blue collegians about to seek fame at the end of a twelve-foot spruce gently lowered their rowing-machine into the water, and as they set out for the starting-point it was observed that Stroke put in twenty-six "digs" while the spider-hand of the chronometer made the circuit of the dial,' and more to this effect. The rest of the column consists of a minute calculation as to which boat was ahead at the end of each hundred yards or so of the first half-mile, and then about four lines describe the remaining four miles of the race. Finally comes a fact upon which you can really, in most cases, rely—the name of the winner. But with that solitary fact you must be satisfied; for in reporting the distance by which the race has been won the judge is seldom, if ever, consulted, and as recently as 1893 Oxford was said by various newspapers to have won by distances varying from one to three and a half lengths. And as every reporter carries a stop-watch, to ascertain for himself the correct time which the race takes, the result of his calculations depends entirely on the number of times he presses the knob on the top of his watch during the excitement of the first minute or so of the struggle.

Nor does a book on rowing tell one much. No man that I ever heard of thinks during a race on which particular muscle he is to throw the strain of his work, or what number of strokes the book says he ought to row per minute; nor does it enlighten the uninitiated very much to know that a liberal allowance of vegetables and an extra glass of port are the best things possible to save the oarsman from the miseries of Job. As for the articles on rowing and training which occasionally appear in magazines, they are generally devoted to the final extermination of the long-exploded theories that a man in training for the Boat-race is little better than a wild beast, feeding entirely on raw steak, and that he rarely survives the strain of the race more than a few years.

The strain of a Boat-race and of the week preceding it is by no means inconsiderable, but it is the mental strain rather than the bodily strain that makes itself felt. The physical strain of a Boat-race is, in nine cases out of ten, no greater than that of a hard day to hounds or on the moor. The relief which a man feels for a few days after the race is caused far more by the freedom from the constant worry and anxiety of the last week or so than by the absence of hard work and physical labour.

For the first few weeks of practice the work is comparatively light, the fourth, fifth, and sixth of the nine weeks over which the practice extends being by far the hardest; and towards the end of the seventh week the whole thing begins to pall. Day follows day with the same routine: a walk round the Parks at 7 A.M.; a row down to Abingdon Lasher, or else twice or three times to Iffley and back in the afternoon—a state of affairs which makes the move to Putney a really welcome change for the crew, and awakes a fresh interest for them in the whole business. They are eager to know what sort of an impression they will make; how the tidal water will suit them; and whether their opponents are as good (or as bad) as they are reported to be. The mere facts of wearing a blue coat and flannels, and having a crowd to see them start off and to receive them on their return every time they row, are a pleasant change after the monotony of the last two weeks at the University.

The first view of the other crew is always interesting, sometimes even encouraging; but it always creates within one a certain nervous feeling which every rowing-man knows, a feeling which increases as the day of the race draws near. Time after time one rows the race in imagination, trying to go to sleep at night by thinking how satisfactory it will be to get it over, and win, and be rid of all the anxiety; and each time one dreams in some horrible nightmare that the boat remains somehow fixed to the starting-point, or that one of the crew has disappeared, and cannot be found when it is time to start in the race.

On the morning of the event, the ostentatious way in which everyone tries to show that he is not nervous is almost ludicrous. Topics of conversation of world-wide interest are introduced, only to fall flat because everyone is thinking of the prospects of the race, and even the best-tempered become irritated for no apparent reason.

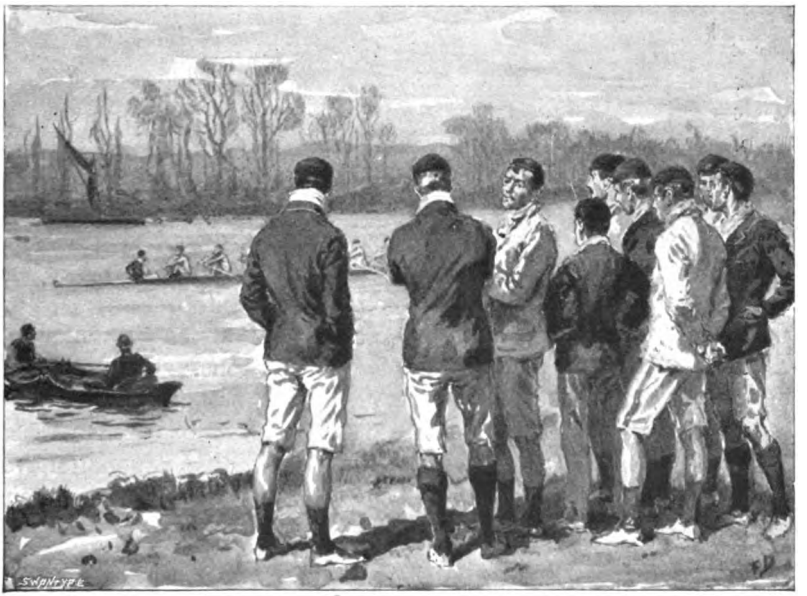
'I see in the paper,' someone will remark, 'they took 7 min. 40 sec. to row from Putney to Hammersmith on Thursday, and the fastest time we have done is 7 min. 46 sec.'

'I call that quite a poor performance,' answers another from the other end of the breakfast-table; 'they had a leading wind and a roaring tide, whereas we had a head wind and a very slack tide.'

'Well, this paper says they *hadn't* a good tide, and the wind was against them, and that it was an undeniably fine performance.'

'Did you ever see a word of truth in the rowing-column of that paper? Why, it's a well-known fact that it never makes a single correct statement.'

'Doesn't it? I see a little farther down it says we are going to win.'



THE FIRST VIEW OF THE OTHER CREW

'Well, that's the only true thing it ever said, or will say, I should think. Now, *do* read it to yourself, and leave us in peace.'

'It also says in the next paragraph that you are a much improved oar, and are now well worth your place in a 'Varsity crew.'

'Oh, *do* dry up! I don't care what your beastly paper says! I still think their row from Putney to Hammersmith was a poor one, and I haven't the slightest doubt we shall be a length ahead at the end of the first mile.'

Then everyone pretends to agree with the last speaker, but feels in his inmost soul that Putney to Hammersmith in 7 min. 40 sec. was a very good performance, and that there is con-

siderable doubt whether they will be a length ahead, if they are ahead at all, when the first mile has been covered.

If the tide does not happen to suit till the afternoon the anxiety makes the morning seem like a week to the crew. First they go for a short walk on the Common; then for a gentle paddle and one sharp burst on the river, just to see that every bolt in the boat is strong and that every oar is right; then, after an early lunch, they start to the Boathouse for the last time.

The half-hour spent on the balcony of the house watching the crowd grow thicker is particularly trying for those who are going to row. Friends who intend to follow the race drop in one by one, and try to calm their own excitement by extracting a confession from each member of the crew that he never felt fitter in his life, or that he is confident of victory. The 'old oar' is there, and describes the races he rowed in, explaining elaborately how he won or why he lost. The City man tells of the latest betting, and points out another City man who, although he knows nothing about rowing, always bets heavily on the race, and is this year said to have made such a bad book that he stands to win 5*l.* or lose 500*l.* The fond mother adjures her dear boy not to risk injuring himself by rowing too hard.

In fact, everyone seems to have a word of advice for the crew. At last the two presidents go to toss for stations. I will assume that my crew get the Middlesex side. We are disappointed, as it gives our opponents the advantage of the long bend in the first two miles of course; however, it only means that we shall have to go as hard as we can at first, and try, if possible, to take their water at Hammersmith. Now our opponents are getting out their boat and are paddling down to the start; but we can only see the tops of their heads, they go so close to the bank and the crowd is so dense. At last it is our turn, and we carry our boat down between a double row of mounted police, who can with difficulty keep back the crowd. We take a last look to see that stretchers, seats, and riggers are all right, and paddle gently down to our stake-boat. The four large steamers that are to follow the race are moored, two on either side, and a cheer comes from our own vessel as we pass. The small launch, which carries only the umpire, an engineer, and a waterman at the wheel, is all ready to go, and is shooting out clouds of steam, as if it had made up its mind to obscure the view of those on the steamers behind; and the other crew are waiting at their post, looking thoroughly uncomfortable.

At last we get safely to our stake-boat and the waterman

grasps the stern of our ship. Sweaters and scarves are passed to the stern and put on board the umpire's launch, and we are ready!

'I shall say "Are—you—ready" once,' shouts the umpire, 'and if I get no reply I shall fire the pistol.'

'Are—you—ready?'

Then follows quite the most uncomfortable moment of one's life. It makes me shudder as I think of it even now.

Bang! We are off! Thoughts, at first confused, and then more distinct, follow one another in rapid succession—thoughts

SWEATERS AND SCARVES ARE PASSED TO THE STERN

which sometimes wander right away from the race, so that one has a vivid impression afterwards of the sound of a particular whistle at a particular place, or of the shape of the umpire's hat. 'What a good start!—not a splash to speak of! Oh, what a roll! It's that great clumsy Five. That's better! Now we are going away. How those coxes swear at one another! How blown I am getting—and there are eighteen more minutes of this. I *must* take a look at them. Perhaps I had better not? Yes, as stroke it is my duty to do so. Why, we're a quarter of a length ahead!' I will assume that, having the advantage of the very first corner, we draw gradually ahead, and are almost clear at the

Soapworks, a little more than a mile from the start. 'We ought almost to be able to take their water at the corner,' one thinks, 'if cox. would only keep in closer, and not let his boat swing all over the river. Where *is* he going to? Was there ever such atrocious steering? They are coming up hand over hand.' With the Surrey bend in their favour they gradually keep drawing up, till they eventually get level with us just as the river straightens out at Chiswick. Then comes the real struggle of the race, and every man in the crew knows that our success depends on regaining our lead without delay.

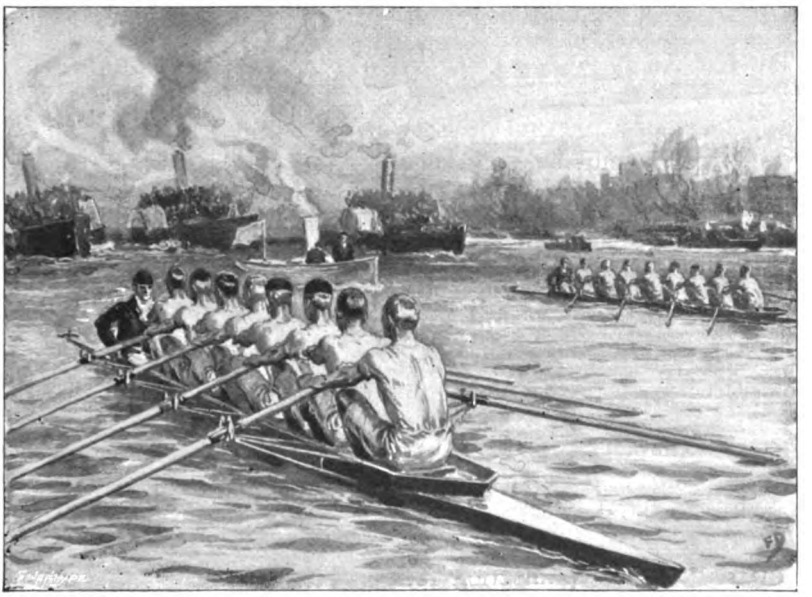
They are holding us, but only by rowing nearly two strokes a minute faster than we are, as we can see by the flash of their blades. If we can only keep them at that for a minute or so longer we shall have them! Then, in response to a yell from our cox., we quicken our stroke. 'Pick it up together!' he shouts. 'Now you're going away from them! Well rowed!' And gradually we begin to draw ahead. Soon we are half a length in front, then a length, till at Barnes Bridge we have them well in hand with two lengths to spare. From this point to the finish it is almost unmixed pleasure. There is just a fear that someone might catch a crab or that an oar might break. Fortunately, such an accident seldom happens, and we sail past the judge two lengths ahead. After a short rest we paddle up a few yards to the Boathouse, where both crews leave their boats and change their clothes.

So it will be seen that the experience of training for and rowing in a boat-race, even if it results in victory, is not unmitigated delight. The anxiety and monotony of training, however, when set against the undiluted joy of having won the race, are a mere nothing. Congratulations come from every quarter, and on the launch on the way back even the coaches, in their enthusiasm, become complimentary, and declare that they never had the issue in doubt for a minute—a statement which they always seem to feel bound to make whether it be true or not.

Once back at Putney all is rejoicing and dissipation. First comes either 'tea' (consisting of the most unwholesome cakes that can be found, washed down with oceans of champagne) or luncheon, if the race has been rowed early in the day. Such is human nature that the crew seem to find it necessary to have an unwholesome meal of some sort on the first possible opportunity after six long weeks of training. They have even been known, after a very early race, to sit down at eleven o'clock in the forenoon to a meal more like a ball-supper than anything else. After tea there is a general packing-up—packing of a delightfully casual and care-

less kind. Shirts, sponges, boots, are jammed into a portmanteau together. Who could stop to pack carefully under such circumstances? Then everyone hurries off to London, to be admired by his relations before he appears at the dinner in the evening.

Such, more or less, are the experiences of those who row each spring from Putney to Mortlake. In case, however, I should seem to have exaggerated in any degree the anxiety or nervousness felt before the Boat-race by those who are interested in it I



SOON WE ARE HALF A LENGTH AHEAD

must add, as an instance of such feeling, that there is a certain ex-president of the O.U.B.C. who takes a lively interest in the Oxford crew each year, and never fails to follow the race in the steamer. So painfully agitated does he become at the start that he nearly always retires to the cabin, refusing to come on deck till he learns that one boat or the other is well ahead, so that he can emerge from his hiding-place and, without undue excitement, gaze on the realisation or the disappointment of his hopes.

THE FOOTBALL SEASON

BY C. S. COLMAN

THE football season of 1895 and 1896 bade fair at its outset to mark a very serious epoch in Rugby football. Wars and rumours of wars had for some time past been threatening from the North, while the excursions and alarums of the great meeting at Anderton's Hotel were understood to be but the prelude to the great engagement. The suspension of Huddersfield for flagrant attempts to secure outside players by monetary considerations had shown that the Rugby Union were prepared to fight the matter, and so, with a great flourish of trumpets, the Northern Rugby Union was formed. 'Broken time' was established on its pedestal, and worshippers were expected from all parts of England.

The campaign, however, did not open with great success. The biggest clubs of Yorkshire joined the ring, but some of the most famous of the Lancashire bodies—as, for instance, Salford and Swinton—remained loyal, and in the counties of the extreme north the new organisation found practically no support at all. The small clubs almost universally looked askance at the movement, for they failed to see the advantage of a system which must end in the seduction of their best players by higher offers from their neighbours. The new body discovered that it was almost painfully select and unaccountably lacking in that broad bottom of support which it had assumed to be certain. Nevertheless the innovators went boldly onward; they claimed to be the only true amateurs, as well as, like Parliamentary candidates, the only true friends of the working man. The brothers James, the famous Swansea and Welsh International half-backs, suspended long since for breach of the amateur rules, found that the crime was considered far too black to allow the Northern Union to admit them to its fold, and thus they remained, like Mahomet's coffin, still hanging between earth and heaven, till at last their original sin has been condoned and they have been forgiven. The 'foot-

ball reformers' have made a gallant effort to sit upon two stools: at once to make football-playing profitable, and at the same time to remain the purest of amateurs; but the attempt has not been crowned with the result desired. For frank and open professionalism there may be a good deal to be said, but nothing can make the 'promateur' and the 'shamateur' attractive, with whatever body he may be connected.

Not content with reformation of the status of players, they tried revolution in the conditions of the game. The curse of professionalism is the danger that every other consideration will be sacrificed to the 'gate.' The game *must* pay and must attract spectators, and the ignorant spectator is as important financially as any, and numerically more. Now, to the ignorant spectator of a Rugby game the scrummages appear mere tedious folly, and forward play generally is but a weariness to his flesh. Therefore to attract him a new game was tried, with but six forwards, and only thirteen men in all. The line-out was abolished, and, most astounding of all, a round ball was substituted for the oval. Batley and Halifax were the teams selected for the experimental game; but it came to a somewhat lame and impotent conclusion, for the ball, as it deserved to, burst, and all through confusion was more conspicuous than combination. In the result the line-out disappeared, but the further alterations were rejected.

Whatever other effect the 'new unionists' were likely to produce, all critics, whether friendly or hostile, were agreed that Northern football, as a whole, must be very seriously weakened. Happily the reverse has proved to be the case, and Yorkshire, in spite of the gratifying performances of Surrey, have once again attained the proud title of Champion County. The North team, moreover, which last year collapsed most miserably against the South at Richmond, has secured an ample revenge in this at Hartlepool; and of the International players who came near to creating a record score against Wales, five of the back division and five of the forward were playing members of Northern clubs. Even after the sifting process of the season, the team selected to oppose Scotland contains six forwards and three backs from beyond the Humber, no very clear token of decadence amongst the loyal supporters. It may be dangerous to prophesy, but one may hope, as well as expect, that a movement which is, to say the least, not quite candid, will fail of success, and that the seceders will speedily pass out of football history.

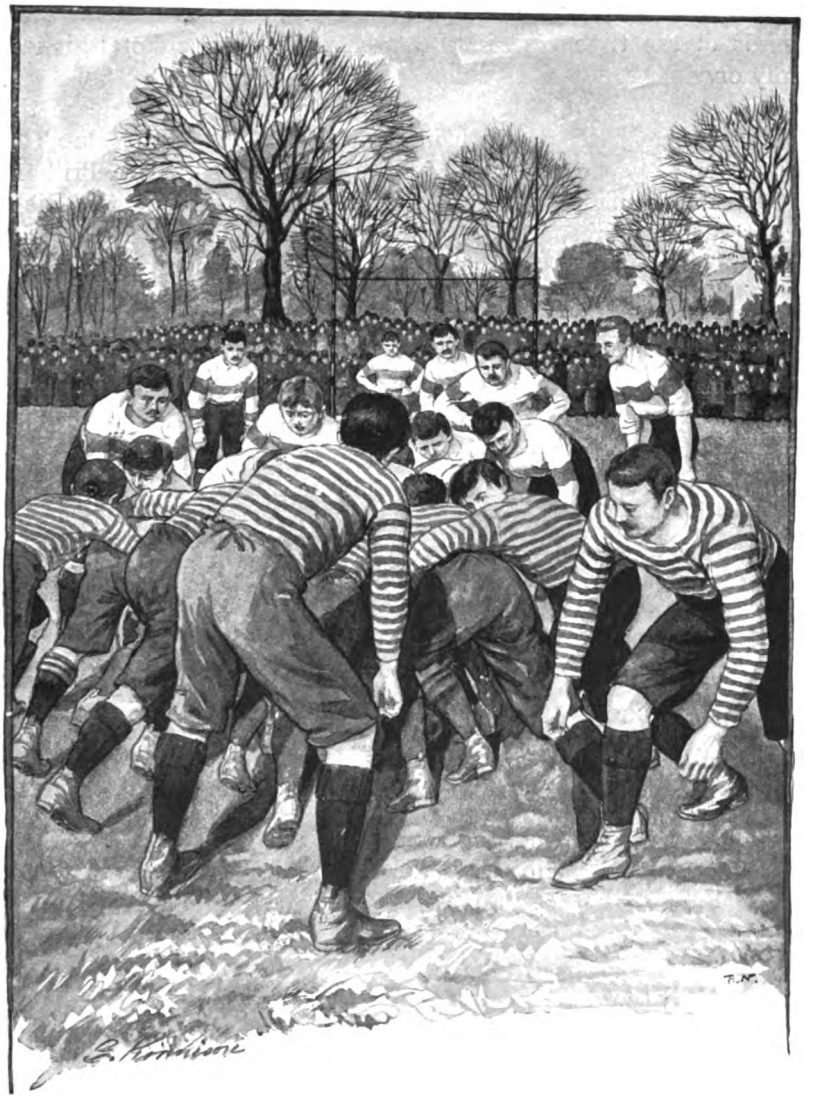
The County Competition of the season has all round been productive of healthy rivalry, and it is pleasant to note the keenness

with which it has been followed in the metropolis. It is specially curious that the representatives of the North and South, who met for the deciding event, are the same as have so often faced one another on the cricket field in contest for the highest honours. The sportsmanship which has been the pride of Yorkshire, and is the pride of Surrey, has room enough for a love of pure football. The honour has not been won without effort; the Midland Counties and Devonshire both insured that the prize should not be obtained without the dust, or rather mud, of the arena, and Yorkshire have found rivals as worthy of their energies. The game at Richmond on February 20 will not soon be forgotten. The first half was as brilliant an exposition of football as has been seen in London this year, though the second was marked by the ill luck which had deprived Surrey of its full-back, owing to a broken collar-bone, and which gave by the rapid scoring of the last ten minutes a somewhat false impression of the game. Still, nothing can be allowed to detract from the sterling play of the Yorkshire pack, which wheeled and rushed the scrums with a skill and vigour that it were an insult to call machine-like, and the defence of the backs may be judged by the fact that throughout the whole competition they preserved their lines all but intact.

Moreover, it is not merely at the top, but also on the lower rungs of the ladder that enthusiasm has been developed, and Sussex has shown that before long they must take a higher place; even the Eastern Counties have exhibited that dogged perseverance under difficulties which all East Anglians are proud to consider their most effective quality.

'Varsity football has been upon a very high level, especially at Cambridge, where the Christmas term, *the* important Rugby term, passed marred by only one defeat. It was Newport that lowered their colours, but Cardiff, Richmond, London Scottish, and other rivals were well beaten, and Blackheath itself was lucky to escape with a drawn game from their match at Cambridge, although in the return at the Rectory Field they left the result beyond a doubt. Oxford, up to the middle of the term, was severely handicapped by the fact that they were unable to find a fourth three-quarter who could combine with their three Internationals; but that problem solved by the discovery of Newton, and the pack judiciously strengthened, the second half of the term was most satisfactory, and the crushing defeat of the Harlequins showed them to be a team of more than average merit. Rarely has the Queen's Club fixture been awaited with more interest, or better promise been held out of exciting

football; but alas, that ground upheld its reputation for evil weather, and a damping fog shrouded the game from the spectators, so that no one, save the referee, was able to follow it



BLACKHEATH *v.* NEWPORT

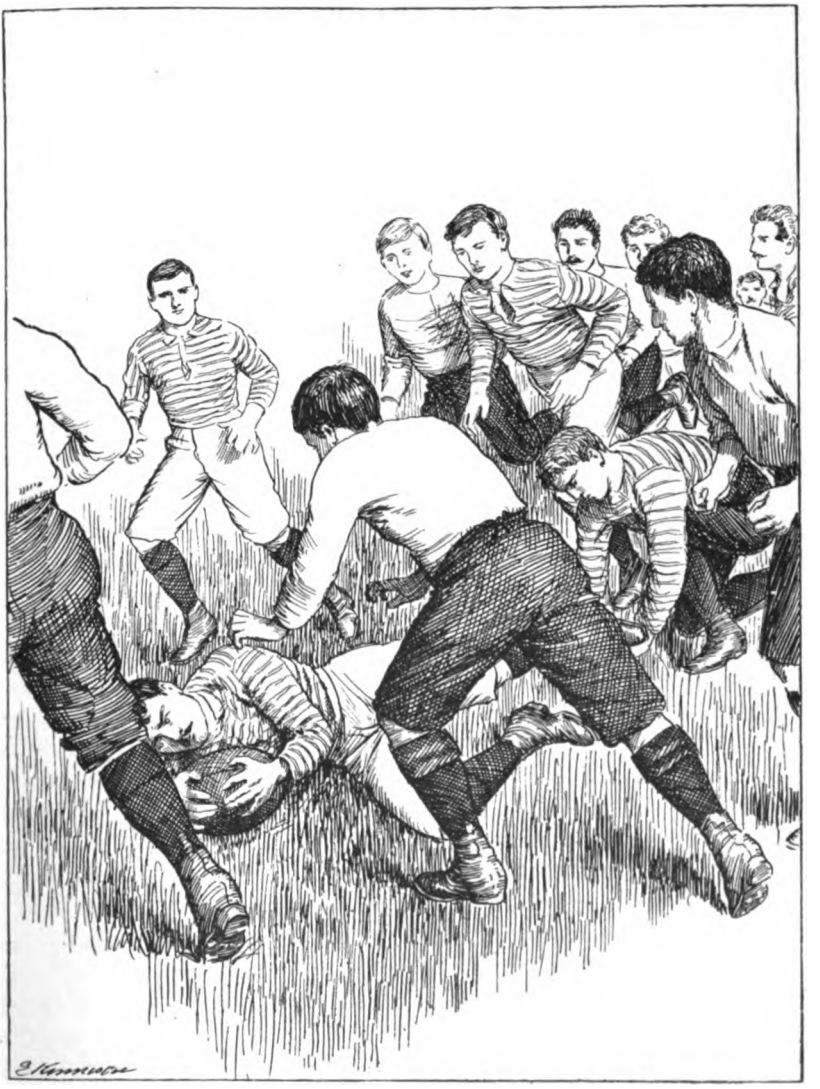
throughout. In any case the play was not of the most exhilarating, for the stronger pack wisely and determinedly kept the ball close, and a series of just upon a hundred tight scrimmages left

Cambridge with a well-deserved victory by one goal to nothing. The Oxford three-quarters had no opportunity to bring off the combined runs which had brought them victory in the past, and could only show their skill by tackling, so determined and sustained, that although the ball was in the Oxford half for two-thirds of the time, and in the twenty-five for half of it, it was only once forced over the line.

In Metropolitan football the more noticeable features are the establishment of Blackheath in its proud title of 'the club,' for the falling away of the last month does not eclipse a brilliant record for the previous five, and the steady improvement of Richmond, which, in response to the energy and example of its captain, disputes with the Harlequins the title of the second strongest club in the South. The latter, whose brilliant rise has been aided by Mr. C. M. Wells, and supported by thorough and determined play all through the team, made Blackheath tremble for their title on February 1, although without Wells or Hunt they fell heavily before Richmond at the close of the month. Equally marked with these improving fortunes has been the decadence, it is to be hoped but temporary, of the famous London Scottish.

In Scotland itself, where Hawick has had a career of almost uninterrupted success, a step has been taken which may largely affect the game. The head-masters of the chief public schools have decided to prohibit, in all inter-school games, the practice of falling upon the ball in order to stop a rush. It is worth while to quote the exact words of the circular: 'If anywhere but behind the goal-lines a player falling upon the ball is considered by the referee to have done so intentionally, the referee, whether appeal has been made or not, shall grant a free kick to the opposite side.' Considering how many famous players have learnt their football beyond the Tweed, and, further, that if a man does not learn at school to fling himself upon the ball and risk the kicks, he cannot develop the habit in later life, it is plain that the resolution will have serious consequences. The reasons for taking it appear to be twofold. In the first place, the danger, which certainly is involved by the practice, as any half-back would declare, is thought too great for the advantage gained; and, in the second, it is maintained that when boys learn it to be necessary they will pick up the ball, where of old they were content with falling on it. Obviously, if such power can be obtained, it affords vastly better openings; but to most it will seem that in every match there are cases in which the alternatives are to drop on the ball and to let it pass. The result so far has been to make the game faster, but

to introduce more chance into it. For instance, in an important school fixture played under the new rules, three tries were scored in the last few minutes, all of which, in the opinion of some



FALLING ON THE BALL

spectators, might have been saved by a prompt falling on the ball. The trial will be interesting, but it looks all too likely to be of detriment to Scottish football.

Until February Wales possessed the only first-class club south of the Tweed which had not been beaten. Llanelly had shown that skill, pluck, and dash can make up for deficiency in weight, and they met no team, till the season was closing, which could surpass the combination of their backs or the activity of their forwards. All the great Welsh clubs have kept up their high standard of back play, and have brought short passing to a perfection that was unknown before; but the International match gave one more excellent illustration of the most satisfactory feature of this season—viz. the revival of the interest in, and the importance of, forward play.

The trial and International matches of 1894–95 had given the warning that the finest backs in the world might be useless if their pack were overrun, and the clubs with the best record are clubs whose packs will work. Cambridge and Blackheath owe even more to their forwards than to their backs, good though the latter were, while the London Scottish hold up with equal clearness the reverse of the shield. It was in the scrimmage, again, that Yorkshire showed their power at Richmond, for had the result depended upon the backs alone, the Championship might well have come South at last. The forwards who think first and above all of heeling out the ball to their halves are sure to be overrun by a pack of equal weight and perhaps less skill which is determined to push them off the ball at the very start. The Welsh forwards seemed to have forgotten the art of going through their opponents with the ball, and did not recognise that the scrimmage must first be held before attempting to wheel or screw or heel out. Hence their rout at Blackheath by a pack that was heavier to begin with, and gave every ounce of its weight to pushing. It was a rout that will do nothing but good to football if it brings attention back to the less showy, but no less effective, part of the game. That the lesson was taken to heart and well learned was displayed clearly enough when a remodelled Welsh team overran Scotland, and it was emphasised —alas, the heavy change!—when the Irish pack rushed the English off the ball at Leeds, and spoiled bright dreams of an undefeated record. Very curious to note has been the in-and-out form of the International teams throughout. Ireland easily beat England, England crushed Wales (although in matches against English clubs of the same standing, Newport, Cardiff, and Llanelly had a most successful record), Wales beat Scotland, and then, in defiance of Euclid, algebra, and football prophets alike, Scotland drew with Ireland. (Not the least pleasant feature of

that match, by-the-bye, was the brilliant display for Scotland of the old Oxford captain at three-quarter, who, after unluckily missing his cap once or twice when at the height of his fame, now almost a veteran, showed how well it was deserved.)

Perhaps it may be hoped, when the uncertainty of these matches is realised, in which every one of the thirty players is doing his uttermost to win, that a little more knowledge, a little more charity, and a little more sportsmanlike feeling, will be shown when other games are won by the less favoured side, and there will not be the innuendoes and insinuations of previous agreement, that now disgrace sometimes not the teams indicated, but the man who makes the suggestions.

It was certainly a short-lived reputation that disappeared so suddenly in the Irish match, and by the time this is in print it will be seen whether in the great contest of the year, when the Rose and the Thistle meet, the play was more worthy of the team.

There are still some who regret the reduction of the number on a side from twenty to fifteen; there are not a few who feel doubtful whether the fourth three-quarter has really improved the game from a player's point of view, whatever he may have done from the spectator's. The strenuous hard shoving, man to man and face to face, is not a part of the game that one can afford to lose, and 1895 has at least made its disappearance more unlikely.

The history of the Association game this season has been much less eventful. The question as to whether professionalism shall exist has been definitely settled, for good or evil, and all that remains is to see how the present conditions can be modified to the best advantage of the game. More cant has perhaps been talked by both sides upon the subject of the paid player than upon any other in the world of sport, and when a critic in a respectable paper can declare that 'Association football has become a game at which no gentleman can play,' he merely shows complete ignorance of his subject. Looking at the question without prejudice, or at least with as little as possible, the unpleasant features do not lie for a moment in the mere fact that a man is paid by his fellow-townsmen to support the credit of his club and theirs, but in the flagrant buying and selling of players from club to club that is going on constantly. Certainly, to anyone who cares for football at all, the announcement that —— of So-and-so has been transferred to some rich club for 200*l.* and will 'turn out' with them on Saturday next, is about as repulsive as anything well can be. Cricket has suggested the

bad example, and from cricket let the remedy be drawn. Let the Association authorities enforce a residence of twelve or eighteen months before a player is allowed to compete for a fresh club in any League or Cup fixture. There would be hardship in some cases, but in very few, while the gain in sportsmanlike feeling would be immense, and to be attained by so simple a step. True that even in cricket things are not wholly satisfactory, and one hears of a strong county 'poaching' upon the territories of the weak; but at least they are much healthier, and as the best years of the football player are much fewer than the cricketer's, a similar period of qualification would reduce the temptation to 'buy up' the rising talent of other clubs.

Such discussions, however, are rather questions for a future than history of a past season, during which the game has slowly developed upon the old lines, without any very striking modification. Combination has been now for some time established as the end of all endeavour, and the dribbling runs of a single forward, who kept to the ball without very much regard to his place, are almost things of the past.

This effort after combination has had the result of diminishing charging to a very large extent, for the player now gets rid of the ball before coming to the back, where of old he would have tried to take it over or round him. This, in addition to the natural anxiety of a professional to take care of the bones by which he earns his living, and to the severity of referees, wise upon the whole, has made weight a much less valuable element than it was in time past. There is a good deal of nonsense talked about the dreadful roughness in League matches, but no one who has seen both will refuse to admit that in a college tie, or even in a house match at school, the play is distinctly more 'energetic,' and, in fact, the higher the class of the football the fewer the collisions. It may well be doubted whether the change is wholly for good; fair and honest charging, even if heavy, is no crime, although there are referees who appear to treat it as such; and the mere fact that there is some risk of being hurt should not be thought sufficient to condemn the practice. Without a certain amount of danger or pain no sport can pretend to rank in the highest class. Let referees give all the attention in the world to the arm and the knee, but there is nothing criminal in a good use of the shoulders.

A needed change has been made in the rules and conditions of the throw-out; for skilful halves, such as Wilson of Sunderland, had developed the power of flinging the ball from the touch-line

right into the mouth of goal, and thereby inflicting a penalty out of all proportion to the offence. By the new law the thrower must stand still with both feet upon the line, and no more than a reasonable amount of ground can be gained. The reform was slight enough, but necessary, and in result successful, though

A FAIR CHARGE

leaving room for an interesting academic difference between the English and Scottish associations as to whether 'standing' must be upon heel or toe.

Another reform now proposed is worthy of very serious consideration. It is suggested that no penalty should be inflicted

for the accidental handling of the ball. At the present time the rule may work hardly upon both sides. The defenders may be penalised, sometimes to the loss of a goal, owing to the grazing of an arm by the ball, notwithstanding the best efforts to prevent it; and a combined forward run may be similarly checked, either by an accident upon their own part or an infringement upon their opponents. If the reform were carried the game would be distinctly faster and less subject to chance. Many a frivolous appeal, also, would be heard no more.

The struggle in the League has produced a most excellent race for the headship between Aston Villa, Derby County, and Everton, with the former in perhaps the best position. The whole contest, however, is unfortunately spoiled by such 'particulars of purchase' and 'conditions of delivery' as are inserted in the papers from time to time and alluded to above. The rivalry of schools is excellent; the rivalry of towns is well; but the rivalry of mere moneybags—though there are degrees of offenders—is neither sweet nor wholesome.

Neither University has displayed particularly brilliant form this season. This is partly due to the greater popularity of the Rugby game, especially at Oxford, where the enthusiastic followers of the latter are in a majority of three or four to one, and where even men from Association schools drift away into the pursuit of the other code. Cambridge had slightly the better record, and their rival was certainly not up to the level of recent seasons; but after Christmas Association is taken much more seriously, and there was undoubtedly marked improvement preparatory to the meeting at Queen's Club. On that occasion West Kensington repented of its past sins and provided perfect football weather for once, and the turf was in excellent condition for a match which itself was well worthy of the sides. True that dash was, as usual, more conspicuous than combination, and that, in the excitement, more than one easy chance was missed; but the pace was tremendous throughout the hour and a half, whilst the interest never flagged. Brilliant goal-keeping upon both sides prevented anything being scored until there were but ten more minutes to run. Then the only goal of the match was scored for Oxford, kicked, appropriately enough, by the captain, who thus avenged the defeat at Rugby by an exactly similar margin. The brilliancy of Burnup upon the Cambridge left wing, and of Raikes in the confronting goal, were but examples of a steady succession of good things.

The Corinthians have felt severely the loss of the Goslings, and

other famous players who have retired from the game for a season or for good. Despite the victory over Queen's Park while on tour, they have failed to show much strength, and their record is by no means brilliant. Still, with such resources to draw upon, the deterioration should not be permanent, and football cannot afford to lose the team that gives the finest illustration of dash and self-reliance.

WILSON THROWING THE BALL

The Old Boys teams from Westminster, Eton, Harrow, and Brighton seem all to be deploring the want of men who have recently quitted the game; but, unless the report be true that Mr. Wells is seducing Eton to the following of Rugby, they have all the constant expectation of finding fresh players to replace the giants of the past. At the same time there is a general falling off

from the standard of three or four years ago, and even the Old Carthusians have not quite retained their form, although still the strongest amateur club in the South, and probably, despite their unlucky defeat by Darlington, whom they met with terribly weakened forces, the strongest in England. In view of their overwork at the close of last season they were perhaps wise in

THE CORINTHIANS AT QUEEN'S CLUB

taking matters somewhat more easily at the commencement of this, and their present team is undeniably effective now that it is showing its true form.

For the rest, the sensational events of the season are, at the time of writing, yet to come: the last spurt of the League clubs when in sight of the post; the closing ties for the stolen Cup; and the International matches, are all for the future to rejoice over, lament, and discuss.

SPORTING PRINTS

BY HEDLEY PEEK

HUNTING. No. V.

So many sporting prints might be termed curious that I shall devote this article only to those which require special attention, and cannot be included in any other division of my subject. The examples chosen are nearly all taken from very rare prints which have never been reproduced, and are consequently unknown to the general reader. Some are so rare that standard works on engraving make no mention of them.

The first example is taken from one of the earliest engravings executed. It is by an unknown Florentine artist who worked in the fifteenth century, and represents a sport which, though carried on in a different manner, has become very popular in recent years, namely, 'Hunting the Missing Link.' Our artist represents a successful find, which is more than our contemporaries can yet boast, though a few months back the scientific huntsmen dug out a doubtful specimen which had been run to ground in Java.

No. 1.—Hunting the Missing Link

As we are on this subject, I should like seriously to put the question, 'Is not the unicorn another missing link?' In answer to this question M. Boitard wrote, 'Doubt is the most rational position for a true savant.' Though I am not a true savant, inclination moves me to be even sceptical of scepticism, and I

No. 2.—A Japanese View of the Unicorn.

have been for some time gathering together information about this 'fabulous monster now extinct,' as the animal was once called by an unconscious humourist. Some day the result of this research may be published; it will for the present suffice to say that, if it be a myth, it was a remarkable guess of ignorance at a very probable natural development, and that the delusion was widespread through Asia and Africa, and dates back to prehistoric times.

It must also be remembered that though no horned example of the Equidæ is known, most zoologists agree that if ever this sub-order of Ungulates had horns, they would be placed, as is the case with the rhinoceros, in the centre and not at the side of the head. It seems, therefore, by no means improbable that this family, which has doubtless been developed from one primary species, may be descended from single-horned Equides, or unicorns. It is difficult to imagine how otherwise the race saved themselves from being at one time developed off the face of the earth. In later days the protection would have become a hindrance, and eventually disappeared, as it has done in the case of some other horned animals—first deserting the female and then the male.[1]

[1] Darwin, speaking on this subject, says: 'Organs originally formed by the aid of natural selection when rendered useless may well be variable, for their variations

A freak of nature might now and again cause one of the group, probably the zebra, to revert to its original type, while, with the exception of the lion-like tail which is thus explained, history is no doubt responsible for the further decoration. Certain geological discoveries seem at first sight unfavourable to this view; but though it is impossible to enter here into the matter, future workers in this field of science will, I fancy, be the first to find out that the theory is correct.

But fact or fable, no collection of old sporting prints would be complete from which the beautiful examples of Jean Duvet's hunting of the unicorn were omitted. Jean Duvet, often incorrectly called Danet, was born at Langres in 1485. He may be considered the father of French engravers. Among his earliest and most important works which are preserved in Paris will be found the six subjects that are here reproduced.

No. 3.—Diana in her Beauty descended

Considering the date of these works they are very remarkable. The purity of style, the taste in grouping, and the delicacy of execution have seldom, if ever, been surpassed. It was no easy matter to make these small reproductions, especially as the ink has faded very much in the originals; but enough of their beauty remains to show that my praise is well justified.

can no longer be checked by natural selection.'—*Origin of Species*, chap. xiv. p. 401.

And again, in chap. v. p. 128 of the same work, the writer, speaking of the zebra-like bars to be noticed on certain horses, points out very clearly that this marking is an instance of how species 'may occasionally revert to some of the characters of their ancient progenitors.'

While endeavouring to find out all that is known as to the history of these prints, I have been not a little entertained by the various surmises of different experts, together with the descriptions to be found in catalogues of various dates. The authors of these atrocities seem never to have heard of the beautiful myth which is without doubt here illustrated, and which is probably so ancient that it would be vain to attempt to seek its origin. Some of the authors have been very ingenious, working two or three extra prints into their story which have no possible connection with the six above mentioned. Had I space at my disposal, I should like to quote a few of the descriptions; without, however, presuming that I may not to a certain extent be at fault in my own version, it will perhaps be better to proceed with it at once.

In a certain city lived a king, beloved by his people. The city over which he ruled was exceedingly magnificent, so that the fame thereof spread into distant lands, and many strangers came from far to look upon the glory of the age. But whether borne thither from some distant land, or through the anger of the gods, a great pestilence fell on the city, and many who dwelled therein died.

Then the king, fearing greatly whereunto this evil might spread, cried aloud, and being a great lover of the chase he called

No. 4.—The Ceremony of Purification

upon Diana to come to his aid. As he thus cried Diana, in her beauty, descended (the crescent token of her power glittering on her brow). Thus passed she on even to where the king, trembling and astonished, awaited her, and demanded of him wherefore he

besought her assistance. Then did the king, bewailing the anger of the gods, tell her of the plague which had fallen upon the city; while the assembled huntsmen, seeing that their queen had descended to favour them with her royal presence, brought offerings and oblations. Diana spoke thus to the king:

No. 5.—Giving way to Violent Anger

'It is well that to the goddess of the chase you thus came in your perplexity. In vain had you sought aid from another. The stream which flows through your fair city has become polluted, and nought can cleanse it till the unicorn, monarch of the forest, shall dip his horn therein. Is it not known to you that the beasts of the field quench not their thirst in untried waters till he, their king, lead them thither and touch the crystal surface with his shining horn? though burning thirst be upon them, yet dare they not bend to drink, but wait in patience the ceremony of purification. Make ready, therefore, for the great hunting, according to the manner which from ancient days has been ordered, and without which none may tame or capture the king of beasts.'

Having said these words, the goddess vanished out of their sight. Then the king made ready and gave orders that the fairest maiden in his kingdom should go forth into the forest and there abide, for by this means only might the chase prove successful; for such is the nature of the unicorn that though he be the fiercest of all beasts, he is none the less the most easily to be moved by beauty, so that he will even come and lay his head upon a maiden's breast. Moreover, so great will be his delight in her

presence that he will not move though men should come and bind him.

Now she who had been chosen was fair to look upon, but had, alas! forsaken the pure altar of Diana, and had worshipped at the shrine of Venus, and it is not meet that such a one should venture on so perilous an undertaking, for the beast seeing that his chaste queen has thus been dishonoured, will give way to violent anger, killing and wounding all those that come nigh him. Thus it came to pass that when the king and his huntsmen, thinking their victim ensnared, came forth with boldness from their hiding place, the unicorn turned upon them and slew many. Moreover, the king did but narrowly escape through the swiftness of his horse, or it may be that the grace of Diana was exercised on his behalf.

Now even as they fled a young virgin was wandering in the forest, playing softly upon a lute. At the sound of this gentle melody the fierce spirit of the unicorn forsook him, and leaving the flying huntsmen he followed the strain of music. Beneath the leafy shade he now sees the damsel reclining; and wearied with slaughter he approaches. Fear came into those eyes which had of late been full of maiden pensiveness, yet at his approach she

No. 6.—Binding the sleeping Unicorn

holds her arm to greet the wanderer, and content he kneels down before the shrine of purity and love, burying his head in the maiden's breast; yet is he mindful that his cruel horn, now steeped in gore, mar not the spotless whiteness of her garment.

Now it chanced that one passed by that way who, seeing the picture, straightway hastened to the city and proclaimed the news. Loud rose the sound of rejoicing as the king once more went forth on his perilous adventure, which had but so recently driven many from the temple of Diana into the gloomy abode of Proserpine.

No. 7.—Placing the Queenly Crown upon the Virgin's Head

Not far from the city wall they find the maiden: beside her their foe is resting; on her knee his head reclines, for Morpheus with soft fingers had closed his weary eyes.

A scene of toilsome labour follows. Some hasten to bind the sleeping unicorn, others go in search of the damsel who had deceived them and been the ruin of many a brave huntsman. Her they bring trembling before the king, and it is decreed that with the partners of her guilt she be hanged over the polluted stream, even where the bridge crosses it.

Now turn we to a brighter picture. Upon a royal car purity and strength that nought but love can tame are drawn in triumph by the servants of Diana. Upon the virgin's head the king's royal hands place the queenly crown, token of a future rite which shall change the state and title of her thus honoured.

Great was the rejoicing in the city when the plague was stayed, when the unicorn touched the water with his horn, and thus purified the tainted stream. But the revel did not thus come to an untimely end. The sounds of many instruments and of great shouting rose once again, as their deliverer passed

through the crowded street, bound no longer but by the chain of love which united their king to his newly crowned bride.

This is the ancient legend, translated by an unskilled hand; but weak and faulty though it be, the artist would probably

No. 8.—Bound only by the Chain of Love

prefer it to the French catalogue which describes the first picture, 'A king and queen about to start hunting the deer,' and the fourth picture, 'The unicorn, exhausted by his long run, lays its head in the queen's lap.'

It has occurred to me that there may be an allegory wrapped up somewhere in this story; but whether this be so or not, it is hardly my business to look for it. I have hunted up the pictures and legend, and it is only fair that the reader should, if he wishes, hunt up the moral.

As it will be necessary to descend from the sublime to the ridiculous, illustration No. 9 will furnish a text in passing. Though it is unnecessary to load the collection with more than one instance, this picture is a good example of the confusion of ideas which at one time beset our artists. As there was no help to interpretation, I was for some time puzzled to discover a suitable label to give this picture. A little consideration, however, brought it under the classification of religious sporting. The artist has made a double bid for patronage, and with a disregard for possibility which borders on genius, has carried a wild stag hunt into the very heart of Palestine. He judged from experience that the rich man must be addicted to sport, and

what more sumptuous food could he desire than venison? Therefore Dives is here depicted clothed in purple and fine linen, seated, after a successful run, in the raised banqueting hall, while Lazarus, driven with a whip from the feast, is unable even to gather up the crumbs. At the right-hand side of the picture may be seen other incidents taken from the parable. The dogs may have suggested to an artist unacquainted with Palestine, that this must have been a hunting feast. When a clue is once given, the vision in the clouds is clear, but, so far as I know, the picture has never been correctly labelled, and, though I have shown it to many persons, not one has ever interpreted it. 'The man climbing up the stable chimney,' as one critic expressed it, has confused not a few persons, who thought they had otherwise discovered the correct interpretation.

The common habit of blending religion with hunting may be accounted for by the sporting tastes of the clergy.

One of the most interesting works on our subject was written by Olaus Magnus, Archbishop of Upsala. It is called 'Historia

No. 9.—The Rich Man and Lazarus

de Gentibus Septentrionalibus,' and was published in 1555. This edition is full of curious woodcuts, four of which are here reproduced. The work has been translated into Italian, German, French, Dutch; and though Ebert's 'Bibliographical Dictionary'

does not mention the fact, I find that an English translation, unillustrated, was published in 1658. As this translation is rather quaint in its wording, I have at times made use of it.

The Reformation in Sweden drove Olaus Magnus to Rome, but he during his exile still seems to have regretted the wild country of his birth, where in youth he chased the elk and the bear, or trapped the wily fox. If all he tells us is true—and how can we doubt the word of so venerable an author?—he must have been a most keen observer of nature, for he recounts instances of intelligence and cunning shown by the wild beasts that few others have had the advantage of noticing. He is not, however, responsible for the inaccuracies of the artist, whose knowledge of the animals described is rudimentary in the extreme.

So much is this the case that I am a little troubled in illustration No. 10 to know whether the animal jumping at the elk's throat is a hound or a weasel; I am sorry to say that from the text I fear it is intended for the latter. The elk has been harpooned and tied to a tree. Here is the passage to which the illustration belongs, and where the weasel comes in:

No. 10

'When the greatest elks lie on the ground or stand up, a weasel will sometimes leap up and catch them by the throats so that they bleed to death. This small beast is so insatiable in sucking of bloods that there is scarce the like for its bigness amongst all creatures, as if it had a belly bigger than an elephant.'

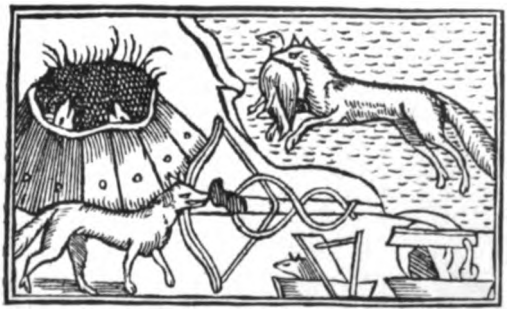
Now supposing the artist did not know the meaning of the Latin word *mustela*, he might not unreasonably have fancied that the animal was at least as big as he has depicted it.

Illustration No. 11 represents a female bear carrying a stag upon her back, 'like a wallet,' into the secret place of the wood where she has concealed her whelps. 'For the most part she useth to bring forth five young ones not much greater than mice, without shape. Their flesh is white, but they have no eyes nor ears, though the nails can be seen. The dams by degrees lick these whelps into shape. A man can see no stranger thing wherefore the males hide themselves forty days, and the females

four months. If they want dens, they build them of boughs and shrubs heaped together, laying soft leaves and moss upon them, and making them impenetrable to rain. The female at first sleeps for seven days, and then grows wonderfully fat, chiefly by sucking her right foot. If their young are cold they foster them in their breasts, lying upon them as birds hatch their eggs.'

No. 11.—Bear carrying Stag

Illustrations 12 and 13 show the crafty wit of foxes and the lack of craft in the artist. 'There are in northern woods,' says our author, 'foxes white, black, red, and those which bear crosses on their backs, and others of a blue colour and spotted; but they all partake of the same malice and fraud. The black skins are most valuable because the Emperors of Muscovy use these often. Next are the cross-bearing skins; the white skins and blue are less esteemed, as they do not last so long; the red are commonest of all. When the fox is pressed with hunger, cold, and snow, and he comes near men's houses, he will bark like a dog, that house creatures may come nearer to him with more confidence. Also she will feign herself dead, and lie on her back, drawing in her breath and lolling out her tongue. Then birds coming down unawares to feed on the carcase are snapped up by him with open mouth. Moreover, when he is hungry and finds nothing to eat, he rolls himself in red earth that he may appear bloody, and casteth himself on the earth; but as soon as the birds descend, he draws them to him and devours them. Sometimes, fearing the multitude of wasps, he counterfeits and hides himself, his tail hanging out; and when he sees that they are all busy and entangled in his thick tail, he comes forth and rubs them against a



No. 12

stone or tree, and kills them and eats them.[1] The same trick almost he useth when he lies in wait for crabs and small fish. Running about the bank he lets down his tail into the water; they admire at it and run to it and are taken in his fur and pulled out. Moreover, when he is troubled with vermin he maketh a little bundle of soft hay wrapped in hair, and holds it in his mouth; then he goes by degrees into the water, beginning with his tail, that the insects, fearing the water, will run up all his body till they come on his head. Then he dips in his head that they may leap into the hay; when this is done, he leaves the hay in the water and swims forth. When he is hungry he will counterfeit to play with the hare, which he presently catcheth and devoureth, unless the hare escape by flight as he often doth. Sometimes also he escapes from dogs by barking, feigning himself to be a dog, but more surely when he hangs by a bough and makes dogs hunt in vain to find him. He is also wont to deceive the hunter and his dogs when he runs amongst a herd of goats and goes for one, and then leaping upon the goat's back that he may sooner escape by the running of the goat by reason of the hateful rider on his back. The other goats follow, which the hunter, fearing to molest, calls off his dogs that many be not killed. If he be taken in a string, he will sometimes bite off his own foot and get away; but if there be no way open, he will feign himself dead, that being taken out of the snare he may run away. Moreover, when a dog runs after him and overtakes him, and would bite him, he draws his bristly tail through the dog's mouth, and so he deludes the dog till he can get into the lurking place of the woods. I saw also in the rocks of Norway a fox with a huge tail who brought many crabs out of the water, and then he ate them, and this is no rare sight, as no fish like crabs will stick to a bristly thing let down into the water.'

No. 13

I have gone rather fully into this matter, as I see that in one

[1] It will be seen in another article in this number that a Scotch keeper has also noticed a fox similarly engaged.

of the notes in the last number of this Magazine readers are requested to furnish authentic cases of the cunning of foxes, and it seemed a pity not to let Olaus Magnus have his say upon the subject. With regard to the fox drawing his brush through the hound's mouth, I am able to verify the statement, as I have frequently seen this attempt made, but our hounds seem to have

No. 14.—Dwarfs hunting Storks

developed since the writer's time, and sometimes delude the deluder by closing their teeth rather sharply on the 'bristly tail.'

At the same time there is little doubt that many foxes even now escape through this trick; within the last three weeks I saw an example of it. We ran our fox to ground, and while we were debating on the best manner of unearthing him he saved trouble by bolting well-nigh into the middle of the pack. One hound, and one only, kept her head and raced him so closely across the field that every moment we expected to see the end. Yet, tired as the fox was, I noticed his brush waving gaily, and the hound seemed so baffled that her quarry escaped by the hair of its brush through a thick hedge.

I shall conclude this article by two illustrations of bird hunting with hounds. No. 14 is an imaginary chase of the stork by the dwarf people, and will make some grumblers envious. I have heard it said, and after a nasty fall have been inclined to endorse the verdict, that for its size the horse is one of the worst jumpers to be found in the animal kingdom. There is little doubt that if we could find a deer or goat up to the weight it would be our own

fault if we did not leave the rest of the field behind us, though it is also probable that before long our mount would leave us. To see a deer fly a six-foot railing is enough to make every self-respecting horse retire from the hunting-field. In hilly and rocky ground such as we find in Cumberland the goat would be even more useful.

Nos. 15 and 16, which represent ostrich hunting, are chosen from many prints on this subject. It appears to have been rather

No. 15.—Ostrich Hunting

a dangerous sport for the hounds, a single stroke of the bird's foot causing a more severe wound than will the tusk of a boar. Considering that the ostrich is said to be able, when fresh, to cover sixty miles in the hour, it is fortunate that it possesses the quality of a bad fox, and prefers a circuitous to a straight flight. Otherwise the sport would be rather ridiculous; as it is, there must be something rather quaintly interesting in an ostrich run, which, from what I can gather, is or was as follows:

You find the ostrich; away he goes at about sixty miles an hour, and, to keep up the spirit of the thing, you go on slowly after his rapidly diminishing form, till you can see it no longer. In about thirty minutes there is a 'view holloa' behind, and you see him rushing madly in your direction. He has taken his first little circle of twenty-five miles, so you start again. This kind of business goes on till the exhausted bird gives in through fatigue, and, as probably it imagines that it has covered

about 150 miles in a straight line, and found its foe ever to the fore, it may well consider it useless to contend longer against so untiring an enemy. Why the huntsmen do not stand still,

No. 16.—An exhausted Bird

and for what purpose they need the hounds, it is not easy to say, but probably it is necessary now and then to make a cast when the ostrich for some reason gets headed, and the uniformity of the circle upset.

FAVOURITE MEETS

SHAVINGTON, MARKET DRAYTON

SEAT OF A. P. HEYWOOD-LONSDALE, ESQ., MASTER OF THE SHROPSHIRE FOX-HOUNDS. FIFTY COUPLES OF HOUNDS; HUNTSMAN, RICHARD YEO; KENNELS, LEE BRIDGE, PRESTON, BROCKHURST; HUNTING DAYS, MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, AND FRIDAY.

INWOOD, HENTSRIDGE, BLANDFORD

SEAT OF MERTHYR GUEST, ESQ., M.F.H. BLACKMORE VALE HOUNDS. EIGHTY-SIX COUPLES OF HOUNDS; HUNTSMAN, CHARLES FOX; KENNELS, CHARLTON HORETHORNE; HUNTING DAYS, MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, AND FRIDAY.

WALLINGTON, HUNGERFORD

SEAT OF W. H. DUNN, ESQ., MASTER OF THE CRAVEN FOX-HOUNDS. FIFTY COUPLES OF HOUNDS; HUNTSMAN, W. WILSON; KENNELS, WALCOT, HUNGERFORD; HUNTING DAYS, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND SATURDAY.

BELVOIR CASTLE

SEAT OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND, MASTER OF BELVOIR FOX-HOUNDS. FIFTY-EIGHT COUPLES OF HOUNDS; HUNTSMAN, FRANK GILLARD; KENNELS, BELVOIR CASTLE, HUNTING DAYS, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, AND SATURDAY.

BARLEYTHORPE HALL, OAKHAM

ONE OF THE SEATS OF THE EARL OF LONSDALE, MASTER OF THE QUORN FOX-HOUNDS. FIFTY-FIVE COUPLES OF HOUNDS; HUNTSMAN, THOMAS FIRR; KENNELS. QUORN, LOUGHBOROUGH; HUNTING DAYS, MONDAY, TUESDAY, FRIDAY, AND SATURDAY.

LONGFORD CASTLE, SALISBURY

SEAT OF THE EARL OF RADNOR, MASTER OF THE EARL OF RADNOR'S FOX-HOUNDS. TWENTY-SEVEN COUPLES OF HOUNDS; HUNTSMAN, THE MASTER; KENNELS, LONGFORD CASTLE; HUNTING DAYS, MONDAY AND FRIDAY.

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

I HAVE only just come upon a vindication of Shakespeare from the charge of poaching. From one point of view, this is late in the day, no doubt; but whether it is too late to be published depends upon whether the world in general is acquainted with the facts. Everybody knows the tradition of Shakespeare's compulsory exile from Warwickshire in consequence of his escapade in taking Sir Thomas Lucy's deer; but few are aware that more than thirty years ago a Warwickshire gentleman of ancient lineage and literary ability printed a pamphlet in which he proved conclusively that the slaughter of the deer by Shakespeare took place in 1587, not at Charlecote, but at Fulbrook Park, the sequestered property of Sir Francis Englefield (not of Sir Thomas Lucy), and that by doing so he 'committed no offence either in law or morals;' nevertheless, he did thereby incur the displeasure of Sir Thomas Lucy, which may probably have been the cause of his going to London at this particular time, although it was not his chief reason for betaking himself to the stage. The scurrilous verses on Lucy ascribed to the dramatist rest upon tradition only, though that tradition is ancient, local, and probable. The vindicator of Shakespeare was the late Mr. C. Holte Bracebridge, well known for his interest in the history and concerns of his native county, but deserving of wider fame for having with his accomplished wife introduced Florence Nightingale to the

hospitals at Scutari in 1856. The point is that at the time the place where Shakespeare killed his deer was generally regarded as belonging to no one in particular, and open to any one who cared to sport there.

I have been very little to Newmarket this year, and, wanting to say something of the three-year-olds, I asked a friend—a well-known owner of horses and member of the Jockey Club, for whose opinion I have a great respect—if he could tell me anything of the field for the coming Derby and Oaks. He kindly replies that, since they ran in public last year, of the Derby candidates he has only seen Knight of the Thistle and Persimmon, who appear to have wintered well, and as regards the former I can bear witness to the same fact, for him I do chance to have inspected; but my friend goes on to say: 'I did not pay much heed to them, as I never really looked on them as Derby horses. My mind was made up last year after seeing St. Frusquin run (thrice), Persimmon (twice), Regret (once), and Knight of the Thistle (twice), that over the Derby course I should thus handicap them:

	st.	lbs.
St. Frusquin	9	7
Persimmon	8	12
Regret	8	7
Knight of the Thistle	8	0

Teufel I never saw and know nothing about, but take it for granted that he was very lucky to win at Kempton. People say that St. Frusquin will not come down the hill at Epsom, but that is not my opinion. I never yet saw the horse that couldn't come down the Epsom hill if his jockey had courage and nerve enough to let him stride along. Somehow or another I have got it into my head that Persimmon cannot stay. He is a fine horse, with beautiful action, but seems to me a little light in his girth, and from his general appearance more of a sprinter than a stayer. I think, however, that he will be second in the Derby, and St. Frusquin, all being well with him, undoubtedly first. Of the three-year-old fillies, Omladina I thought a beautiful mare, but certainly not a stayer; still, she should win the Oaks, and Nenemoosha be second. I have never seen Amphora, Avilion, or Snowy Corrie run, but imagine they are all second-rate.'

With regard to the foregoing handicap, I may remark that I should not myself have made it in that fashion. But it must be remembered that the compiler of it is not endeavouring simply to gauge last year's running. His idea is to estimate probabilities over the Epsom mile and a half, and he has acquired a belief that Persimmon does not stay—a belief in which there is obviously a good deal of speculation. St. Frusquin may have—and, indeed, doubtless has—'come on' a good deal; for, if my memory serves me well, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild told me after the Royal Plate at Kempton—in which St. Frusquin made his first appearance, and, with 2 lbs. the best of the weights, beat his stable companion, Gulistan, a neck—that the result was correct, according to home gallops. I am not inclined to rate St. Frusquin quite so highly as my friend does, for in the Middle Park Plate it occurred to me that if Omladina had not been sent on to cut down Persimmon, it would have been a very near thing between her and St. Frusquin at the finish. It *was* very near—only half a length; but I mean that she might just have won. St. Frusquin, however, gives the impression of staying; and, as just remarked, the handicap in the foregoing Note is intended for a mile and a half course. If St. Frusquin were set to give Knight of the Thistle 21 lbs., I should anticipate the success of the latter. And then there is Regret; I fancy his owner and trainer would be very glad indeed to meet St. Frusquin at the weights here given?

A French gentleman who is one of the soundest judges of horses and racing—two different things—and who came over on purpose to see the race for the Middle Park Plate, liked Omladina best of all the animals that ran; but that was on October 11, and he was not thinking of the Derby course. It cannot too emphatically be observed that a good two-year-old filly is quite as likely to lose her form as to retain it in the following season, and what Omladina may do in the future is entirely problematical. I was looking at Jewitt's horses not long since, and when we came to Snowy Corrie, her exceedingly astute trainer remarked, 'I suppose you would be surprised to see her beat Omladina this year?' So many strange things that seem most unlikely happen in racing, that it takes a good deal to surprise one; but apparently Jewitt doubts Omladina's capacity for staying. As to Snowy Corrie, however, one of the very few jockeys whose opinion is worth consideration, and who rode in the Halnaker Stakes, told

me he was convinced that Earwig would have beaten the daughter of Tristan and Corrie Roy had he got off. That he did not do so is the more strange as Allsopp rode the colt, and for Allsopp to get a bad start is a very exceptional occurrence. As a rule, no rider gets away so quickly when the flag falls. I must admit that I entertain a vast amount of respect for Regret, little as anyone can actually know of his full merit. In any case there are evidently some exceptionally interesting races to be run this season.

On the subject of the instinct of foxes, about which a correspondent propounded some queries in the last number, several very interesting letters have reached me. Lord Willoughby de Broke is kind enough to write as follows: 'Speaking from my own observation I should say that the quality of instinct is much more evident when foxes are in pursuit of their own prey than when a pack of hounds is in pursuit of them. What lover of nature has not watched, on a summer's evening, the elaborate plans a vixen will lay in order to circumvent a rabbit? A fox never loses his head. However much he may be surrounded by hounds, he invariably takes the best, and often the only, chance of saving his life; and it is wonderful from what apparently hopeless situations he will sometimes succeed in extricating himself—at times, too, when one false step or miscalculation of distance will mean certain death. But I do not think that a fox when some few fields ahead of hounds ever plays any pranks with the intention of baffling his pursuers as a hare often does. The puzzling turns and twists that the fox makes are generally owing to his having been headed, or chased by one of his best friends, a cur dog. On one occasion, in a good run in October, I viewed our fox, very tired, going up a large turnip-planted hill about a quarter of a mile ahead. In the middle of the field was a pen of hurdled sheep about twenty yards square. The fox made straight for this, jumped in among the sheep, and out the other side, causing the hounds to come to a long check, and ultimately saving his life. Of course the Whips and I could think and say a good deal, but could *do* nothing, as there was a big bottom and a steep hill between us and the fox, and our cub-hunters were very much the worse for wear. I have never been able to make up my mind whether this fox ran through the sheep by accident (the sheep-pen was right in his line), or whether he

did so with the deliberate intention of throwing the pack off his scent; but if the latter was the case it is the only one of the sort I have ever seen during an experience of twenty years.'

'There is no doubt, as your correspondent says, that a vixen trains her cubs; but she trains them to find and catch their food, and not with any ulterior designs of teaching them to baffle fox-hounds in the future, though the knowledge of country the young cubs gain during their nightly excursions is doubtless most useful to them when they first have to fly for their lives before hounds. Of course if the vixen is killed the cubs are tame and of little or no use for hunting. It is a very common dodge of a keeper to kill the vixen, and then feed the cubs himself with rats, rabbits, &c. Naturally these cubs, having had no one to show them the country, never learn it, and fall easy victims to hounds the first time the coverts are drawn. But I do not believe that one animal ever educates another in that description of cunning which enables them to escape their foes.'

'Again, though every huntsman knows that it is easier to kill a cub the first time a litter is disturbed than later on, it is quite certain that the more *over*-hunted a district is the worse the foxes will run; and this for the very simple reason that all the good wild foxes will leave this disturbed district, and only the bad covert-dodging brutes be left. It is to the modern innovation of dividing old-established countries, and to the growth of little mushroom, two-day-a-week packs that I attribute the decadence of sport in these days. Once in three weeks is quite often enough to draw any covert under twelve acres. If this rule be observed, possibly a wild fox will be found each time, and a good run obtained; draw it oftener, and nothing but tame, twisting foxes will be found, the pursuit of one of which leads to more than double the amount of destruction of fences and property than the hunting of four wild ones; to say nothing of the vexation caused to master, huntsman, hounds, and the field by the constant sharp turnings of foxes such as these, and their being, as Spencer Lucy used to say, "always behind you." Nobody ever yet obtained good sport by over-hunting a country; many have spoilt it altogether.'

On the same subject Lord Zetland is good enough to write: 'Whether foxes in much-hunted districts are more cunning than others is a difficult question to answer, because I have never studied the habits of the fox in other than well-hunted districts. My opinion is that the fox is by nature a cunning animal, wherever he may be. It is no doubt perfectly true that, as a general rule, a litter of cubs imported from the wilds of Scotland and turned down in the neighbourhood of a favourite covert in a hunting country will not give any great amount of sport during the first season after they have been turned down, for the simple reason that, in order to keep them in the desired locality, they have been fed artificially and deprived of a mother's up-bringing. If treated artificially they travel no distance in search of food, and consequently know no country except a few fields round the earth into which they have been placed. If they survive the first hunting season their natural instincts will come to their aid, and they will afford quite as good sport as foxes which have been bred in the country. No doubt hunting develops in the fox the cunning with which he is endowed by nature. I have a vivid recollection of one exceedingly good run from the Vale up to the hills. Our fox, hard pressed, must have gone for fully a hundred yards along the top of a solidly built stone wall. The hounds, running hard, flashed over the wall, and swung themselves forward, unable to hit off the scent forward. My huntsman made a right-handed cast along the wall side, and hit it off at the spot where the fox had evidently popped down. They killed him without further assistance about a mile further on. No doubt you have heard of many somewhat similar instances of foxes' cunning.'

I have a pitiful lament from a master of otter hounds condemning the iniquitous practice of shooting otters, of which the writer of a recent fishing article—to the master's great indignation—seemed to approve. Unfortunately want of space forbids me to dwell on the subject this month.

By an error in the last issue of this Magazine, the name of Mr. J. E. Grace, painter of 'The Summer Snipe's Haunt,' of which picturesque scene a reproduction appeared, was printed Crace.

THE
BADMINTON MAGAZINE
May 1896

DEER HAWKING IN INDIA

BY COLONEL H. WARD, C.I.E.

MANY chiefs in India still retain their liking for this sport, and keep up several varieties of hawks, each trained on to a different species of game; I do not, however, propose to write about them, but only to give a short account of hawking in Eusufzye, on the Peshawur frontier, as I knew it a good many years ago.

The Queen's Own Guides were then, and still are, stationed at Hoti Murdan; their commandant was Colonel Sir Harry Lumsden, who had, at the time I write of, lately returned from Kandahar, where he had been on a difficult mission to the Amir of Kabul. He had brought back a cast of peregrine falcons, trained to hawk the ravine deer (locally known as the chikara), and with them a brace of Persian greyhounds, especially taught to hunt with the hawks. The man in charge of them was a fine specimen of a Turkoman, whom we promptly christened the Bashi Bazuk. Mounted on a strong rough piebald pony, in his padded blue robe, long yellow boots and spurs, a red peaked hat surmounted with a blue turban, he certainly looked as curious a specimen of the genus 'sportsman' as could well be found; but when he sent that pony along over rough ground after his favourite hawks, we soon found that we had to ride hard to beat him.

Many is the glorious gallop we used to have after these hawks; but I do not think I have ever seen any account of the sport, so

I will try to write one now. I would only ask those more learned in this subject than I am to bear with any mistakes I may make, for I am writing almost entirely from memory.

In the first place, your hawks must be taken early from the nest; and as these birds breed in the high latitudes of Central

YOUNG HAWKS

Asia, they are exceedingly difficult to procure young enough to train on to deer. Those sent to Lumsden by the Amir of Kabul are the only specimens I ever saw in India. Having caught your unfledged peregrine, he is brought up, I may say, on a deer-skin; the lure is made of the skin of the ears and head of a chikara, so that before it is well fledged the hawk is taught that its chief aim and object in life is connected with deer; it is never allowed to fly after any bird. At the same time it lives with the greyhounds. They accompany it on every occasion, and when allowed to fly to exercise its wings, the dogs are let loose with it and follow the bird wherever it goes.

Experience taught us that it was not absolutely necessary for the greyhound and hawk to be brought up together to ensure the hounds following the bird only in its flight; for a pair of English greyhounds soon learnt the knack of running the birds, and when the deer was killed they avoided harming the hawks; a point about which there was considerable anxiety at first. Their education took a little time, for they had first to learn that it was hopeless to try to catch the deer without help; they seemed to grasp this fact after they had run themselves breathless in vain efforts two or three times. They were then tried with the Persian greyhounds, which never attempted even to follow a deer if the hawk was not there; and the English dogs soon got tired of racing about aimlessly after nothing. They took to waiting on

their slower companions until they understood what was meant, and saw the hawks attacking the deer; then they left the Persians as if they were standing still. In a curiously short time the English dog watched the hawks as cleverly as the Persian.

When the hawk has reached his full strength and learnt to fly only at ground game, he is taken out with an old and well-trained bird, and, if possible, in order to avoid disappointment, is first flown at a fawn or a wounded deer which has no hope of escape. Once it has seen a deer killed, and been fed then and there on its flesh, its education may be said to be completed, and it can be trusted never to fly after anything else.

We will suppose this educational process finished, and start with a hawking party from the fort at Hoti Murdan on a bright

GOSHAWK

cold-weather morning in January. Even after breakfast the air is keen and crisp, in spite of the warmth of an Eastern sun.

At the head of the party rides the Bashi Bazuk, dressed as I have described, two hawks on his hand, or carried by an assistant

nearly as wild as himself on foot, who leads the two long-haired Persian greyhounds in a leash. Just behind them follow a brace of handsome English greyhounds, looking like thoroughbred race-horses beside cart-horses. Then come several visitors from Peshawur; among them three ladies well mounted on Arabs and extremely well got up, as ladies in India generally are on these occasions, their husbands and three officers of the Guides all riding Arabs, Persians, or country-bred horses in hard condition and fit to go for their lives, as is usual with all horses belonging to this regiment. Among them the commanding officer is conspicuous on old Zal, a handsome, powerful Arab, 14·3, who made nothing of his master's welter weight, and always gave the lightest of the party as much as he knew to keep with him. An escort of a dozen of the Guide cavalry brought up the rear with two or three men on foot carrying guns and rifles.

The country to all appearance is a flat plain stretching away northward some twelve or fifteen miles to the range of mountains from 3,000 to 5,000 feet high, one of the passes of which, the Malakund, has lately become famous as the scene of General Low's first battle on his march to Chitral. Southwards this plain extends about the same distance to the Kabul River: it is interspersed with clumps of bir (*Zizyphus jujuba*) bushes, and a good deal cut up with ravines and watercourses. The latter and the small ponds and pools left by the Christmas rains are generally alive with wild duck and aquatic birds of all kinds in this month of January. The villages near Hoti Murdan are fairly numerous, and are planted in the midst of a sea of green wheat. Our way lies through these, not northwards across the Chul Pain or Treacherous River, so called from its many quicksands, but south, towards some low sandhills, which are the favourite resort of the ravine deer.

After riding some few miles, looking over the top of one of these low hills the Bashi Bazuk signals that deer are in sight. They are very wary, and although some eight hundred yards off are moving about in a restless state of alarm; so it is decided to fly the two hawks and send with them the English greyhounds, while the party keeps perfectly still until the birds have singled out their deer. There is always an element of uncertainty as to which deer will be selected: this time, as luck will have it, out of the small group of five the hawks choose the only buck. From where we stand we watch the birds taking a bee-line for the deer, flying low enough for the greyhounds to see them easily. The deer are not at all disturbed about the hawks, they are only anxious about the

horsemen; while the hounds, favoured by the unevenness of the ground, run unseen with their heads in the air, watching the hawks until they run into sight of the deer about two hundred yards off. Then the race begins in earnest, and we follow at our best speed. The buck had not gone a quarter of a mile when one of the hawks swooped down on him from a considerable height, striking him on the side and rolling him over like a shot hare. As the hounds were too far off to take advantage of this opportunity, the buck was up and off in an instant. The hawks seemed to realise the futility of striking until the dogs were nearer, for they changed their tactics: one perched on the deer's back, and was carried along with his wings stretched out, after the deer

BARBARY FALCON AND TWO HOBBIES

had tried in vain to shake the bird off with a succession of bounds; the other buffeted the chikara about the head until he was completely bewildered, and ran first one way and then another, finally rushing almost into the mouths of the greyhounds, who pulled him down just as we got up. The Bashi Bazuk gave the *coup de grâce* and fed his hawks; they were hooded up, and the deer was strapped on to a saddle. In a short time all was ready for another course.

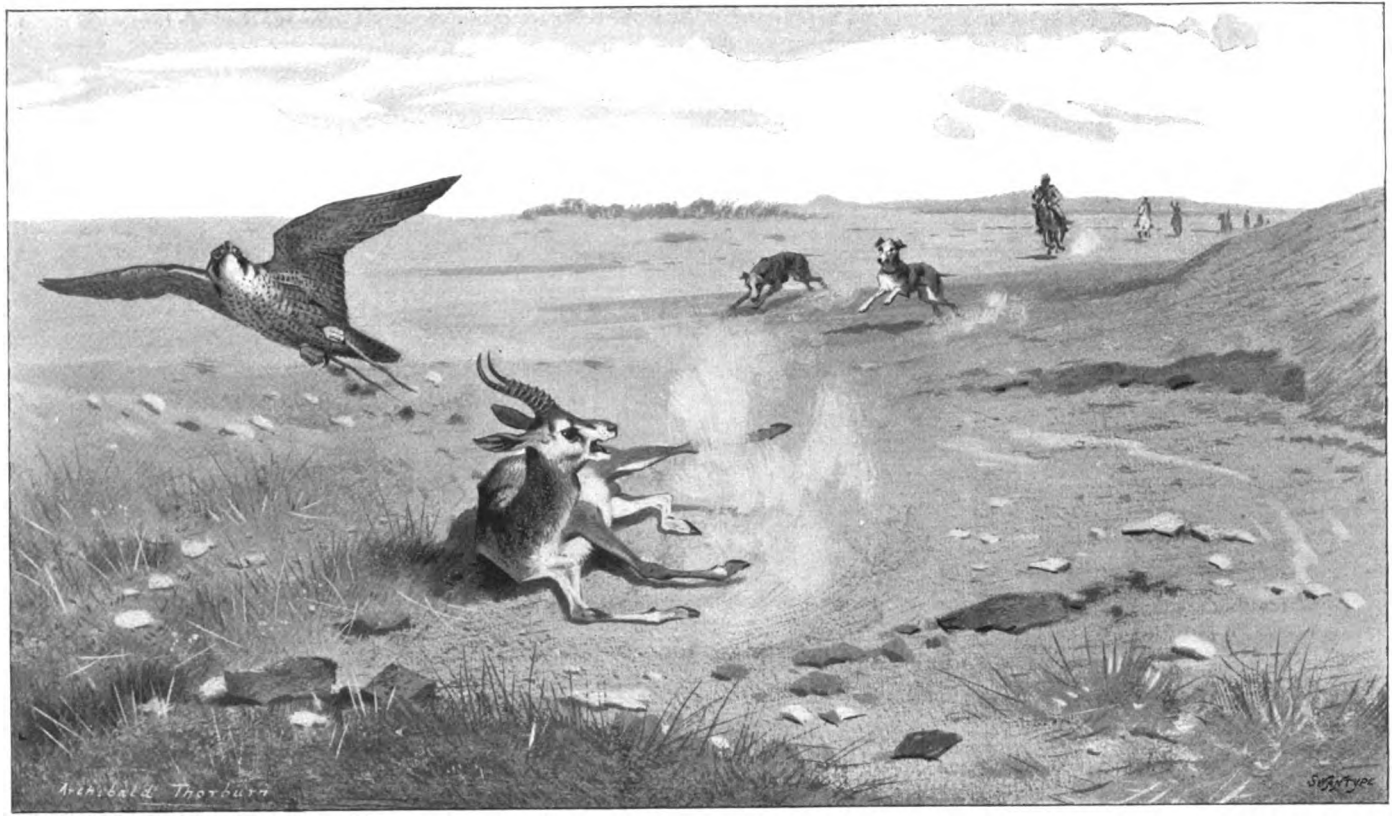
The escort came up at a walk: they were never allowed to ride with the party, for some of them were apt to be reckless, and bad accidents had occurred.

The next course was not so successful: a pretty buck was

sighted some three hundred yards off. He went away at once, followed by the hawks, the English greyhounds, and the whole party at a gallop. We had ridden about a mile, and the deer had been rolled over once, but before the dogs could seize him he was up and off again, when suddenly both the hawks left him, swerved to the right, and sat down under a bush, where they cowered in terror until we picked them up. The cause of their fright was soon seen; it was one of those large black eagles known to the Afghans as a 'gurghus.'

Some few of this species visit the Punjab yearly in the cold season, and, like all their kind, they prefer wresting their prey from the less powerful of the predatory tribe to taking the trouble to catch it for themselves. This one had evidently made up his mind that he had dropped in for a good thing, as he kept shadowing the hawks at a distance, waiting till the deer was killed so that he might profit by their exertions. He kept carefully out of range of a shot-gun, but he did not know the power of a lovely little Lancaster rifle belonging to one of our party, who dismounted and presently sent a bullet clean through the eagle's body, bringing him down to earth with a crash, to the delight of the onlookers, especially the hawker. He knew well that our sport for the day was over unless the eagle was shot, for he would have followed us till dark. It was curious to see how instinct must have taught the hawks how dangerous an enemy the eagle was; for, brought up by hand as they had been, they could never have come into direct antagonism with one before.

Meantime, the greyhounds, not understanding the failure of the hawks, or possibly expecting them to come to their assistance again, continued the course by themselves, and ran until they could run no longer. We had to send them home and trust to the Persians; but the country had been so thoroughly disturbed that we were obliged to ride some miles before we came across deer again. Late in the afternoon, when we had turned homewards, we saw a fine little solitary buck, evidently making his way towards the wheat-fields for his evening meal; he was about four hundred yards off, and raced away at his best pace. As soon as the hoods were taken off, the hawks saw the chikara, but they would not move until they had scanned the horizon all round, looking for the eagle. Finding he had disappeared they sailed off; but as the distance was considerable the Persian dogs were left some way behind, so that for a time they could not take advantage of the hawk's attack, and the birds would have left the deer if it had not been for the encouragement they received from the riders;



STRIKING HIM ON THE SIDE AND ROLLING HIM OVER LIKE A SHOT HARE

however, they persevered until the dogs made a vigorous spurt as soon as they came in sight, and rolled the deer over.

Fortunately the run, which was a long one, took us in the right direction, and we reached the fort before sunset, the ladies by no means sorry for a rest before a good fire until the mess-dinner hour.

This was the record of one pleasant day out of many. Of course deer hawking is open to all those vicissitudes which lend charm to any real sport. Some days we rode far and saw no deer,

WILD GOSHAWK

for they are by no means numerous in Eusufzye. Occasionally the black eagle appeared, and the rifle was not handy, or the shot missed, and only made the bird keep well out of range, but quite near enough to spoil our sport. Perhaps there were some other mishaps; but these days only came sufficiently often to make us enjoy success the more.

Besides the deer hawks, Lumsden used to keep another cast of hawks trained on the lesser bustard (*Houbara MacQueenii*), or, as it used to be called, obara. This bird migrates from Central

Asia into Northern India about September, and remains till the heat in March or April drives it north again: it stands about the size of a large turkey; it is of a yellowish-brown colour with rich game feathers; it has a beautiful crest of black and white, which it can spread at will, and it weighs from 2 lb. 10 oz. to 3 lb. 12 oz. Nature has given it some extraordinary defensive powers, of which I will speak presently. The hawk is the same peregrine falcon as that used for deer, only it is caught when in full and mature age and strength; it has migrated into Northern India from its home in the high latitudes of Central Asia or Afghanistan. It seems to follow the wild fowl in their southerly flights, and its arrival is awaited with considerable interest by the Pathans of Eusufzye, who are ingenious both in catching and training these hawks. (Probably the Pathans all along the frontier are equally expert; I only mention Eusufzye as the place where my experience was gained.)

To be in readiness for the first arrival, one or two of the common kites, which swarm all over India, are caught and their eyes are sewn up. Whenever a wild bird, such as a bustard, peacock, or hawk, is caught, the first thing done is to stitch up his eyes. The bird at once ceases to struggle, and becomes fairly amenable to management. A needle with a strong coarse thread is passed through both the eyelids, they are drawn together, and the thread is tied. Once blinded the bird is perfectly quiet, and will eat and drink in confinement; if its eyes were open, it would probably injure itself in its struggles to get away from man.

Taking one of these kites in a bag with him, and some bundles of horse-hair nooses, the hawk-catcher wanders about in the open country until he sees a peregrine falcon sailing about in search of food. He at once attaches to the legs of the kite a bundle of these nooses about as large as two fists, and he then throws him up in the air. With his eyes only half open, and the nooses attached to his legs, the kite is considerably puzzled, and circles around, always rising higher and higher, as if he was struggling with something he was making a great effort to carry off. The peregrine sees him from afar, and at once makes up his mind to take the kite's food away from him: he swoops down on the kite, and the latter, in the instinct of preservation, turns on his back and presents his claws, enveloped in the horse-hair nooses, to his foe; the two very soon become inextricably entangled and drop to the ground, tied up in a knot. The watcher runs up and extricates the falcon from the nooses. After securing him, he skilfully sews up his eyes and takes him home to be tamed by hunger; the

captive is handled daily, and after two days' starvation is ravenous; he is fed but sparely; in four days he is allowed to see a little, and in a singularly short space of time he has become used to his captor's hand, and his training begins. The back of the obara is used as a lure, and the hawk is always fed on a bunch of its feathers; in three weeks or a month he is usually quite amenable to reason, and I have seen them used within a

GOSHAWK ON BOW PERCH

month of capture, and carried them myself through a long day's hawking.

We will suppose all the training completed and start out with six. They are carried by men on foot on the hands or shoulders, never on perches such as one sees in the old pictures of English hawking. These men are Pathans of the country, dressed in either the long blue robe which these people all affect, chiefly, I think, because it covers a multitude of sins in the absence of underlinen, or, if cold, in the yellow poshtin, or sheepskin coat with the long hair inside, and wide loose trousers, which once were white,

Then there is a line of some twenty or fifteen horsemen riding very wide and covering a large extent of the country, already described. We ride about the centre of the line with the hawks. The first to see an obara signals along the line, and, taking one of the hawks, we ride down until we see the bird. Sometimes the obara squats like a bustard, and will not move till he is kicked up; at other times, and usually, he rises about sixty yards off. This time he rises some way off, the hawk's hood is taken off, and he is held up high to see his prey: once he catches sight he is thrown off, and instantly settles down in pursuit; generally there is a short trial of speed for a quarter or half a mile, and as soon as the obara finds himself outpaced or pursued he alights near a bush and prepares to fight. His ruff stands out round his neck, his feathers are all fluffed out like a turkey, and he awaits the attack close to the bush. We now watch with some anxiety to see whether the hawk is a novice or an old bird; if the former he swoops down at once on the quarry and tries to seize him. In a moment the hawk is covered with a mass of slimy stuff which cripples him as effectually as birdlime, and is of about the same consistency; the obara rises and flies for miles; he will not be seen again that day. The hawk is useless for one day certainly, if not two, until he has thoroughly cleansed all his feathers.

If, however, the falcon is not a novice, he makes various feints before he attempts to strike, and so draws the fire as it were of the obara, which then, if the hawk is missed, rises at once and flies till he is exhausted: frequently he is struck in the air. The riders have now to do their very best to keep the two birds in sight, and as they usually fly at a good height, there is nothing for it but to trust to your horse to clear or avoid obstacles and ride with eyes in the air, like the greyhounds after the deer hawks. It entails, I think, about as hard riding as I have ever tried, and even with that at times the two birds flew clean out of sight and were lost for good. It was specially trying to the horses after the heavy rain about Christmas; the plain where it had not been cultivated was fairly hard, but occasionally we came across a few acres of plough, and then a sprung back sinew was no rarity, and once one of my best horses broke his fetlock joint clean in two with a snap, and had to be shot there and then, as his case was hopeless. A heavy loss to a young and impecunious subaltern.

How long the race between the hawk and obara lasted depended on the size and condition of the two birds: from two to three miles was not an unusual run, sometimes less and occasion-

ally much longer. I have seen seven obara killed in a day; then most of the runs were short.

The obara is the only bird that I have seen gifted by nature with such extraordinary weapons for defence. The late Dr. Bellew, who has written more than one work on our Indian frontier and Afghanistan, was at great pains to dissect several of these birds;

SAKER FALCON

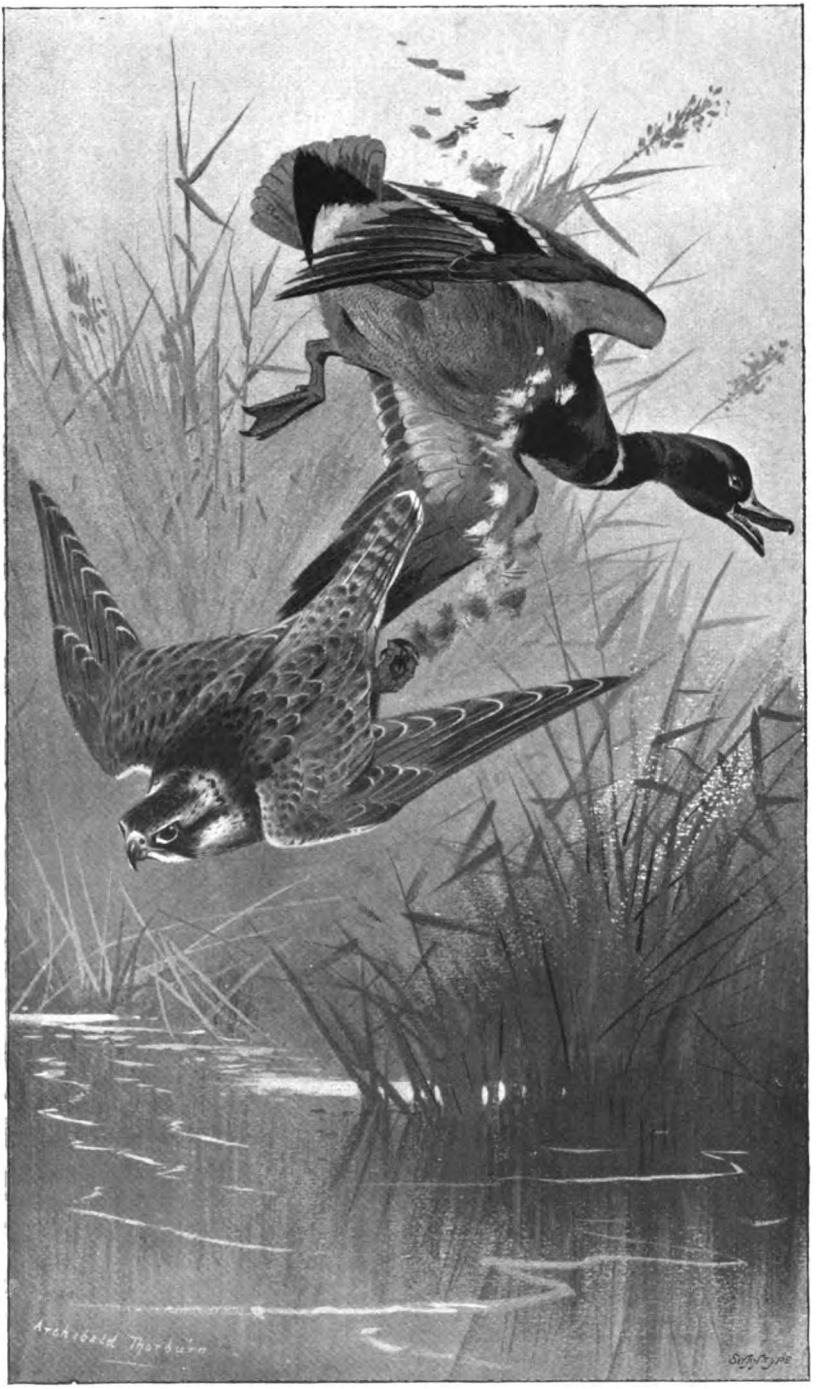
and he ascertained, beyond dispute, that nature has provided the obara with this extraordinary power of discharge for defensive purposes. The secretion of a sufficiency of the birdlime substance apparently takes time: for once the discharge failed, the obara could only take refuge in flight, and, however long this flight might be, I never saw it make a second similar attack on the hawks.

On some days obara were hard to find, and if visitors had to

be amused a small hawk, locally called a 'lagga,' very like the English sparrow-hawk, which had been specially trained for the purpose, was flown after one of those flights of jackdaws which appear in the Peshawur valley in considerable numbers, migrating southwards. It was a curious sight to watch the jackdaws huddling together high in the air and keeping in as compact a mass as they could, while the hawk was doing its best to get above them. This took time, as the jackdaws always fly high, and they kept on rising higher and higher until the hawk was above them: then instantly one jackdaw would single himself out from the flock in some mysterious way, entirely unintelligible to us lookers-on, and fall like a bolt out of the skies to the earth, closely pursued by the hawk. Wild bird as he was, the jackdaw would make straight for the nearest human beings he saw, fly round the men, under the horses' girths, into a dog-cart or a buggy if there was one, and do his utmost to dodge his pursuer, often causing a regular stampede among the horses, for they could not at all understand the two birds flying about among them in this way. All poor jackdaw's efforts were in vain, and ended in his being killed. Meanwhile the flock, having sent down the scapegoat, flew away as fast as it could. Ordinarily the sparrow-hawk is used for quail, and kills great numbers of them.

The little blue hawk, locally known as the shyēen, is one of the most powerful hawks for its size. This was sometimes trained on to wild ducks, and while he was in the air above a small lake or stream, not a bird would rise even if fired at. Every duck might be shot as long as none fell on the shore. Once a bird fell on land the shyēen instantly pounced on it; the rest of the ducks would then rise and never cease flying till well out of sight. Common report said that they would never visit that locality again.

This form of butchery never commended itself to our European ideas, the more especially as we could always shoot as many ducks as we wanted without the help of the shyēen, so we never had any of them trained. Wild hawks have often given me considerable vexation by picking up wounded snipe and teal, which fell just out of range; and I have more than once seen wild duck come down into the water near me with a terrific rush and a shyēen in such close pursuit that he has made the feathers fly out of one of the ducks before he swerved upwards; but I am wandering from my subject, so will say no more.



MADE THE FEATHERS FLY OUT OF ONE OF THE DUCKS BEFORE HE SWERVED UPWARDS

LIGHT INFANTRY OF THE HUNTING FIELD

BY J. F. SULLIVAN

'Oo BYKE! Oo byke!! Oo bye—ik!!!'
'Harr! War feather! War heel! War Rabbit!'
'Yeoww! Yeowww!!'
The Innocent Traveller plodding along a country lane, and

THE INNOCENT TRAVELLER

suddenly hearing these blood-curdling cries from the further side of the hedge, turns pale, and hastily loosens his umbrella in its sheath. His eye, bloodshot with sudden horror, watches for

the tip of the ominous War feather nodding above the hedge, and for the bursting through of the relentless War Rabbit with his bloodstained assegai.

Then the Innocent Traveller's heart leaps to his throat, as a panting figure actually does appear through a gap, dashes across the lane, and plunges into the thicket on the further side; and, with a feeling of infinite thankfulness, the Traveller realises that he has escaped the notice of the foe. Then he gasps a great gasp of relief; for the runner is evidently *not* the relentless War Rabbit himself: he is a white man—no doubt the British Resident fleeing from his burning residency before the ravening hordes of Ashanti. Doubtless War Rabbit will follow but a few paces behind!

Even now, as men will in such moments of awful suspense, the Innocent Traveller falls to wondering about the 'War Heel' —whether it can be the savage custom to paint the heel of the warrior, on the outbreak of hostilities, with vermilion; or—marrow-chilling thought!—to arm it with some horrible knife-like appendage destined to lacerate the throat of the fallen foe!

Now more wild and panting figures burst from the hedge—a crowd of them—without doubt the hapless white settlers of Cape Coast Castle, fleeing for life! And then, with loathing and contempt too deep for words, the Traveller observes that there are no women or children among the fugitives; and his blood boils with British indignation as he resolves to write to the newspapers —but stay! here *is* a woman. She climbs athletically yet gracefully over a fence, and follows the flying crowd of males.

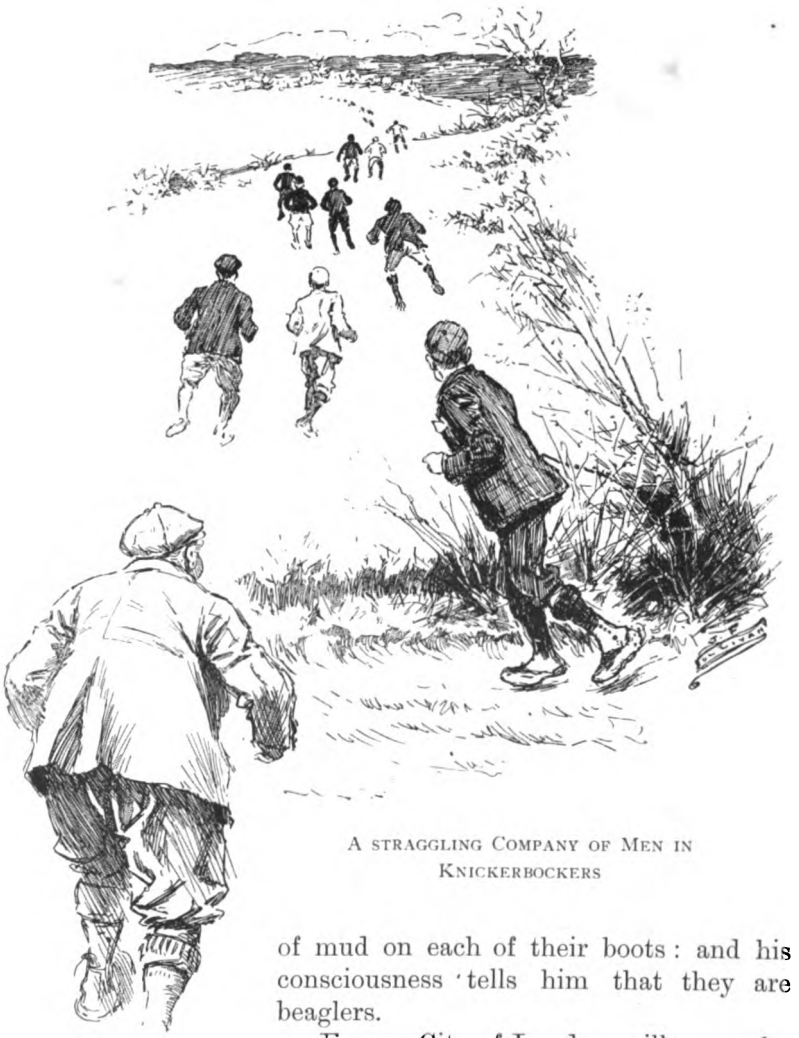
And yet the shame of it! To leave her, weak and defenceless, to save herself as she may! And the Innocent Traveller gives vent to his pent-up feelings in a shriek; at which the fleeing woman stops in the road, and says, 'Have you viewed? Which way did she go?'

Before the Traveller can reply his ears are harrowed by a prolonged and tumultuous yelling—of course, the rest of the feminine residents being slaughtered by the Ashantis. Where, oh *where*, are the West Yorks Regiment?

And now the yelling ceases, and all is a silence too horrible to reflect upon; and the Innocent Traveller sits down limply upon a stump and meditates upon the events; and it begins to seem to his returning senses impossible that the Ashantis can have actually landed in Surrey, even though encouraged by a possible telegram from William the Feverish of Berlin.

So the Traveller climbs an adjacent railway embankment and

looks over the country: and he sees a hare bound jerkily past; then a yelping string of short-legged hounds; then, at various distances behind, a straggling company of men in knickerbockers trotting wearily across a ploughed and miry field, with five pounds



A STRAGGLING COMPANY OF MEN IN KNICKERBOCKERS

of mud on each of their boots: and his consciousness tells him that they are beaglers.

Every City-of-London villager who has never strayed beyond the bounds of his City office, his suburban residence, and the connecting omnibus, knows the 'hunting man' by heart from his newspaper and his novel; he knows that he is carried home from the hunting-field daily to his residence at Splinterbone Park with nine ribs and an arm broken, and

that he wears a red coat and presents services of plate to the M.F.H.

But a surprisingly dense and widespread ignorance prevails as to the beagler. I have a town friend who on all other known subjects is a brilliantly well-informed man; and yet, the first time I spoke to him of beagling, his gross mediæval ignorance filled me with a positive nausea.

I said, 'The best thing for your liver is to come and beagle next Saturday.'

He replied, 'Good heavens! I'd like to see myself running along the streets like a half-dressed lunatic, after a fellow with a bag of shreds!'

I explained that beaglers did not usually do anything of the kind.

He said, 'Oh, well—it's all the same. I'd like to catch myself running about turnip fields, pretending to be a little dog, and trying to catch a tame rabbit. If I want to hunt, I'd prefer to follow a real pack of hounds, and hunt something wild—a fox or a hare.'

And when I explained that this was precisely what beaglers do, he said offensively, 'Pooh! Whom are you getting at? *I* know all about beagling,' and stalked off indignantly to take his regulation whisky-and-soda at the First Avenue bar, for the sake of his liver.

I *can't* persuade that man that beaglers beagle with the aid of beagles—hounds—a pack of them. He just says, 'Get out. I dare say you manage to bring a scratch half-dozen pugs and poodles and mongrel Maltese terriers: that's what *you* call a pack of hounds! Then you plant down a tame rabbit, and fix him to a peg in the ground with a long string; and then you sit on posts and yell to the dogs—with muzzles on—to chase the rabbit round; and when the rabbit's sick of it, you blow a horn and put him back in his box, and go and dine together and talk as if you'd been hunting lions. *I* know.'

'Well, now,' he condescended to say one evening, 'come! No humbug! What *do* you do? Look here; for the sake of argument, I'll pretend to credit your unscrupulous assertion that you take a regular pack of hounds. Well, you let your tame rabbit out of its box, and give its tail a pinch to make it run, eh? *Not a tame rabbit? A hare?* Oh, well, your tame hare. What, more quibbles? A wild hare, then—that puts the crowning absurdity on the affair; because if you let loose a pack of dogs after a wild hare, they would simply be out of sight in two

minutes; and you could only sit on posts and wait for 'em to come back: and they *wouldn't* come back, because the next policeman who found 'em straying would march 'em off to the greenyard for being unmuzzled; and then yon'd have some pretty fines to pay, and precious soon give up beagling!

'What? *Whaat!* *You run after the dogs!*

'You sit there and tell me that a man can follow a running dog? Oh, *I* see; you tie their legs together, that's it! Why didn't you say so before? And *that's* what you call sport!'

I *hadn't* said we tied their legs together, you know: we don't.

Let us go beagling, reader dear. Let us be retiring to bed in a state of gloom brought about by the way the world is using us, by the recent increase of five shillings in the pound on the School Board rate, by the never-ending slump in the stock market. Suddenly our eyes brighten, and we draw ourselves up and absolutely grin: for to-morrow is beagling day, and the slumps are all gone in a moment.

We awake with a bright smile, and jump out of bed and put on our knickerbockers with the little darns and patches where thorns and barbed wire have made holes, and haul on our stockings, and pounce upon our beagling boots. These boots of ours are an important item, and the choice of them is the result of study and experience. They are not our very thick pair with a platform of sole all round the uppers: for very thick boots will not bend in running, and would tire the feet; while the platform round would hold pounds of mud and handicap us dreadfully. They are old boots, possibly patched, possibly with unmended cracks in the uppers. Eh? *Get our feet wet!* Why, it has rained for days, and the mud will be deep in the lanes, and the low meadows will possibly be under water, and we may have to wade through Beverley Brook or the Hogsmill River; and we never yet found a boot which would keep *that* out—at least, a boot in which one could run. *Of course* we shall get our feet wet to-day.

Then we eat a substantial breakfast, put on a cloth cap and a pipe, and tramp to the station; there are no slumps to-day! Yesterday we were forty years old; to-day we are just twenty, to a minute.

We alight, with other fellows in knickers and stockings—for this attire is *de rigueur* with the beagler (unless he prefer riding-breeches)—at some pleasant station in Surrey, and tramp off to the spot where the hounds have invited us to meet them. And there they are—say eleven couples of innocent, amiable-looking little dogs, in whose mouths butter would not melt, and who

would no more dream of killing anything than ——. They have been marshalled into a compact little bunch in a convenient corner against the wall of an inn: there they sit, looking very modest, humble, and deprecating, and bowing respectfully to their two-legged fellow-sportsmen. Such pleasant, amiable little dogs, quite pets, until a hare ——. There is the Master with an expression of solemn responsibility; with a little straight horn and a long-lashed whip; there is the keeper of the hounds (or 'kennel-huntsman'), in a brown velveteen coat; there are two or three members of the hunt—good runners, with ample wind—also with whips, to assist the Master by bringing back the hounds when they go astray.

And there are, besides, say a score of members of the club, all quiet and solemn; for beagling is a solemn thing, and jests and laughter are an irreverence.

There are also two or three farmers in dog-carts, and (in spite of the mud) a few ladies in plain dark dresses with leather round the bottom of the skirts, and with serviceable boots; and there are a few mounted men who will follow and watch the sport along the roads, not across country as a rule.

And now the Master winks solemnly at the beagles; and the demure beagles arise, wag their tails as one dog, and follow him through a gate into a field. The Master strides down the middle of the field, and the beaglers stretch themselves out in open order on each side of him, and so advance in line down the field, the hounds sniffing backwards and forwards a little in advance of the Master, the centre of the line. It is heavy walking, for it is a ploughed field and very soft with much rain; but this is nothing —the beaglers will have to run over this should a hare turn up.

And so two long ploughed fields are traversed; and then, halfway across a meadow, the view-halloo rings out—the startling yell we heard at the beginning of this paper—Yeowww! It is not a shout: it is a yell, like the war-cry of a savage.

The beagles know the significance of the sound, and look towards the quarter and view the hare, and are off in full cry. It is good ground for running, this meadow—quite a luxury to a beagler—and after a moment's wait the field start off after the pack. The beaglers do not waste their breath in baying, like the beagles; they require it all, for there may be a long run before them. The pack are disappearing through the hedge, and each beagler makes for the nearest gap; for, apart from the difficulty and scratchiness of making a gap for oneself, it is a law of the sport that hedges shall not be damaged.

There is more than the hedge, too—there is a puzzling ditch, too wide for a jump from brink to brink, and with a slimy, slippery 'take off'; so some inspect it, retire for an impetus, just manage to clear the water, and arrive in the soft mud at the bottom of the further brink; and some jump short and go swash into the water; and some scramble down and defiantly wade; and all scramble up the further side—and where are your dry boots now?

ADVANCING IN LINE

A field of swedes next, very trying to run over; for they try to trip you, and you must keep your eye on them so as to step between them; and they delay you terribly.

By this time the faster men have forged ahead, and have a tough job in front of them: for the hounds are running up a sloping field of dark, sticky, ploughed soil; and the furrows are a swamp. But up go the beaglers over a quarter of a mile of it; for they did not come out to sit in arm-chairs. After this field comes another—still uphill—of baffling plateaux intersected by drains, the drains occurring at intervals of two long strides, so that you must adjust your stride to the spaces; or you land in a drain, and find it harder work than ever.

And now some of the men have dropped into a walk; but a good percentage still pound on at a trot, for no man can do better than a trot up such a field as this; but on the summit of the hill all is rejoicing, for here is a stretch of dry grass land, and the toiling runners have an easier time and regain their breath. They have got their second wind now, and have settled down into a longer and more comfortable respiration: but the hounds are three hundred yards away to the right; for the hare has doubled, and the slope of the hill now favours the human runners, who pick up a little of their lost ground. Some half-dozen men are leading—the Master with his long stride, two of the whips, and three or four others; but the double to the right has enabled those left behind to get up nearer by cutting across, and another turn to the right helps them still more. The pack is somewhere down in the valley, out of sight, but still audible; their cry is a strong and hearty one, showing that they have no doubts in their mind; and still the leading humans stick to them.

Alas! down in the valley the track lies along a fearful lane—a lane of dread and horror, only to be remembered with a shudder; for the centre of that lane is simply a long pond, and the mud at the sides, right up to the hedges, is a foot deep; you slip back at every step, and down you go in the water, and running becomes impossible—and where are the hounds?

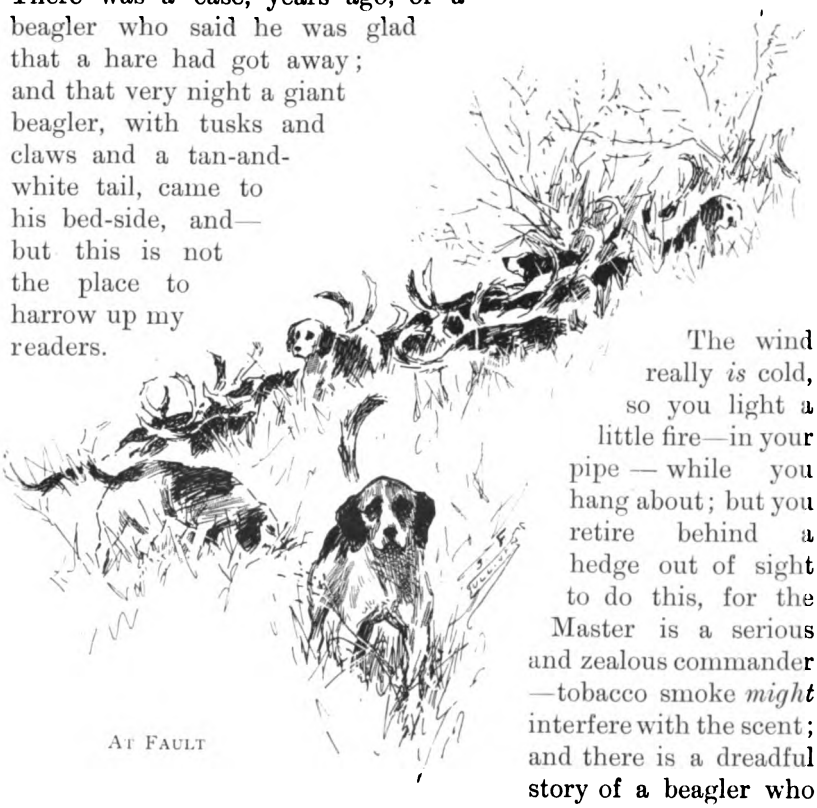
When at fault, ask a policeman; and here is the policeman at the end of the lane—not the solemn, municipal machine that he would be when standing by the lamp-post at the street corner; but a natural, eager human being who knows which way the pack went and tells you in three words.

So on you go; but, owing to that awful lane, the pack are hopelessly away, and—are they though? Right past your feet a little jack hare jerks by; and half a minute after come the hounds in a long irregular string—for the best winded have got ahead, as in the case of the humans; but still they cry unceasingly. So you draw back to let them pass freely, and then off you go again after them, curving round to the point whence you started. Now the hindmost men have got up, and even the three ladies impeded by their skirts; you cross a road where wait the farmers in their dog-carts, the men on horseback, and some spectators in a carriage; and on the edge of the next field you stop suddenly, for there are the twenty-two little tails waving above the tops of the big cabbage-stalks, and presumably the beagles are underneath them, at fault.

So you mop your brow, and stand about in a cold wind,

with all your underclothing damp right through and your feet wet, for fifteen minutes or so; but it's all in the day's work, and you have not the slightest intention of catching cold.

Yes, you have lost that little jack hare, and also the big dark one whose scent it crossed; and, somewhere right inside you, you secretly rejoice that the poor little beggars have got away this time, though you do not mention your jubilation to your fellow-beaglers, who would be (outwardly) shocked at such heterodoxy. There was a case, years ago, of a beagler who said he was glad that a hare had got away; and that very night a giant beagler, with tusks and claws and a tan-and-white tail, came to his bed-side, and—but this is not the place to harrow up my readers.



At Fault

The wind really *is* cold, so you light a little fire—in your pipe — while you hang about; but you retire behind a hedge out of sight to do this, for the Master is a serious and zealous commander —tobacco smoke *might* interfere with the scent; and there is a dreadful story of a beagler who once threw the hounds off the scent, whereupon the Master on that very spot, without shrift—but why do I stray into these horrors?

Now it is raining, and the ground is altogether too wet hereabouts for a good scent; but suddenly the hounds go off, yelling like mad, and the Master shouts, 'Harrr! War Rabbit! Harrr! For shame, Wasteful! For shame, Gay Lass! Harr!'

And the beaglers with the whips take up the reproving cry. The whips crack, and one or two unhappy beagles yelp as the

lash descends, for discipline must be maintained; and the beagle who is so lost to self-respect as to run after a rabbit with a little tuft of a white scut, the same shall be an hissing and a by-word, and shall be left at home to howl dismally at the kennel railings.

Now there is a shout, and the beagles are collected in a little heap and hemmed in by the whips. For the Surrey Farmers' hounds are coming by in full cry across the further edge of the field, and the packs must not get together for fear of chaos and the end of things! By dash the horsemen in grand form, quite eclipsing the humbler beaglers for the moment; but let us beagle to-day, and to-morrow we will mount a gee, and be a Surrey Farmer, or a Queen's, or even a Quorn: to-day the hare must not be left lonely in her form.

The little bitter drop in the cup of him—or more especially of her—who reflects on sport, is ever the thought of possible cruelty; but in all true sport the cruelty is reduced to a minimum.

When a hare is killed in beagling the physical suffering is of the very briefest. Everything makes for this—the instinct of the hounds, who do not worry like a cat, but kill to eat; and the anxiety of the beaglers to prevent any possible torture. When the dead hare is thrown, after the removal of the scut and pads, to the pack, there is, almost instantaneously, *no* hare. It is gone—bones, skin, and all; it is inside the dogs.

But we really shall catch cold if we stand about any longer. So we hear a yell from a distant farm-hand standing by a stile; and the Master, followed by the pack, makes for the spot. We are glad to get into motion once more. And so we go on, sometimes running, sometimes drawing for weary miles, sometimes waiting in the cold wind, until the foggy dusk deepens, and we cannot see the hounds; then we put on a pipe, and suddenly realise that we have been hungry for the last two hours—yea, and thirsty, for food and drink do not occur much to the beagler. And so home we go through the dark, by rail, or bicycle, or dog-cart, or foot—while the beagles, with their tails down, drive home in their cart—and drop into the hottest possible bath; and so to dinner, with a long, long drink; and a pipe by the fire, with our legs stretched out.

But it is not always muddy or raining—oh dear, no! There are lovely days under the blue sky on the pleasant heights of Epsom, or Banstead, or Great Woodcote. And there are terrible days there, too, with north-east wind and blizzard; but it's all in the bargain.

The true beagler must be carefully brought up from infancy in the pious use of the correct terms; for the beagler must talk no language but Beaglerese—a dialect much akin to Foxhunterese, of course. Dame Juliana Berners—she of the 'Boke of St. Albans'—is no whit more severe on the discreet use of terms than the properly educated beagler.

There was once a newly elected beagler who asked one of the whips which way the dogs had gone; and the whip gazed at him with a puzzled expression, and then, with a sudden flash of acute inspiration, said, 'Oh, you mean the *hounds*?' The new beagler went on, reproved. And he met another whip, and asked which way the hounds had gone; and this second whip also gazed upon him in wonderment, and then, with superhuman discernment, said, 'Oh, you mean the *beagles*?'

The second whip had been even better brought up than the first. After that the new beagler gave up attempting to give things a name, and confined himself to signs.

The more occult and sacred forms of Beaglerese are used by the hierarchy alone. Some of these are printed at the head of this opusculum, and there are many others—'Hee, fetcherout! Hee, fetcherout!' and so forth.

The terror-striking and cabalistic expressions addressed to the hounds are believed by some to be pure Saxon. There are masters of beagles who hold this doctrine; while there are other masters who have no notion whence they come, and could not reduce them to writing to save their lives. In all probability, considering the antiquity of sports, the words *have* some claim to long descent.

The beagler is, of course, the pet of the country-side; for sport is great, and conquers all things. The farmer, who would want to know why the ordinary pedestrian was trespassing on his land, will smile a great smile of welcome at the twenty or thirty beaglers tramping over his fields, and eagerly tell them the whereabouts of the hare; and the beaglers fully appreciate his kindness, and avoid all possible damage. The farm-labourer's eyes twinkle with delight as the beagler comes along, and the tramp eagerly inquires as to the sport; casual passers-by in carts pull up and crane their necks to see the doings; and the poacher, who knows where a good percentage of the hares have gone, but doesn't say, is hearty in his appreciation. But the policeman is the greatest marvel. In the outskirts of the country town he will cast off the unimpassioned shell of cold officialdom and cross the road to tell you which way the pack has gone; he will wish

you good sport—never thinking of a drink, but out of pure enthusiasm. In the fields and lanes he always knows which way the hare has doubled, and his eye will be bright even as the eye of the prehistoric man on the trail of the mastodon; and one of these days he will tear off his helmet and tunic, fling to the winds the guardianship of the public peace, and dash after the dog—houn—after the beagles.

LION SHOOTING

BY LORD DELAMERE

So many men from England and India now visit Somaliland for shooting that the game is continually retreating farther and farther from the coast. There are still plenty of antelopes, leopards, pigs, &c., in fairly accessible places; but districts which only a year or two ago were full of lions and elephants are now entirely shot out—to get anything like a big bag of lions one must go to a tract of undisturbed country. Records of sport at defined periods may therefore perhaps be thought to have a special interest. In the winter of 1891–1892 and the summers of 1893, 1894, and 1895 I stayed in Somaliland for the sake of the shooting; and, in compliance with a request from the Editor of this Magazine, I have tried to put together some anecdotes and incidents taken from the diaries which I kept during my residence in that country. I propose to devote the present article to lions, lion-shooting being to my mind the best sport to be obtained in Somaliland, because it does not stop one from shooting antelope for meat, as in an undisturbed country lions do not take the smallest notice of the sound of a rifle.

I shall not occupy space by instructions as to the fitting out of an expedition, as Captain Swayne has done this very thoroughly in his 'Seventeen Trips through Somaliland.' The Somalis make excellent camp servants. I have always found them wonderfully cheery, pleasant people to deal with, and for natives very trustworthy. Only once have I had anything stolen, and then the

thief was caught by my head man before I knew anything was missing.

The Somali like the Arab is nearly always a gentleman to talk to, but also, like the Arab, he is avaricious and grasping in money matters. A Somali who has been born and bred in Aden as a rule has nothing to recommend him.

To get good sport in Somaliland the first thing is to find a good shikari. There are excellent men to be found with care and good luck, but a great many who are absolutely worthless. In addition to others, I have always had one man, Abdulla Ashur, as head shikari. Besides being an agreeable companion, he is far and away the best finder of game I have ever seen in the country. His pluck is undeniable, and the only difficulty I have had with him is to prevent him going where I did not care to go myself. This may sound exaggerated praise of a native, but among other things he grappled a lion which had knocked me down, being severely mauled before he got the brute off, so that I naturally entertain a very high opinion of him. Owing to his skill in tracking, I have only lost one wounded lion out of many that were hit, and that was not his fault, as the blood stopped almost directly and the ground was nothing but stones for miles. This speaks for itself, as anyone who has shot lions knows how difficult it very often is to recover a wounded beast without dogs.

I only once had the help of dogs after a wounded lion. In 1893 T—— and I were camped down in the Haud among the Eidegalla villages under Sultan Deria. One day I went out to try to get some meat for the natives, accompanied by a warrior called Hassan on his pony. I had just shot an oryx, and we were cutting it up, when the smallest Somali I have ever seen came running up to say he had just observed five lions asleep under a tree close by. This man belonged to the low-caste tribe of Midgans—people who do not live together in one tribe, but are scattered all over Somaliland in different villages, where they are chiefly engaged in killing antelope for meat, other Somalis as a rule thinking it beneath their dignity to do anything but go out occasionally on looting expeditions. Midgans are armed with bows and poisoned arrows, and each of them carries a knife. Until quite lately no other Somali would use a bow, but now it is quite a common thing to meet a native belonging to one of the other tribes who has discarded his spears for a bow and quiver of poisoned arrows.

Lions are occasionally killed by Midgans, but the poison on the arrows cannot be very strong, as frequently, after being sick

two or three times, the lion seems to recover and get away. Captain Swayne gives an account of the way in which these Midgans hunt the oryx with their dogs. But to get on with my story. The little Midgan carried a bow nearly as long as himself, and was followed by about a dozen small native dogs with curly sterns and prick ears. These little curs were wonderfully broken. The man trotted off in front of us, and when he got near the place where he had seen the lions he simply put out his hand, and all the dogs lay down in a bunch and never attempted to follow on after us. Then we stalked carefully towards a big thorn-tree rising above the bush. This was where the lions were said to be. The bush was very open, and when we came in sight of the tree the lions were just decamping. There were four of them, not five—an old lioness, and three lions perhaps not quite full-grown, and with very little mane. Hassan had followed close behind on his pony, so I shouted to him to try to keep his eye on the lioness, and ran on myself with Abdulla after one of the lions. This one did not seem much inclined to run, and after a short burst I managed to get a bullet into him somewhere just as he disappeared into some thick bushes.

At that moment we caught sight of another lion trotting along parallel to us about two hundred yards off. The wounded one was keeping up a continuous low growling in the bushes, so, thinking he would not get far away, we ran to cut off the other. He turned off when he caught sight of us, and we had a long, stern chase after him, as a result of which I was so blown I could not hit him, although he was lobbing along not more than a hundred yards ahead. At last I did get a bullet in his flank. He at once turned, and, growling fiercely, came bounding a few yards towards us as if trying to make up his mind to charge. Whether he would have done so or not I do not know, as my second barrel caught him on the point of the shoulder, bringing him on to his nose, and before he could recover himself I put in another bullet from my second rifle and finished him.

It is more than likely he would not have charged, as I have several times seen a lion make this kind of demonstration when slightly hit, more, I think, to try to frighten his assailant than anything else. A lion that really means charging up comes quite silently, galloping very fast along the ground like a dog.

While this was going on, we could hear Hassan shouting in the distance, so now we ran off towards the sound. When we started the shouts seemed to be almost stationary, but as we ran they got further and further off till at last we could hear nothing.

We then turned to go back for the wounded lion. As we got near the place where we had left him, we could hear a tremendous row going on, men shouting, dogs barking, and the unmistakable grunts of an angry lion. Running up, we found the lion, with his shoulder broken, standing in a bush surrounded at a respectful distance by the little dogs. They kept up an incessant yapping, and every now and then the lion would make a drive at them, but they were much too quick for him with his broken shoulder, and were at him again directly he retreated to the bush. The little Midgan and one of my men were close by, yelling with excitement. As I walked up to try to get a shot without hitting one of the pack, the lion took no more notice of the dogs, but kept his eyes fixed on me. I never saw a lion look nastier, but I suppose his broken shoulder had sickened him, and I shot him without difficulty. The Midgan, after calling his dogs, had run on after us, and had come on the wounded lion. We skinned this beast, and the little Midgan rather amused us, as he got so very much annoyed because his dogs would not eat some great chunks of raw lion-flesh he cut off and offered to them. We were on our way to skin the other lion when we met Hassan looking rather sorry for himself. He said that the lioness had trotted along quite quietly at first, and he had brought her round in a circle towards the place where he had left us, riding alongside her, and shouting to let us know where he was. Unluckily she crossed the track of the wounded lion, and after smelling at the blood she became perfectly unmanageable, making off at a gallop and charging him whenever he got in front to try to turn her. At last she had gone into thick bush on some hills, where he had lost her. When we had skinned the other lion we made a cast to try to pick up the fourth, but could make nothing of him—I never got this lion, although he killed one of our donkeys the next day.

We had not been back in camp very long when T—— came in, saying he had run across a lioness in the hills, which he was sure was the one we had seen, as she was very angry. She had run into some long dry grass, and had charged out towards his men, when they were going up to light it. T—— was very unwell with fever at the time, and, although he had two or three shots, he was so shaky he could not hit her, and at last felt so ill he had to give her up. His shikari told me the lioness was very much beat from being badgered about in the sun, and he was sure we could find her. I owed her one for frightening Hassan, so we started at once, Hassan not coming, but sending a relation of his on the same pony. After a short ride we got to the place,

FOR NEARLY TWO HUNDRED YARDS IT LOOKED ANY MONEY ON THE LIONESS

and found the tracks going into a long strip of high feathery grass. We cast all round and could find no tracks coming out, so decided to burn the patch. It was about two hundred yards long and perhaps fifty broad. I could not command the whole of it, so I told the men to light it at the top and along one side, and Abdulla and I took up our station half-way down the other side, about thirty yards out from the edge. At the bottom end I put the warrior on the pony to see if the lioness broke that way. Almost directly the grass was lit a big spotted hyena blundered out and came within a few yards of us, but the great part of the patch was burnt before there was any sign of the lioness. Then I caught sight of her slinking along through the thin grass at the edge of the strip going towards the bottom end. She did not see us, as we were rather behind her and standing quite still.

When I shot she seemed to stumble forward, but recovering herself caught sight of the man on the pony, and before I could shoot again she was half-way towards him, going like a flash. He had not seen her when I shot, as she was hidden by the grass, and by the time he got his pony turned round and started she was close to him. He galloped straight away from me, and I dared not fire at the lioness for fear of hitting him. For nearly two hundred yards it looked any money on the lioness. She got right under the pony's tail, but did not seem to know how to strike, and at length, to my great relief, the pony began to gain on her. She at once pulled up, and turned into a bush, where she lay down stretched out at full length, panting. Running up, I shot her before she could prepare for another effort. My first bullet had gone through the muscles of the forearm just below the shoulder, and being solid had only drilled quite a small hole. The natives said that the reason she could not catch the pony was because a lion cannot spring without a momentary halt to crouch. If this is so, a pony could always get away from a lion galloping straight behind it, unless the pony was such a bad one that the lion could come alongside. On two or three occasions I have been chased myself in the open grass plain, but have always got a fair start, and my pony has had no difficulty in keeping out of the lion's way. A pony boy of mine was very nearly caught one day in the open. He was trying to round up a lion, and got rather too close to it on a tired pony. He only just got away. This same lion afterwards chased me and two or three of my men for quite a long time. Unless a pony falls down I am sure there is nothing to be feared from a lion in the open, if one gives him a pretty wide berth so as to get a start when he charges.

As a rule the lion will give up the chase after a hundred yards or so. This pony of Hassan's was about the best I ever saw in Somaliland. He would not put a price on it, because he said he could make quite a respectable income by making looting expeditions on its back, as it was so fast nobody could catch him.

A year after this I met Hassan again, and asked him how his pony was. He said it was very well, but that he had very nearly lost it a short time before. He had been down in the waterless plain on a looting expedition with some other Eidegalla warriors. After a successful raid they split up to avoid pursuit, and Hassan was on his way home driving some of the looted camels in front of him. It was a very dry year, and although it was the rainy season, he had been unable to find any water in pools to give his pony. The result was that, having been ridden hard for two or three days with little or no water to drink, the pony got beat, and at last lay down, about twenty miles from the wells they were making for. No amount of stick would get it on its legs again, and Hassan was in despair. He knew there were no villages at the wells where he could get vessels in which to carry water back to the pony, and it seemed as if nothing could be done to save it. At last he thought of a plan. Driving the camels at top speed to the wells, he gave them as much water as they could drink, and then hurried them back again. He found the pony where he had left it, in a very bad way, but, immediately proceeding to kill and cut open the camels, he took the water out of their stomachs and gave it to the pony, which revived sufficiently to struggle on to the wells. After a few days' rest it completely recovered. Hassan added that he could very soon get some more camels, and that he would rather have cut the throats of a hundred than have lost his pony. This story shows a great deal of resource in a native, but the life a Somali leads makes him wonderfully quick at finding a way out of a fix of this kind. It was very lucky the pony was not killed by lions or hyenas while Hassan was away.

Just before Hassan's pony was so nearly caught by the lioness we had a pony killed by lions, the man on its back escaping rather cleverly. At that time T—— and I had two separate camps, six or seven miles apart, each of them on the edge of the Marar Prairie, on a bān or open grass plain many miles in extent. This was the best place for lions it has ever been my luck to come across. Hardly a day passed that lions were not seen by T—— or myself, very often right out in the open, miles from any bush. It was cool, cloudy weather while

we were there, and the lions seemed to do most of their hunting in the day-time. There were so many, and they were so bold, that the Somalis were quite nervous about walking through the bush in the day-time. T—— and I between us shot twenty-four lions in this place in little over a fortnight. Besides lions there was more game than I have ever seen anywhere else. Large herds of hartebeeste, oryx, and Soemmering's gazelle were to be seen feeding in every direction. Besides this, in the open there were a good many ostriches and a few hunting cheetahs. In the bush at the back of our camps were Waller's gazelles, leopards,

THE NATIVE JUMPED RIGHT INTO THE MIDDLE OF A MIMOSA BUSH

warthog, and innumerable dikdik and birds. In the rocky hills I saw several klipspringers.

One morning T—— was roused by his natives, who told him that three lions were just crossing a strip of open ground within a hundred yards of his camp. Before T—— was ready, two or three of the men jumped on ponies and galloped after the lions—three very fine males with manes—which were by that time making off. The natives meant to try to keep them engaged till T—— had time to get his rifle and cartridges and catch them up. The lions were galloping among scattered mimosa scrub, making for the thick bush beyond; and with an object in view a lion can get along at a very fair pace in the cool of the

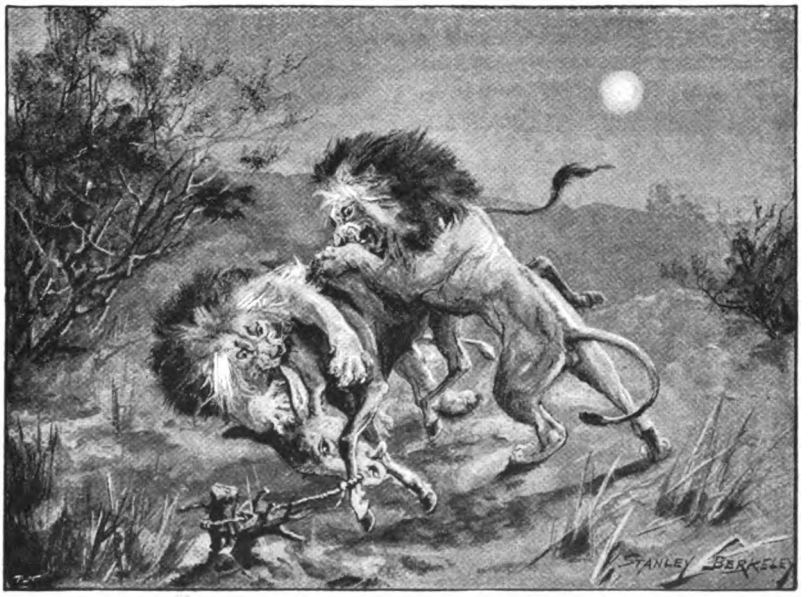
morning. One of the men got a start of the others, and was rapidly overhauling the lions, when he lost sight of them for a moment. He galloped up to the bush where he had last seen them, and, as he rounded it, one lion came at him from behind and the other two from in front. They had got sick of running and had waited for him. The native did a very clever thing. There was no chance of getting away by galloping, as he was regularly hemmed in, so, half-checking the pony, he put his foot on its wither, and jumped right into the middle of a mimosa bush. Almost as he jumped the lions knocked the pony over, and when T—— came up he found them eating it, taking no notice of the mounted men close by. T—— hit one, and while he was following it up the other two gave his men the slip. These two lions were decidedly out of luck, as I got them the same night.

That morning a lioness killed a heifer close to my camp. I had already seen her tracks several times, but they had always led us on to some stony hills where we had lost them. This time the same thing happened again, so, thinking she would probably come back that night to finish the heifer, we decided to sit up for her. We therefore made an enclosure of thorns under a mimosa bush close by. The flat top of the bush came down to meet the thorns built up all round, and one could hardly tell the whole thing was not a bush. In the front was a hole to shoot through, and at the back we left an opening so that we could get inside. After this we returned back to camp, and in the evening after dinner went off again, taking my bedding on a donkey. This donkey was also to serve as a bait, for the natives had cut up and carried away the heifer. We tied the donkey by one foreleg, almost touching the fence of our zereba, and, after shoving in my bedding, crawled in through the opening at the back. Two men who had come with us crammed this hole up with thorns, and then went away, talking loudly to make the lioness think that all was safe if she were anywhere near.

After looking about for some time I made out the lioness slinking along behind our bush. She would not come up to the donkey, but lay down some way off under a bush. There was no hole on that side, so I could not shoot with any certainty; and at last, getting sleepy, I lay down, telling Abdulla to keep his eye on the lioness, and wake me if there was any chance of a shot. I had not slept long when he touched me, at the same time putting his hand over my mouth to prevent me from calling out on being suddenly woke. I got up on my knees, looking

out of the hole, but for a moment I could not make out anything.

It was a lovely night, but even by the brightest moonlight a lion is not a very easy thing to see. There was an open glade in front of the donkey, and at last, standing right out in the open, I saw two lions. They seemed as if they could not make out why the donkey did not run away, and stood quite still looking at him. As I watched they suddenly started, and came racing towards us side by side like two enormous dogs. When the lions got up to the donkey they did not seem to stop in their rush, but



DONKEY AND LIONS WENT DOWN WITH A CRASH TOGETHER

donkey and lions all went down with a crash together. How they actually knocked him over I did not see, as at the moment I drew back my head involuntarily, because, although we were absolutely safe inside a mass of mimosa thorns, the whole thing felt unpleasantly close. When I looked out again I could easily have touched one of the lions, which was standing with its forepaws on the donkey and its hindquarters within a few inches of our fence. The other lion was standing on the far side looking me straight in the face; but I am sure he could not see me, as the moon was right in his eyes, making them shine as if they were alight. I could only see his head, as the other lion's body

was in the way, so I determined to give the one nearest me a shot. There was very little of him to be seen except his hind quarters, but he was so close I was sure the bullet would drive right through him.

As the rifle came up to my shoulder it touched a branch, which seemed to make a crack like a pistol shot, and the lion turned half round to see what it was. At the same moment I fired, and he fell, rolling over and over against the fence, and roaring loudly. Thinking that in his struggles he might carry away some of our zereba, I gave him two more shots to finish him. As I shot the second time, the other lion, which had run back a few yards, came and stood close to the donkey, looking straight towards us. I pulled at his chest directly I was loaded. He plunged forward, hitting the corner of our zereba, then swerved off, and we heard him crash into a bush, where we found him stone dead in the morning. The bullet had gone through his heart. These two lions were very fine specimens. One had a very thick, almost jet black, mane; the other had a lighter mane, but for a wild lion very thick. There is no doubt these were the lions T—— had seen, as the next day, riding over to visit him, I followed their back trail to within a mile of his camp. They were in the best of condition, but empty, so that may account for their boldness.

Shortly before this I shot three times at a lion which was eating my donkey. The night was as dark as pitch. The lion took very little notice of the first two shots, although one of them hit the donkey in the ribs. The third shot was a very lucky one. The bullet hit the donkey in the stomach, and, going through, caught the lion at the junction of the neck with the chest, killing him on the spot. One would think that a 577 rifle blazed in his face at about five yards would frighten any lion. This one had killed and eaten a sheep the night before, taking it from the same village where I sat up for him.

The two foregoing stories would seem to show that a large percentage of the lions killed in Somaliland are shot at night over a bait. This is not really so, as it is quite a chance if a lion passes the place where you have a donkey tied up. Night shooting, to my mind, is a thing to be avoided, except now and then as an experience. It generally means a very disturbed night, especially if there are many hyenas about, and in the morning you are not fit for a hard day's work. Occasionally by bright moonlight it is very interesting, but if circumstances admit of lions being killed by day, it is rather like shooting a boar in a fine

pig-sticking country to kill a lion over a bait at night. Sometimes it is the only chance you have of getting a lion, either because you are moving camp next day, or because the country is unsuitable for tracking. Under these circumstances you are bound to try it.

I have never myself shot more than two lions in one night, but a man whom I met in the country showed me the skins of four he had shot when sitting up over the dead body of an elephant. It was very dark or he might have got any number, as he told me that he was shooting most of the night, and that in the morning there were tracks of many lions all round the carcase.

I have once or twice sat up over a dead animal. This way of getting lions is only likely to be successful when there are many hyenas about, as they make such a noise that they will attract any lion that may come past within a reasonable distance.

I hope to give an example of this kind of night shooting in a future article.

HUNTING IN FRANCE

BY LORD RIBBLESDALE

In the following pages I only propose to make good some bird-of-passage impressions of a few days' hunting in the neighbourhood of Paris. They were most enjoyable days, and I cannot speak too gratefully of the kindness and courtesy shown me everywhere and by everybody. I shall not attempt to establish comparisons between French and English stag-hunting. They are things to be avoided by the writer, as, provided he can describe what he has seen, they may safely be left to the reader. Besides, where outdoor amusements and many other things are concerned, people should rest satisfied with contrasts. The comparative method often plays the deuce with one. You can, for instance, as I know, get a great deal of fun out of the Calpe hounds at Gibraltar, or, as I am told, out of punt fishing in the Thames. But both must be accepted as things by themselves. It will not do to be always comparing the Queen of Spain's chair to the Burton Flats, or a baited swim to the Thurso or the Awe. Instinctively, I suppose, a process of comparison is always going on. You cannot at will make your mind as blank and virgin as a sensitive plate. What you may have seen and done is always thrusting its more or less apt impertinences into what you may be seeing and doing; but, like Colonel Thornton of Thornville Royal in the county of Durham in similar circumstances, I set out for Calais with the open mind of 'a citizen of the world,' with nothing English about me except my accent.

The shortness of my stay and the comfort and ease of modern travelling did not involve the preparations which Colonel Thornton saw fit to carry into execution in 1801. The Colonel, it may be

remembered by those who have read of his exploits and appreciations, took a travelling carriage, six or eight couple of hounds, two valets, a gamekeeper and a huntsman, a terrier and a pointer, Mrs. T., as he persists in calling her, her trunks, and her maid, and he was much incensed with his coach-builder at having to leave behind a boat and a boat-carriage, owing to these specially designed necessaries not being finished. All this was meagrely represented by a pair of my own stirrup irons and long leathers; but I inspected my hunting wardrobe with very particular care, inspired my valet with a due sense of the issues at stake, and, of course, had my hair cut by a special artist.

French stag-hunting was not new to me; in a sense I was about to renew an early and affectionate friendship. My riding and hunting education began in France. When I was about eight years old we went to live at Fontainebleau, and we lived there a great deal till the war of 1870 drove us away in a hurry. We only just got through Paris. The gates were closed a very few days later, and cattle were being driven into the fortified *enceinte* and were grazing in the ditches and on the slope of the *glacis* when we passed through; people used to drive out to see them. Our house in the Rue Royale was actually tenanted by Prussian officers, who behaved very well and made a sensible use of everything and of the servants. Fortunately my father prudently buried a recent consignment of claret in the garden before he left.

My first pony was black—a mare called Mignonne. I think she was bought at Chéris. I don't know how she was bred, but her shoulders were good enough to permit of her kicking high. Our groom—who used also to *cirer* the parquet floors—was an ex-dragoon, an Alsatian. If the day was cold, clear, and sunny he always warned me that Mignonne might be *gaie*. He was often right about this, and I was often kicked off.

My father did not care much about the hunting. 'One fool follows another,' he used to say, and he seldom came out, or if he did went home early, so my education in *vénerie* was left to Isidore, who prided himself upon a complete knowledge of its martial observances and excellent mysteries. We had great fun together, and we were great friends.

Isidore was not an over-confident rider, but in his shiny peaked cap, alpaca coat, white duck trousers and straps, which was his costume on sunny spring days, he circumvented an academy canter down an alley as well as his neighbours. When I first went to school at Winchester in 1864 Mignonne was sold.

However, I always got out hunting when I came home for the holidays. I was soon promoted to independence and an animal called 'Enguerrand,' just out of training, and after Enguerrand to a three-year-old called Flambeau, and sometimes I was allowed to hire.

Flambeau had a chequered career. He could 'run a bit'—an expensive accomplishment—and once managed to win a match either at Chantilly or Longchamps. Then he used to go stag and boar hunting, which he liked better than the last two or three furlongs. When we all had to flit, bag and baggage, before the Prussian advance my father did not go with us, but rode a clean-bred and most fractious chestnut mare named Catalina to the coast from Fontainebleau. I think it was to Dieppe. Isidore accompanied him on Flambeau. It was lovely weather, and both horses had good legs and feet, so they enjoyed it. Once they were all but shot at as spies by a zealous *franc-tireur* from behind a tree, but explanations were quickly forthcoming from the startled Isidore. Flambeau was soon after raffled for an unflattering amount at a bazaar in aid of an organ fund in Yorkshire. By that time he made a cheerful noise himself.

The Fontainebleau hirelings were very moderate animals and suffered from chronic sore backs, but I remember one, a reputed 'Irlandais,' which was held in high esteem and request. There was plenty of hunting; M. M. Aguado hustled the boar about; the Imperial Vénerie hunted the stag. The late Baron Lambert, as Lieutenant de la Vénerie, was for all practical purposes master. He was very kind to me, and I looked up to him as one upon the pinnacle of human greatness. He invited me once or twice to the Vénerie, took me out for a ride on a Vénerie horse, and gave me a Swaine and Adeney cutting whip. Speaking from memory, I think he bought nice horses with plenty of quality for the men, and he always rode lean-necked, clean-headed, conspicuously coloured horses himself. I remember in particular a charming white mare. I would not swear to it, but I think she was called Regina.

Baron Lambert was quite a character and a wit. Lord Byron never would speak French because he declined to speak it like a German waiter; but the Baron had no such fastidiousness about his English. He spoke it as freely and graphically as any Mr. Tiptop in Melton, and could slur the *h* in horse and hundred, and shunt the *g* in hunting with the refined subtlety of a Lord Scamperdale.

He rode about 12 st., à l'Anglaise, in an English plain-flap

saddle, double bridle, and hunting spurs. In those days these were all looked upon with half-approval, for *Haute école* riding made her concessions slowly. But Baron Lambert's English ways were never overdone, and he quite suited the frame of his circumstances. His legs were perhaps a trifle short for elegance, but he sat well on his horse, and well-blacked jack-boots—which looked like having been made somewhere near the Marble Arch—did wonders for him. White hair, a clean-shaven actor's face, but as fresh and ruddy as Simon Lee's or Michael Hardy's, the becoming *vénerie* dress, and everything put on and worn and held right. There you have his portrait. He carried an English horn, but I've no recollection of his using it much; and he knew how to catch hold of a horse and balance him on a long rein as we do here, and as even in these days few know how to do there. I saw no one like him, when I was over the other day, tried by the conventions of English hunting riding form.

Napoleon III. liked the thing to go. His hunting notions and sympathies were English. So long as hounds ran on he winked at their having changed their deer, and paid very little attention to the moralities and the purists. He would often gallop like steam for a few minutes along the alleys as they came in his way—the tuneful operations of the chase being a matter of no importance—and then, relinquishing all interest in the proceedings, relapse into conversation with somebody he liked talking to. Sometimes, however, he would electrify M. de la Rue, who held a Woods and Forests appointment under the Second Empire, and has chronicled its *chasses*, by asking him where on earth the hunt had got to. On such occasions M. de la Rue used to lead the way to the Etang de Ste-Perrine, a favourite soil, and hope for the best. On one occasion he was much annoyed with things having gone wrong, and sent for Baron Lambert, and found great fault with his arrangements. If it happens again, he told him in my father's hearing, 'Je raye la Vénerie d'un trait de plume.'

The old school were scandalised by the full-steam-ahead ways which, under the Second Empire, jostled the stately and classical proceedings of the Valois and the Bourbons. Grave fault was found in the loss of music and the decay of sylvan arts and sciences. England was held to blame. Fifty or sixty couple of hounds had been got together in a 'sic volo *sic* jubeo' sort of way by Comte Edgar Ney, the Grand Veneur. A few couple of entered hounds came from M. de l'Aigle's pack, but most of them were draft hounds got together in a hurry from England;

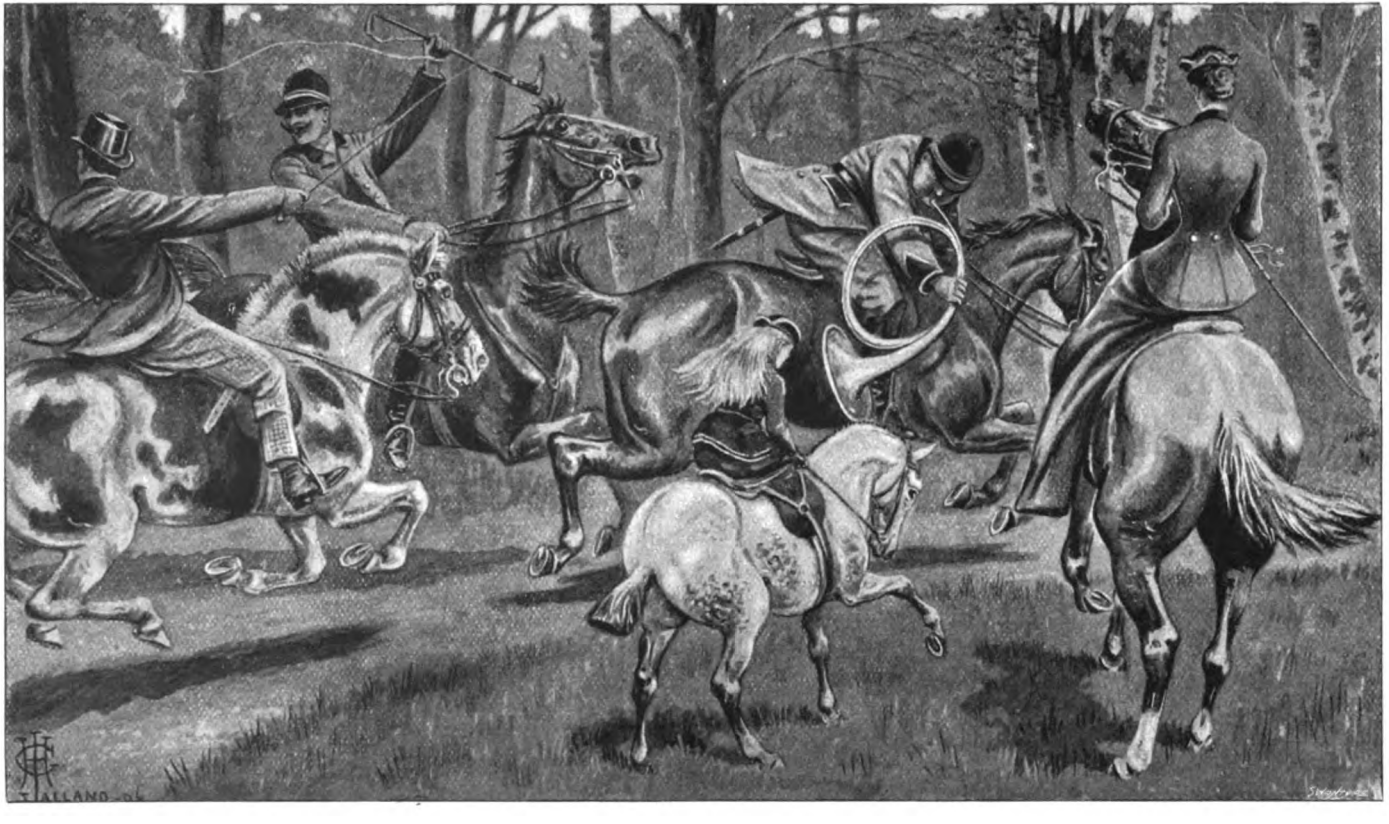
and entered draft hounds which go to France are sometimes not good enough to earn their keep in their own country.

As far as I remember, I think the hounds were wanting in music, but the men did their best to make up for the deficiency. There was one particular *piqueur* whom Isidore held in high esteem, and who was much admired for the stirring way in which he could wind his horn at full gallop. On such occasions, M. Eugène, as Isidore and I always called him (of course we never dared speak to him), would come through the horsemen and carriages in a crowded carrefour standing up in his stirrups, and leaning over to the off side until the bell of his horn was on the level of his right stirrup. I think M. Eugène seldom knew where he was going, but we all used to gallop after him. '*Rendez la main, Monsieur Thomas; voilà M. Eugène qui sonne,*' Isidore used to say, getting his own horse well on the bit and giving him the full benefit of a muscular calf.

However, I must now relate my more recent experiences, and say something about the hounds, the horses, and the men I hunted with last November, and the country they hunt.

The Channel was kind, and after travelling all night I arrived at a delightful destination in comfortable time to devote proper and particular attention to the ceremonies of boots and breeches. Now for what I saw and noticed and did.

My adventures were more insignificant. But I was lucky. In these large forests it is not often that a stag will face the open, but the day I hunted at Halatte and the day I hunted at Fontainebleau we got out. This is, of course, a matter of general congratulation, and everybody sits down to ride with refreshed determination and proper regard for cultivation and the damage fund. This is the worst of it. The *plaine* or open is not good going; it is very deep, with that protesting deepness of spade cultivation. I do not know how the land is held, whether in small or large holdings. Of course it is the sort of thing I ought to have asked and did not ask; but the *plaine* shows the honourable symptoms of small ownership. Riding over it gave me the same feeling of doing unkind damage to poor people's pains as riding over allotments or cottage gardens would give me. It has neither the look nor feel of a hunting country. Of course I am only speaking of what I saw, as I fancy in some parts of France, notably the Landes and La Sologne, there is plenty of rough country, although not so wild as in the beginning of this century, when land was sold *au son de la voix* and the stretch of ground reached by a man's voice sold for a few francs.



HE WOULD LEAN OVER TO THE OFF SIDE UNTIL THE BELL OF HIS HORN WAS ON THE LEVEL OF HIS RIGHT STIRRUP

I only had four days' hunting. Two in the forest of Chantilly with the Duc de Chartres and the Prince de Joinville; one in the forest of Halatte with the Halatte hounds, kept by M. le Marquis de Valon; and one at Fontainebleau with M. M. Lebaudy.

On the Halatte day we had an excellent hunt. It was a very wet day, but only began to rain about 8 o'clock A.M., after several sunny days with white frosts at night. There was a capital scent, and I was very pleased with the hounds—the way they were hunted, or rather not hunted, and their style and character. I was very unlucky in not seeing M. de Valon hunt his hounds; he had broken two ribs just before I arrived. We ran through some beechwoods something like the birdless grove at Goodwood, and, just as I have noticed in the Goodwood and the Buckinghamshire beechwoods of the Queen's country, the hounds ran a great pace over the thick carpet of wet beech leaves. I do not know what sort of point the deer made, but it seemed to me a long zigzag.

Our stag was harboured in some young oakwood with thick undergrowth, and at first had several other deer with him—I mean he was joined by these, or pushed them up, after the pack was laid on. The *compagnie* went ringing and lurching about together in a thinned *enceinte* with very strong undercover. I rode with the huntsman through the stuff on a nice active horse which a kind friend had mounted me on, which would have found his way through Oustwick Whin or Ranksborough; and although, owing to the stubborn undercover, you could not have 'sheeted' them, their cry was beautiful, and each hound hunted the line as if everything depended on his individual performance. We were often within a few yards of the deer, who kept turning as short and stupid as rabbits in the corner of a warren; and the hounds must have constantly seen them, but they showed none of the demoralisation of view. Taking nothing for granted, they stuck to the line religiously, almost fanatically. I do not think you could have lifted them if you had tried. At last they got the stag—an eight-pointer—away with one nobber, who soon got dropped, and stuck to him like wax till they forced him over three or four marshy fields into the Oise and drowned him. I think we were running about two and a half hours.

M. de Valon never touches hounds; that is, they get no assistance of any kind. They have crosses of English blood; and, like M. de Chezelles, he is especially fond of the Duke of Beaufort's blood. But they are essentially French hounds, and

personally I liked them much better in their work, their appearance, and their style, than any other pack I hunted with. They are on the long side and a little slabsided, but of charming quality, and no lumber. Over here we should not like the colour. There is a great deal of black and hardly any tan. But this marks and preserves the French foundations of the pack. I saw no regular Badminton badger pie, but several hounds were of a dark mousey colour, which they call *souriot*. This means plenty of Badminton blood, and M. de Valon especially esteems the *souriots*. The Halatte kennel is the only one I saw as I went to pay the master a visit, and to tell him how much I had enjoyed my day. I went down to look at the young entry—*les chiens M.*—as in many French packs the names of the young entry of each year all begin with some particular letter of the alphabet. It was a very wet afternoon, but the establishment struck me as being purpose-like and practical. They do not enter their young hounds until February, as they usually come in from the walks in poor condition. I noticed two things particularly about the Halatte hounds—their ability to gallop fast with their noses down, and their whip sterns. As to the latter, I said to myself, here at last are the whip sterns which were Charles Davis's secret, and which gave the Queen's hounds their particular distinction in the days of the giants. I was much disappointed when I found that their racy appearance was the result of scissors and a fortnightly trimming. As to the other point, I instanced it to a hunting gentleman with whom I travelled up from Chantilly two or three days later, and he said he had observed the very contrary, and that, thanks to scent lying on the bushes more comfortably than on the ground, their tendency was to look for it breast high. I do not know how this may be; and I dare say he is right and I am wrong. My preference is to let things strike me through the eye, and to be satisfied with what I see if the sight is pleasant. Anyhow, I will not be robbed by my reason-giving travelling companion of the picture left upon my memory of the whip-sterned *souriots* and magpies with their noses to the ground, racing under the high beeches.

At Chantilly we had a good hunting run of about three hours, and killed. It was a very bright sunny day, and the scent was moderate. There was a long check at 'la table du roi,' which carriages, conversation, and luncheon baskets made very tolerable for many of us. Our hunted stag had contrived to associate several other deer with his difficulties, and the horns blew

the *accompagné* from every point of the compass. However, tactics and venery prevailed. They managed to cut him out again, and hunted him cheerfully at a steady pace until he stood to bay. The scent, I thought, improved in the afternoon, and I hazarded this rather conventional observation to the head *piqueur*. He said '*Au contraire*,' and gave reasons which he politely explained, but which I imperfectly grasped. They certainly ran with more cry and confidence, but I dare say they were closer at him. Fortunately there is no inevitable agreement about scent, people, novels, and sermons.

Perhaps it may be well to say a word or two here upon the qualities and defects of French hounds, and the qualities and defects of English hounds according to French ideas.

French tradition clings to line hunting, drawing, and perseverance. It has little patience with the arrogance and fling of a foxhound. M. de Chezelles, a high authority, thinks that a good modern *bâtard*, which is to all intents the French hound, hunts more *gaiement* than an English hound. He is busier: throws his tongue incessantly, and wishes everybody to share in his opinions, perplexities, and triumphs; and there can be little doubt that a good *bâtard* is probably a better hound for forest hunting than a draft hound from the Holdernesse or the Tedworth.

I have already referred to my predecessor, Colonel Thornton. The Colonel, although he tells us that his hounds always outpaced the French hounds—in spite of their rather confined quarters in the travelling carriage with Mrs. T.'s trunks and bonnet boxes—and that he himself performed feats, and exhibited a fertility of resource which made his hosts stare, acknowledges very handsomely that the French surpass us in science. Without pausing to inquire whether or not hunting is a science, be it in France or anywhere else, I am quite willing to agree with the Colonel that now as then the French know a great deal about woodland hunting and woodland hounds. The same candour, however, compels me to say that they have some strange prepossessions about English hunting, English hounds, and English requirements.

As Lord Byron said of the Venetian ladies, the French, as regards their hounds, have 'awful notions of constancy.' A hound must stick to a hunted deer like a limpet. They think that in England a change on to a fresh fox is not only connived at, but encouraged, and English blood is always looked upon with suspicion as willing to cheerfully compound such felonies.

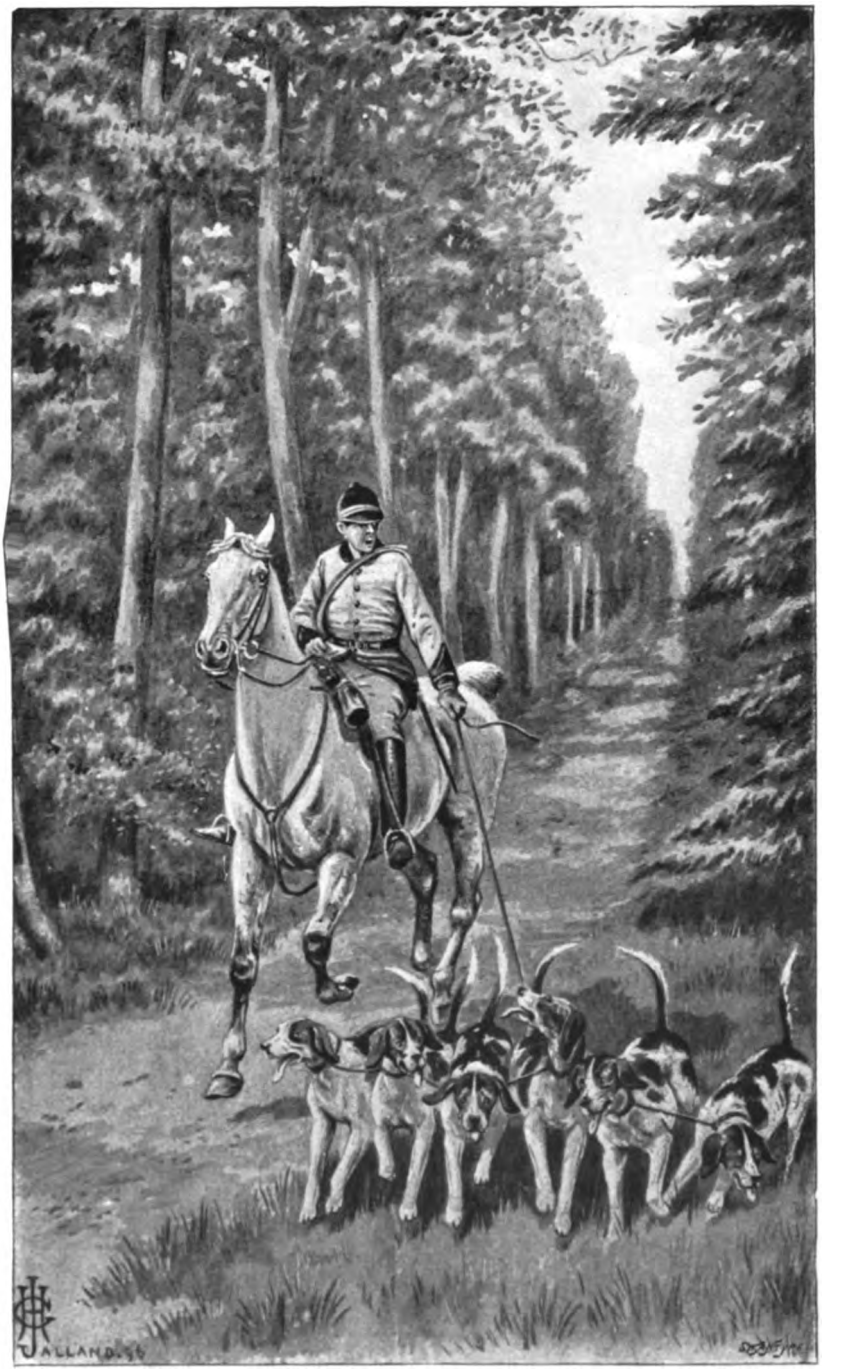
Some of the characteristics of English hounds, as noted by

writers of authority on sporting subjects in France, are novel and astonishing. According to one authority we care little for music, or for the way a hound draws, or for his staunchness on a scent. The fox-hound is represented as a sort of sylvan hedonist. His morals are indifferent and his character selfish. Tested by French standards of hound probity, it appears that he detests thick cover, and under such circumstances merely follows the ridings, and cuts in with the other hounds or with the deer when they leave it. If the deer stays in cover, he often abandons the pursuit altogether. Bested by slower but more virtuous hounds which have the knack of straining through the wealth of bramble and blackthorn and *ajoncs* which distinguish a French forest, he makes the most of a *débucher*, goes straight up to the front, stays there, and spanks along at such a pace that he makes the industrious *bâtards*, faint but pursuing, bleed from the nose. He only likes a plain-sailing hunt, hates a twisting deer and a stale scent; one boar is quite as good as another—although it is admitted that his courage makes him a good boar-hound—and he is useless for roe-deer hunting.

Here is another bit of news about necks and shoulders: the experience of an expert. It appears that the English insist upon a hound with a long neck, so that he can stoop to a scent; this is a proof, according to the oracle, that most of our fox-hounds have not very good noses. The Santonge hound—an ancient and eminent French breed—hunted with his head up (*le nez au vent*), without deigning to stoop. This is still a characteristic of a well-bred hound—both in pointers and hounds—but M. de Chabot goes on to say that he has often remarked slow-looking hounds keep right up at the lead, and throw their tongues admirably owing to the way they carried their heads and the way their heads were put on. In our love of drive and pace the French think we have sacrificed nose; and nose has for centuries been the *bon sang ne peut mentir* test in France.

Thus M. de Ligniville, whose charming book written in the seventeenth century I have briefly reviewed elsewhere, tells us how a neighbour of his in Lorraine had a *mâtin*—which I take to be a half-mastiff, half-hound or pointer animal—which was a capital tufter; but he goes on to say that he never saw a tufter speak to a line at three o'clock on a hot afternoon which was not 'a highly and a nobly' bred one.

The French judges do not like our catlike feet—a Santonge hound has a hare's foot—and the lameness which besets English hounds after four or five seasons' work in France is attributed to



A Relay

the shape of our fox-hounds' feet. After all, if they get four or five seasons out of a hound, he owes very little at the price Wilton sold him 'to go abroad.'

M. de Couteulx is a great believer in the assured future of the French hound. In his *Manuel de Vénerie* he says: 'Nous commençons à ne plus être tributaires de l'Angleterre, et je vois avant peu le moment où celle-ci pourra bien nous prendre plus de chiens que nous ne lui en prendrons.' This is a comfortable and patriotic conjecture, but still in the region of prophecy.

At Chantilly they still hunt with relays, which leads to hounds getting scattered (*semés*) over a wide area. Like Virgil's seamen, *apparent rari*, all over the place and quite unexpectedly, many of them taking but a partial interest in the chase.

In this country we had given up relays as far back as the seventeenth century. M. de Ligniville cites this with approval as a point of acute difference between English and French hunting principles of his day. At Chantilly they are rather a pale survival of more splendid Bourbon days, when relays of hounds with their gaily dressed *valets*, led horses with their attendants, gamekeepers and foresters, all contributed pomp and circumstance, purple and gold to the scenic display. Under the Empire they were still popular stage properties. *Valets de chiens*, in their grey-blue worsted stockings and buckle shoes; extra horses, in check cotton quarter-sheets, for the swells and the hunt servants, military-looking greenclad 'gardes,' lent colour and animation and importance to the alleys and *carrefours* of Fontainebleau or Compiègne. I remember well the *relai volant*—it sounds like an inn sign or the title of a ghost story—that is, the mounted yeoman pricker, with five or six couple of hounds, theoretically straining on plaited hair rope but really much embarrassed by his horse's heels. But the *relai volant* was always an exciting apparition, as he hastened hither and thither on the spur in response to some distant challenge from his compeers of the horn. To judge by the appearance of the little band, it was hot work for all parties.

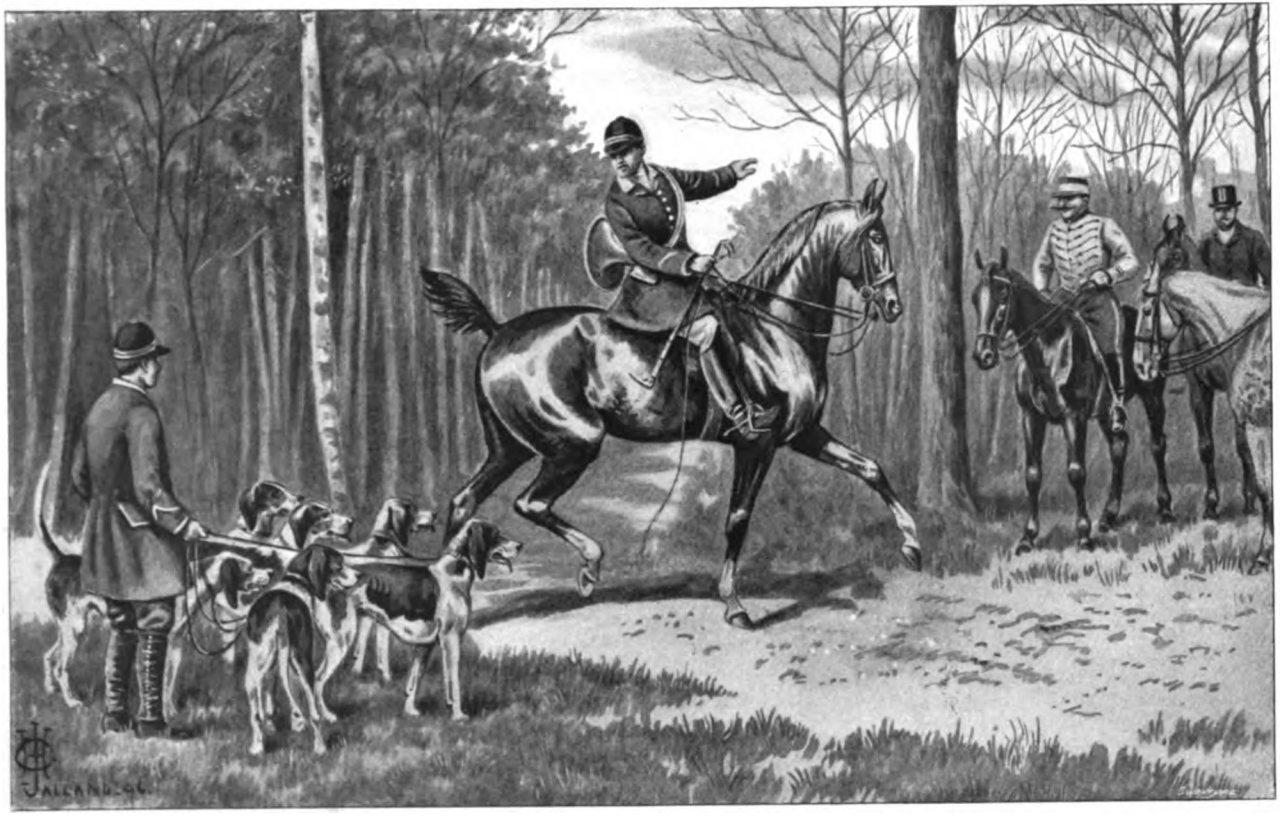
Now that hounds are bred and entered to hunt together, it is hardly possible to defend the relay system, and its vogue is very limited. The objections are numerous and obvious. It is difficult enough under any circumstances to keep fifteen or eighteen couple of hounds together in varied and extensive woodlands, even when they are laid on all at one time. It must be nearly impossible to keep twenty-five or thirty couple together laid on at different times, and laid on in a way which must be offensive and disappointing to high-mettled, painstaking hounds, for a relay is

always laid on, if possible, with the leading hound as he crosses an alley, and a clever *valet de chiens* is the man who can get all his relay off and on the line at the very head of the hunting pack.

Relays, apart from pageantry, may have had their uses in old days, before constant crosses of English blood bred the fast *bâtard* of to-day. The old French hounds hunted all the better for being in great numbers. They were always uttering speech and certifying knowledge to one another; the chain of communication could hardly be too long. In voice and gesture there was little to choose between the leading and the tail hounds, and a deer was probably seldom at the pains of exerting himself. They killed him very possibly as often or oftener than the faster packs of the present day, but they killed him by the same means as the tortoise defeated the hare. His self-confidence led him to take liberties with perseverance.

The French are an exact people. You should, I am told, read high mathematics in French, rather than in English or in German, because the French language and the French *ingenium* guarantee a correct nicety of expression. They are, as we know, in arts and crafts, sticklers for form and precision. Hunting procedure is no exception. It has a formidable grammar and a prosody. Even to freeing the horn from the results of your efforts, there is an ascertained right and wrong way of doing everything. The late Vicomte H. de Chezelles, a most competent authority, devotes some pages of his interesting book to what he calls the *grandes façons* handed down in certain families of professional hunstmen from generation to generation. M. de Chezelles instances the Namurs, Obrys, Duvals, under the Monarchy, La Trace and La Feuille of the Imperial Vénerie, as all having the grand style, but La Trace is his Charles Davis. When Napoleon III. reconstituted the Vénerie, La Trace was growing vegetables, and marrying people who wished to marry, as the mayor of his native town, Dangu. His country and his Emperor's need called him, like another Cincinnatus, to higher things. The manner in which he made his report to the Master of the Buck-hounds, the noble and elegant simplicity of his approach, the poise of his whip, the gesture of his three-cornered and saluting hat, the bow with which he decorated the instructions he might receive or inspire, were things, M. de Chezelles tells us, once seen never to be forgotten.

Now, I dare say I may have missed the subtleties of doffing the *tricorne*, or of the deployment of the whip-lash. They would appear to be things only to be spiritually perceived.



THE LORD HIGH CHAMBERLAIN OF THE FOREST

But there is a certain kind of form which is quite independent of dress regulations and the classical unities. You will encounter and recognise what I mean in a stage-coachman, or a shikari in the Himalayas; in a cricketer or a waiter; in a gondolier or in a jockey—something which distinguishes the individual from his fellow-craftsmen, which jumps to your eyes and your brain and makes you say, 'This is the real thing.' I admit it may be an external, that often, like many ideals, things are not what they seem. The apparent Crichton breaks down in practice; the bright particular star gives no better light than the meaner people of the skies. But I am only laying stress on externals, and, tried by that test, I saw no La Trace during my stay in France. The eternal principles of French *vénerie*—once the pack has settled to a deer—seem to offer but few opportunities of emerging from a mere character part; and the professional huntsmen I saw made none for themselves. At his best he appeared to be a mounted and picturesque master of the ceremonies, the Lord High Chamberlain of the Forest; at his worst he is a peasant or a stableman dressed up in an *opéra comique* attire.

Although Arthur Young was given a white pony and a pointer and a gun when he was quite a little boy, and enjoyed the usual outdoor opportunities of English country life, I do not think he ever quite liked hunting. Possibly he could not have loved farming so well had he done so.

When he went to France he was shocked at 'the mischievous animation of a vast hunt' which the great properties exhibited, at the sovereignty of the game, and the privileges of the *capitaineries*. 'The crop of this country,' he said of the district round Senlis and Chantilly, 'is princes of the blood—that is to say, hares, pheasants, deer, and boars.' He is always noting and regretting the absence of farm buildings and farming energies. At the expense of his political economy, a cowhouse at Chanteloup gives him more satisfaction than Condé's hunting stables at Chantilly with their 240 English horses, and the trade they meant to the English breeder. He calls the cowhouse 'noble,' and he means what he says; but all the beauties of Versailles and St. Germains make no amends for royal and noble indifference to the complete system of turnip cultivation which he held so near his heart. But the most utilitarian side of Mr. Morley's 'wise and honest traveller' would have been gratified by the forests of to-day. Thrift and forestry have tamed Chantilly and Halatte, but especially Chantilly, until it is difficult to trace a vestige of what we understand over

here by natural woodland. Even the Scotch firs are shaven to the geometrical alignment of the alleys and to the perspective of a point of sight. I could not help feeling that the deer were a sort of well-to-do colonists living under an ordered dispensation and ascertained conditions. Fontainebleau is different: in spite of economics there are desolations of sand and heather, confusions of grey rock, splashes of lonely water, which belong of right to the tall deer, and which still set at nought the estimates and votes on account of a department.

I have said little or nothing in this paper about horses and riders, and I have confined myself to observations upon the hounds. In France the hound is the Paramount. I propose elsewhere to contrast French and English ideas of horses and riding, suggested by my experiences of a day's hunting at Fontainebleau on a hireling.

MIXED DAYS IN AUSTRALIA

BY F. G. AFLALO

NOT the least novel among one's experiences of sport in the far-off southern continent are the oft-organised mixed days of fishing and shooting, which would seem so incongruous in the old country, where, indeed, the devotees of the rod are as often as not quite ignorant of the ethics of the gun or chase, and *vice versa*. But in the colonies there are no such hard-and-fast lines. In the bush men have to throw the fly or press the trigger to keep the larder supplied, and even the townsmen are all-round sportsmen. And so the most is made of public holidays, which are not so few and far between as elsewhere; and the birds come fluttering down, and the fish anon come struggling up, and there is great slaughter and rejoicing.

For the visitor 'from home' more especially these days are arranged by the hospitable Australians, those very Arabs of the south; and even if one's preconceived notions of sport and its etiquettes are now and again a little rudely shaken, insular prejudice must be deep-rooted indeed if it cannot, for the occasion, melt before such geniality and good-fellowship.

With such a day in prospect, I steamed down Sydney Harbour on one occasion as the moon was at its full. Nor, in that land of incongruities, did there seem anything remarkable in a party, armed and equipped like filibusters, seated with guns slung in the cabin of a steam-tug, and listening at intervals to the growls of half a dozen couples of foxhounds tied up aft. We passed between the Heads about one in the morning, and the 'Thistle' began to respond so playfully to the gambols of the Pacific

rollers that the wretched dogs were all sick, and one or two of the sportsmen began to look almost as woe-begone.

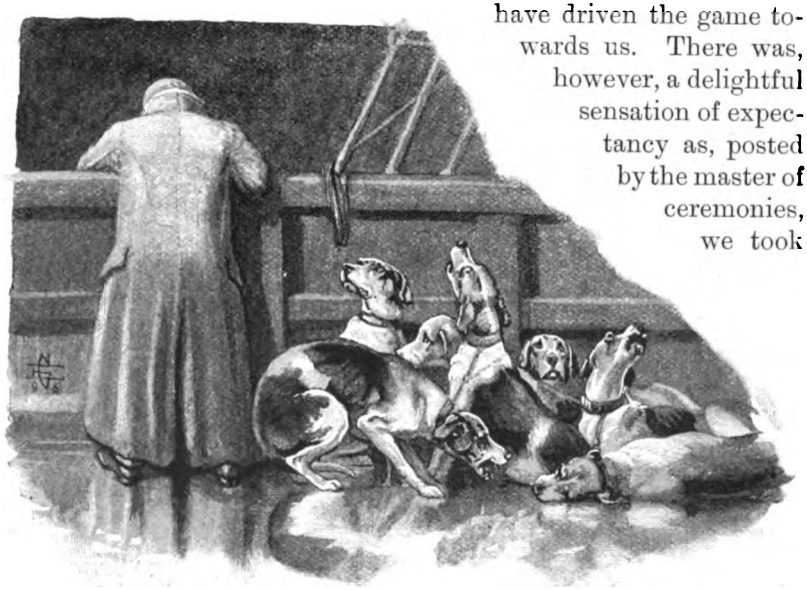
Due northward lay our course, and on we went within cry of the grim cliffs, past Manly and Narrabeen, past the red light that tops Barranjoey, and so to Broken Bay, the estuary of the lovely Hawkesbury.

A good fifteen miles, too, we went up that picturesque river, which the Australians call the Rhine of the South, passing beneath the cantilever railway bridge, and finally anchoring off a mangrove swamp, where we halted for a substantial meal of chops and steaks. Let it not be remembered against the caterer for the occasion that we did not get another meal until our arrival home fifteen hours later. In the best regulated picnics such little mistakes will occur, as also the leaving behind of two cases of beer and one of spirits. It could not be helped, and I am sure we all made the best of it, and quaffed with assumed gusto the unwholesome national beverage, strong tea. Day broke ere we had concluded this sumptuous repast, and with an eerie suddenness unknown in these northern latitudes; and we steamed without more ado to a hilly peninsula which threw out a crazy little pier, a favourite resort (the peninsula, not the pier) of scrub wallaby, and all, especially the colonials of the party, were sanguine of success.

And perhaps a word as to what a wallaby is may not be out of place, as the term, although it has been barbarously Latinised as *ualabatus*, is a purely aboriginal one. Roughly speaking, then, a wallaby is a small species of kangaroo. Not exactly a kangaroo either, but one of the genera (the others are kangaroos proper and wallaroos, or rock kangaroos) into which the forty or fifty members of the family have been divided. The wallabies are further classed according to their habits as rock, swamp, or scrub wallabies; and if I were asked to suggest some general characteristic, I should single out their inferior size and strength, the lighter hue of their soft fur, and, in the smaller species at all events, the hairless muzzle, which particularly separates them from the kangaroos. This is scarcely the place—although sport and natural history are, and should be, inseparable pursuits—to give any details of the interesting early history of these remarkable marsupials; but I may remark *en passant* that the young one is born after very brief gestation and in a condition little better than embryonic, and at once transferred to one of the nipples within the pouch. Travellers used to send home yarns of them being born in the pouch itself. Some were *eye-*

witnesses of the transaction. It was of such that David spoke in his haste.

The twelve hounds, being loosed, were not long in disappearing among the rocky boulders and thickly planted gum trees. Wallaby-shooting over dogs would in all probability be a pleasurable and exciting pastime if wallabies were many and hills few. On this occasion the reverse was the case, and we had some appalling climbs for very poor sport. The mistake at the outset was to let the dogs go at once. They drove the frightened beasts further inland, and we waited in vain for them along the foreshore. They should have been taken round a mile or two and then let go, when they would have driven the game towards us. There was, however, a delightful sensation of expectancy as, posted by the master of ceremonies, we took



THOSE WRETCHED DOGS

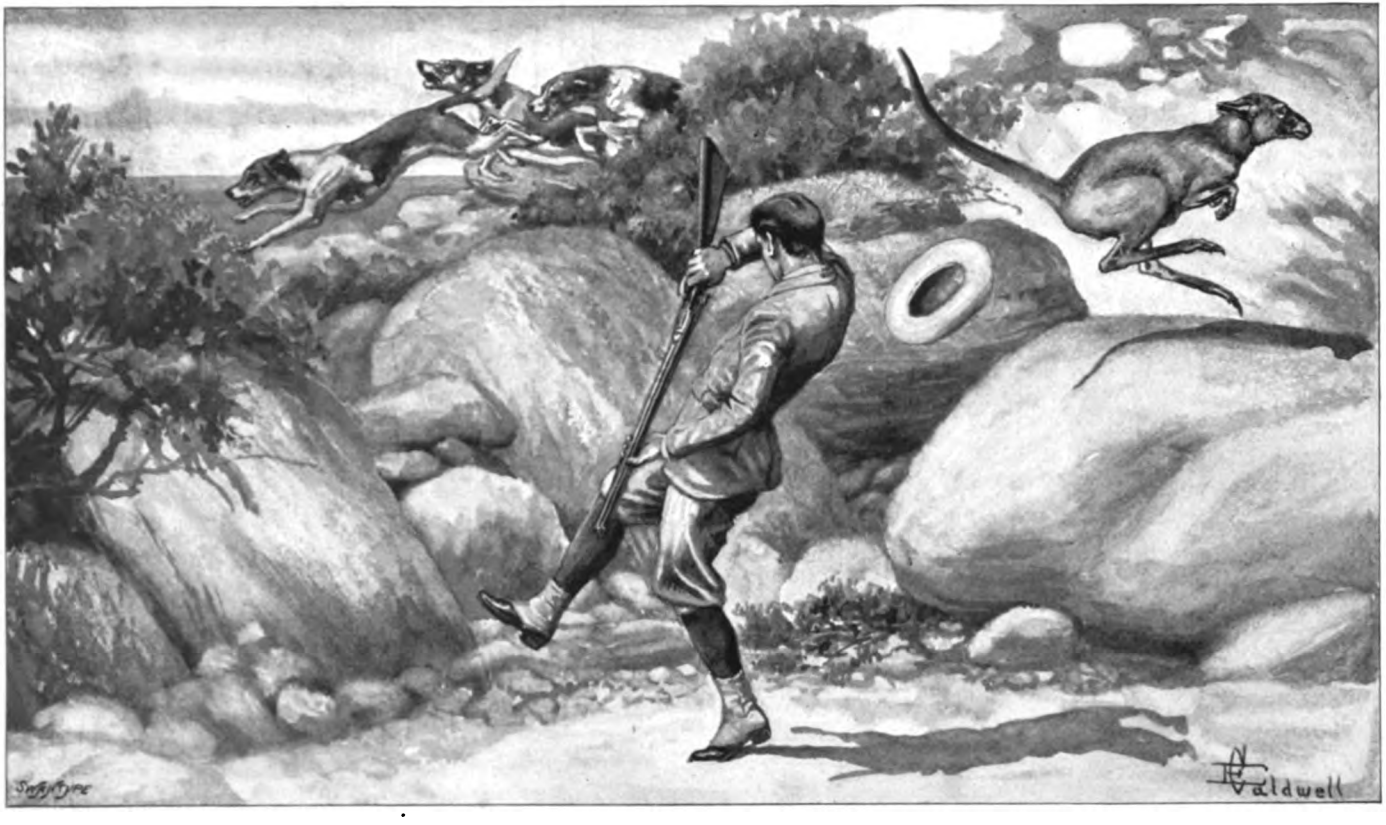
our stand beside some gnarled trunk or lichen-stained boulder some two hundred yards apart and quite hidden one from the other. Then came the long waiting for the distant baying of the hounds, the standing on the *qui vive* in that awful Australian solitude, every nerve strained, eyes and ears all attention, finger on trigger, breath almost suspended. Reader, do you ken that terrible stillness of the bush? That silence that can be felt, heard, almost seen? By day, the pitiless sun overhead, the dried-up waterholes, the creeks reduced to silver threads, all Nature languishing, dying; at night, the gleam of a sickly moon and a million

fiery suns and stars, the nude gums waving in a faint, unwholesome breeze like frozen skeletons, the ears of an 'opossum,' not long for this world, sighted along the gleaming barrel, the wail of a wounded koala as her cub falls headlong from its dam's back—and once more the unbroken silence, far worse than before. Some of the birds have the most startling notes. I had sat on this occasion fully half an hour, a distant shot or the baying of dogs telling that the game had started in another direction, when a small bird started a prolonged 'Coo-oo-ey,' the well-known signal of the colonials, in a blue gum overhead, and the deep note of the bell-bird rang out behind me. But orders were peremptory: we were to fire only at wallabies. Nor were my spirits raised by the knowledge that the men posted on either side of me were armed with long-carrying rifles—the incorrect weapon, by the way, for a drive—and would as lief blaze at a kangaroo-rat or opossum-mouse, anything, in fact, four-footed. The monotony, which was fast becoming unbearable, was at length broken by the overtures of a large species of black ant, which dropped with unerring precision from the leafy branches above on to the nape of my neck, where it at once made itself at home. The nip was intensely painful, and at once brought me to my feet. Indeed, what with bull-dog ants and snakes, imaginary and otherwise, it is impossible to remain seated in the bush for long together.

The slaughter was not great on this occasion; indeed, the day was only just redeemed from the list of blanks. The odds were all in favour of the wallabies. They knew all the hills. So did we, to our cost, when it was too late. And so the frightened brutes would leap among the great masses of rock, and were gone again before one could fire.

At our second venture, on a flat spit of land further down the stream, a large scrub wallaby came from an unexpected quarter and nearly knocked me over. We were mutually surprised, but by the time I had got an apology ready, it had gone off to keep an appointment in the neighbouring colony. From the pouch of a slain wallaby, which one of the party was skinning, I took a young one measuring scarce three inches, and attached to the long nipple that passed completely down its throat, pumping milk direct into its stomach without any danger of choking it. A stray shot had put an end to its existence at life's threshold, and, *heu mihi*, it now hangs suspended in a pickle-jar on my writing-table. And it is wonderful how such a little trophy will vividly recall a whole day's sport!

Some delay occurred on our re-embarking on account of one



A LARGE SCRUB WALLABY NEARLY KNOCKED ME OVER

of the dogs, a favourite slut, being lost, and a small search party was forthwith organised, which beat the scrub for upwards of an hour in every direction, but without success. Who could say what on earth the poor creature would find to subsist on in that lifeless watershed, better adapted to shelter the torpid snake and abstemious lizard, reptiles which flourish exceedingly in that fair Australian landscape? Within a ten-mile radius of Sydney there must be a dozen highly venomous species of snake, besides the larger pythons. Cases of death from snake-bite are, however, very rare, chiefly because these dreaded creatures are extremely timid, and quite as anxious to avoid us as we are them.

About mid-day we got up steam and ran down the Hawkesbury. The beauties of this river, even if, as a Rhine, it is somewhat of a *pis aller*, are not easily over-rated. It is a famous angling river, too, in high favour with those who love to handle, on the finest of tackle, the gallant black bream or powerful jew-fish. Such was not, however, the conclusion planned for our outing; so we headed for the open sea, passing picturesque islets and sylvan creeks, ever and again firing a charge into the bush to enjoy the spectacle of a flight of bright green parrakeets, elegant bronze-wing pigeons, or stately snow-white cranes. Once more we passed beneath the railway bridge, a fitting monument of Australian engineering, which at high tide almost looked as if it must catch our masts. At length, after many a sudden bend, the river widens rapidly, and we are soon abreast of the granite lion *couchant* that guards its entrance.

The ocean was scarce more ruffled than the peaceful waters we had just left, though the sighing of the gum trees seemed the prelude to a breeze from the north-east. Guns were, *pro tem.*, laid aside, and schnapper lines made their appearance. Our first venture was off a mark known as 'Hole in the Wall,' but, beyond a large flathead, which fell to my line, and a few breamlets we did nothing. Of this fishing an account has appeared in a previous issue of the 'Badminton,' and any further description of our sport, or rather want of sport, that day would be so much repetition. In fact, so far as I was concerned, the flathead put an end to all interest in the subsequent proceedings, as it plainly showed that the skipper was ignorant of the elements of piscatory knowledge, and had not even put us on the rocks. Flatheads are only taken on the sand, and with such a man at the wheel fishing prospects are at a low ebb indeed. So I did not even try my luck again when the 'Thistle' presently shifted off to his version of the 'Long Reef,' off Narrabeen. Nor were my fore-

bodings at fault, for not a fish was taken worthy the name, although some folks on a tug-boat, not a hundred yards distant, were pulling up good fish every minute. This is one of the golden secrets of success in sea-fishing—and one on which I am glad to see my friend 'John Bickerdyke' lay such stress in his recent excellent 'Badminton' volume on that sport—that you must go to the fish. They will not, save in exceptional cases, come to you. Discover their whereabouts, be it among the incrusted rocks, on the hard sandbanks, or amid the waving sea-grass; moor your boat over them, or at least drift across their quarters, and a good basket is as certain as anything ever is. But miss the right grounds by ever so little, and the finest of lines and sharpest of hooks garnished with the most seasonable of baits will often fall flat. And so, on this occasion, while our neighbour's decks were doubtless disappearing beneath the slippery harvest, our party took only a score of miserable runts, insults to their order. Two or three of us smoked by preference on the bridge, our attention divided between the heavenly glories of the setting sun and the more substantial attractions of certain very large bottle-nosed dolphins that were leaping right out of the water about a quarter of a mile astern. Nearer they came in their artless gambols, until at last they proved irresistible—and, alas! a magazine rifle lay all too handy—and I blush to admit that, after many misses, I put a bullet into the head of one of the poor sea-pigs, whose blood tinged the water to our very keel, and, needless to say, attracted innumerable sharks, which were soon fighting, tooth and tail, over the plump booty. Their arrival was the signal for a final 'All lines aboard!'

Other such days figure in my Australian diary, about all of which, however, there is enough of sameness to preclude further description. One differs, nevertheless, sufficiently to be worth recording here. The scene alone is vastly different, and by no means an improvement. It was in one of those unlovely rivers, so characteristic of central Queensland, and so unlike the beautiful Hawkesbury, that our steamer was detained for several burning days at the end of September. The low muddy shores, infested with large alligators, are fringed with mangroves that at high tide are half under water. Repulsive snakes lurk at the foot of these mangroves; climbing fish cling to their trunks. The undergrowth is terribly dense, the ground very uncertain. Malaria hangs in the dank atmosphere all around. One morning, just before break of day, a party of four swallowed a hasty breakfast, and, leaving the ship's side, rowed noiselessly to a bend half

a mile further up the river, where the dinghey was with some difficulty made fast to a tidal gauge, rifles and provisions were handed ashore, and the adventurers plunged into the mire, emerging in a few minutes on the firmer land above high-water mark. The luncheon-basket was deposited in a low fork of a gum tree, which was further rendered conspicuous by the addition of a white handkerchief, which would doubtless flutter when, in due course, the wind should rise. Needless to say, after all of which precautions, two of the party subsequently lost its bearings, and the other two ate and drank the lot. A simple plan of action was soon concerted, and we divided, each couple making a wide *détour*. We had not, my companion and myself, gone half a mile before we disturbed a large grey kangaroo at his

A FINAL SCRATCH PROVED IRRESISTIBLE

morning toilet. He rose politely from his *gîte* and eyed us for a moment, which would have been his last on earth, only, as luck would have it, he stood immediately between ourselves and the other two, and etiquette prevented our risking it. Then, when we were still bowing to each other, the kangaroo suddenly vanished. I do not pretend to know where he went. When a beast can leap twenty feet without moving a muscle, it is useless to look for it. You know it is gone, and your best course is to go and do likewise. We next made our way through a tangled mass of trailing undergrowth, emerging suddenly upon a small clearing where sat a small doe wallaby scratching her ear. She also thought about moving, but a final scratch proved irresistible. As also did a ball from my friend's express. She bit the sand.

At least, I suppose that is the correct expression, though in point of fact she died on her back. The usual discussion ensued about skinning the beast or leaving it to the ants and hawks, and we finally cut off the ears as tally—a favourite proceeding—and plunged once more into the jungle. When at length we came to the large sandy plains in the interior of the island, what a sight met our admiring gaze! To the Queenslander it would suggest no raptures, but visitors like ourselves from the old country could not fail to be struck with it. The light from the east was breaking over an unbroken desert of sand stretching away to the horizon.

In the innumerable footprints of kangaroo and wallaby scuttled myriads of tiny red land-crabs, loathsome little carrion feeders with one large claw out of all proportion to their size. Animal life wakes of a sudden in those latitudes. The mopoke's last hoot, ere it turned in for its well-earned day's rest, was answered by the plaintive cry of the curlew and the shriller shriek of the hungry ibis as they flew across the dull sky down to the muddy banks, from which their curved bills would soon dig a substantial breakfast. And as the light rapidly increased we beheld something that made our hearts beat almost audibly; a herd of perhaps fifty kangaroos and wallaby browsing unconcernedly in the long grass nearly a mile away. Reconnoitring with our glasses, we saw that we were in for a pretty long stalk, most of it, worse luck, with our faces to the rising sun, which, gaining every moment in intensity, bade fair to dazzle our eyes and spoil them utterly for such fine game as long-distance kangaroo. A good pull at the flask, and we crept forward; and painful work it was to fellows out of training. And what made our success still more uncertain was the fact that the morning breeze had not yet sprung up, and we were not sufficiently acquainted with the lay of the land to guess its direction. With a little luck—for them—the kangaroo would scent quite a mile, after which good-bye to all chance of a shot. On we plodded over the heavy sand, hugging the scrub that fringed the plain, and content to see our friends still with an eye to the main chance, yet, troubled evidently by those vague and inexplicable forebodings of instinct, standing erect every now and then and scanning the horizon with their great eyes, that, for all their melting softness, are wondrous far-seeing; or pricking their sensitive, hairy ears that gather the sound-waves from afar, and warn their timid owners, when at length a moment's delay would but prelude the rifle's deadly ring, to leap before they look.

Would that I knew who was originally responsible for the

SCANNING THE HORIZON WITH THEIR GREAT EYES

statement, which, like so much other rubbish, passes current in this country, that kangaroos are stupid. Some bookworm doubtless, or dissecting-room student, who made this happy deduction from the small size of their brain. Well, seals, for that matter, have a particularly large brain, yet I have seen the poor beasts, when escape would have been easy, await their doom with a vacant stare.

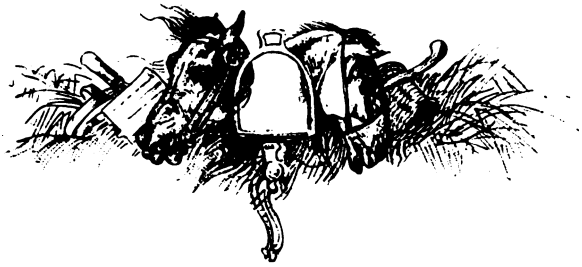
I wish one or two of the gentlemen who in the comfortable armchairs of London libraries write glibly of the kangaroo's stupidity could have been stalking with me that day. We were still fully five hundred yards from the herd, when our path was suddenly intercepted by an unexpected ditch of great breadth, an obstacle that elicited a remark appropriate to the occasion—language flows more freely beneath the Southern Cross—and in the momentary confusion we tramped on some crackling underwood. In a moment half a dozen of the veterans were looking in our direction, and we threw ourselves on the ground, mindless of mud, nettles, or bull-dog ants. But one glimpse sufficed for the 'stupid ones,' and, tapping on the ground, as we plainly heard, to warn the does and their joeys, the old men made off, followed, as the measured beat of their stately leap advised us, by the entire herd. Fortunately their course took them, for some reason or other, right past our hiding-place, and a couple of flying shots brought down a buck wallaby and stopped a doe, which we presently put out of pain. Until near mid-day we tramped over the island, sighting many a small herd, but getting never another fair shot, except at a large duck, through which I put a ball on our way down to the boat. As our companions were not at the trysting-place, we fired a couple of blank cartridges as a signal to those on board, and a boat was, after some little delay, lowered for us. After we had refreshed ourselves with a bath and some luncheon, rods were put in the gig, and we dropped down to the wharf for a spell after the barramundi, a huge Queensland perch that comes to the surface to feed at sundown. In due course we reached the landing-stage, and at once hailed the cheery light-house-keeper, who shot a daily supply of 'skipjacks,' young mullet that skip along the surface, for bait. One of these is presently made fast to each large triangle, and we presently 'dap' among the piles, beneath which the great fish can be distinctly heard croaking like frogs. Orange-banded water-snakes, venomous as they are beautiful, glide through the unruffled water, and great water-rats flash among the sedges on the bank.

Soon a fish is hooked, and the stout rod bends as if it would break as the captive is coaxed round to the steps. Not a very large fish either, but, at any rate, eight or nine pounds of the

gamest fighting and sweetest eating denizen of Australian waters. To the lighthouse-keeper fell the fish of the evening, a magnificent barramundi that turned the scale, several hours after its capture, at thirty pounds. This sport, which is usually continued until eight or nine o'clock, would be more attractive but for the hordes of sandflies and mosquitoes that brood over the river at sunset, and regard the angler (who sighs for his coolie with the fly-scourging chowry) as a dish sent by Providence for their special benefit.

IF IT WERE NOT FOR THE SANDFLIES

So much for two days' sport in our far distant colonies. There is no thrilling episode on such occasions, for Australia owns no large carnivora, and even its snakes and sharks are far less black than they are painted; but they differ in so marked a degree from days spent *al fresco* at home that this simple record may perhaps interest readers of this magazine.



THE DERBY

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

I WILL spare repetition of that too familiar story of what Lord Beaconsfield said to Lord George Bentinck when the future Premier was told that he did not understand what winning the Derby really meant. He knew little of racing, but he knew that; and, indeed, it is the one great event in the racing year in which multitudes of those who have no cognisance of Turf affairs permit themselves to take an interest. To what part of the world is not the name of the winner sent flashing along wires and cables within a few moments of the thrilling time when the horses have rounded Tattenham Corner, strided down the hill, passed the bell, and then, amid the roar of the multitude, dashed by the post? The winner may only just have got his head in front, but he has 'won the Derby,' and is accordingly exalted—unduly exalted it may be, for a head is a desperately narrow margin—far above his fellows. The regular devotee of racing concerns himself all the year about other events, notably perhaps the Cambridgeshire; but to the ordinary Englishman, at home or abroad, there is one great race in the year, a national institution, and that is the Derby.

Next month another anniversary of the historic contest, the 117th, will be reached; something must certainly be written about it in a Magazine of Sports and Pastimes—one cannot ignore the Derby—and in the hope of reviving recollections (pleasurable ones, I trust) in my readers, I propose to gossip about Derbies I have seen.

My experiences go back seventeen years, though at an earlier date I did chance to see Pretender and Pero Gomez speed past the judge head and head, in the race which still provokes dis-

cussion as to which won. One may answer with considerable certainty that Pretender did so; but there are those who still maintain that for once in his memorable career the judge made a mistake, and these people are only half convinced when it is impressed upon them that the judge is the one man who can see a finish infinitely better than anybody else.

Ten years later I had begun to grow acquainted with the Turf, to know some of the men whose names had been marked in my imagination by a mysterious halo, to understand a little about 'form'; and I went to Epsom firm in the conviction that the Duke of Westminster's Victor Chief could not be beaten. He was a great fine golden chestnut—possibly at the present time I might be inclined to set him down as flashy, but I then thought him all that was beautiful. Others of our party were persuaded that the chestnut had no chance with Cadogan, a thickset little bay horse, reported to have done something remarkable when tried ten days before. When we are young and quite inexperienced we are so invincibly confident! The Victor Chief party scorned the idea of their champion being beaten, being even made to gallop by Cadogan; the Cadogan party were equally contemptuous at the ridiculous notion of their hero being pressed by Victor Chief. If any foolish person had suggested that neither would finish in the first three we should have known what to think of him! But so it was to be. We could hardly believe our eyes when the field swept into the straight, and the yellow jacket, together with the black and blue cap, were seen in the ruck, and when on the whip-hand a clumsy looking bay that we had not condescended to notice before was evidently having all the best of it. Sir Bevys was the animal in question, with George Fordham on his back, and as history records he won from Palmbearer and Visconti.

Of course it was all wrong. To argue so was, at any rate, our only consolation; but a still greater surprise was in store for us—one of our party had backed the winner! It was the late Palgrave Simpson, the dramatist, who, I think, had never seen a race of any kind before, and took not the faintest interest in sport. He had been talking about some new play when the flag fell, and could not understand our being more absorbed in the race—the Derby!—than in the question as to whether some actor had been right or wrong in his reading of his part the night before. When we, silent with consternation, gazed blankly at the number board, he was evidently anxious to resume the discussion; but seeing that his audience was not enthusiastic on the theme, he inquired what

had won; and, when informed, told us, with a mixture of satisfaction and surprise, that he had 'two soverweigns,' as he used to call those coins, on the winner. We endeavoured to impress upon him how foolish he had been to think that the horse could win; the horse had just done so, but that was by the way—how worse than remote his chance had been on any reasonable calculation; when he placidly informed us that he had not thought anything about it. He felt that he ought to have the 'two soverweigns' on something to signalise his visit to the Derby, and he had chosen Sir Bevys because it was a name he had used in one of his early poems! So much for knowledge and what is called 'information.'

The Duke of Westminster was to have his turn, the first of his turns, in the Derby, next year, and with another chestnut, Bend Or. How much of Bend Or's fame, when one comes to think of it, depends on that one victory which he ought never to have gained, which indeed it should rather be said Archer gained for him! Few who saw that race will forget it. Rossiter on Robert the Devil had won, if he had only been aware of the fact; but Archer, hampered as he was with the lame arm which Muley Edris had savaged, pulled his horse together for one mighty rush, and Rossiter, turning his head instead of riding home, gazed at his great adversary with a species of fascination. Bend Or won by only a short head, but it was the Derby. Next time the horses met, in the St. Leger, Bend Or was far behind—sixth; and though a fortnight later in the Great Foal Stakes, Across the Flat, the Derby running was only just reversed, the head by which Tom Cannon on Robert beat Archer could, I fancy, have been extended: in the Champion Stakes, a fortnight later still, and this time with Rossiter against Fordham—Archer having to ride Charibert for Lord Falmouth—Robert the Devil beat Bend Or ten lengths. Next year this was again reversed, and the Derby running seemed to be confirmed, for Bend Or beat Robert the Devil a neck. In truth, however, that meant nothing. The bay was quite unfit; he had suffered from what is technically called a 'leg,' and when, the evening before the race, Tom Cannon felt the injured limb to see what he thought about the prospect of its standing the strain of the race, the colt put the leg up into his manger to escape the pain of the pressure.

Next season the house of Grosvenor, as represented by the present Lord Ebury, was just to miss the mark, and America was to triumph with Iroquois. Peregrine was a hot favourite, but nevertheless the colt, who had won the Two Thousand from

Iroquois in a canter by three lengths, had a weak spot—an incipient 'leg'—in saving which he weakened the other, and he was never seen out again after the Epsom reversal of his Newmarket running. Lord Rosebery was third, with the big bay Doncaster colt Town Moor, as he had been the year before with Visconti; but in truth the three-year-olds that ran in the classic races were very moderate in 1881. Had the best of his age—another American colt, Foxhall—been entered for the Derby instead of Don Fulano, the prize, I have no sort of doubt, would have gone to him.

There was a 'good thing' in 1882, and it did not 'come off,' which is, indeed, a very common fate of good things. Bruce, a son of See Saw, was a colt that 'could not be beaten,' but was, the winner being a shelly chestnut mare belonging to the Duke of Westminster, Shotover by name. As a two-year-old Shotover had run thrice without success, her last appearance having been in a Nursery, when she carried only 7 st. 6 lb. and finished nowhere—a position it seems to have been expected that she would occupy. Next year, however, she had won the Two Thousand from a very moderate field, 'moderate' in Turf language signifying something between good and bad with a very strong leaning towards the latter. Two days later she had failed in the One Thousand, second, with the third only a head behind her, and it seemed improbable, to say the least of it, that she had any chance against Bruce, who had never been beaten, starting four times as a two-year-old, and winning comfortably on each occasion. Bruce, ridden by a very bad jockey, Mordan, had easily beaten Nellie in the Criterion with George Fordham up on the latter; Shotover in the One Thousand had just beaten Nellie a head, with Fordham again on the filly, so that she had every advantage of horsemanship in that race; how easily, then, ought Bruce to beat Shotover, who was on this form practically the same mare as Nellie? But that was reckoning without jockeyship. In the Derby Tom Cannon rode Shotover; Mordan performed on Bruce; and at Tattenham Corner the latter took a wide sweep into the adjacent country and lost incalculable lengths, Cannon meanwhile coming the shortest way round, and then steering his mare through her horses with the consummate ease and judgment which always made his riding so delightful a spectacle to the appreciative observer. So her name was added to those of Eleanor (1801) and Blink Bonny (1587), the three fillies that have won the Derby.

It is difficult to speak of 1883 without reference to the ugly

rumours which were current after Galliard's defeat; and at the same time it is assuredly not in the least my purpose to dwell on any unpleasant stories. One thing certain is that Charles Wood on St. Blaise saw and seized his opportunity to dash round Tattenham Corner and secure his place on the rails, and the shortest way round is always an advantage, except under peculiar circumstances. (In Sir Bevys's year, for instance, when the lower side of the course was fetlock deep, George Fordham came wide on the right that he might have firmer ground to gallop on.) Wood gained a good two lengths by his alertness in rounding the bend, and he held it to the finish, Highland Chief also beating Galliard. It was the only race St. Blaise won that year—not reckoning walks over—and the only one Galliard lost; but they never met again. St. Blaise made one solitary appearance as a four-year-old, and was then sold to go to America, where his sons and daughters have made him a great name. Galliard was not seen out as a four-year-old, and is the sire of a large number of horses, for the most part modest in capacity, and, as a rule, distinguished for fretfulness and uncertainty. Some people like the young Galliards, however, and his yearlings sell, nine of them last year having made an average of not much under 500*l.* each.

The story goes that when St. Gatien was first seen out, in a little race, the Teddington Two-Year-Old Stakes at Kempton Park, a severe critic, looking at the colt and his two opponents as they cantered down the course, protested against the breeding of such rubbish, declared that the three were not worth 50*l.* a head, and that it was waste of time waiting to see them try to gallop. Little did that scornful looker-on—little, indeed, did anyone—suppose that the colt he derided would divide the Derby (and that with a vastly inferior horse), win the Ascot Gold Cup, the Jockey Club Cup three years in succession, win the Cesarewitch with the unprecedented weight for a three-year-old of 8 st. 10 lb., and perform other brilliant achievements, which have made his name great in Turf annals.

Lord Falmouth's horses had been sold in the April of the year, and Sir John Willoughby—whose name has been so prominently before the world of late in another sphere of action—had given 8,600 guineas for Harvester, a Sterling colt. Sir John owned at the same time a filly called Queen Adelaide (for her first season she ran without a name, and was then for a time called Solitaire), who had not only won the July Stakes at Newmarket, but had beaten the flying Busybody (another of

Lord Falmouth's stud) in the Dewhurst Plate—a great performance indeed, though Busybody had 3 lb. the worst of the weights, and that should have as nearly as possible equalised the neck beating. Presumably Sir John had ascertained that Queen Adelaide was better than Harvester, and there seemed confirmation of this in the knowledge that Busybody was better than her ex-stable companion also. 'On form,' therefore, Harvester could have no sort of chance in the Derby, and, as a matter of fact, Queen Adelaide was a warm favourite at 5 to 2. It was confidently expected that a fourth filly would be added to the list of winners. Harvester was backed at 100 to 7, or at least 100 to 7 was offered against him; but the 'form' was woefully upset, for Harvester and St. Gatien ran a dead heat, beating the mare two lengths—a most unexpected result. St. Gatien had suffered from sore shins shortly before the race, but that the gallop did him no harm is shown by the fact that he went on to Ascot and gave a taste of his quality by beating that great mare Corrie Roy in a canter for the Gold Vase, with much the worst of the weights, Tristan behind the pair, a bad third.

The relative value of Harvester and St. Gatien was here to be readily gauged through Tristan. This horse was beaten on Tuesday, and again on Thursday, in the Gold Cup, by St. Simon; so that on Friday—the Cup course at Ascot is a terribly tiring journey—he must certainly have been far from fresh, probably a good deal behind his true form; but in the Hardwicke Stakes on that day he came out again, Harvester opposed him, and the Derby dead-heater was beaten easily by half a dozen lengths, a colt called Waterford separating the two. His subsequent performances were extremely moderate. He won a little race, beating nothing at Goodwood, was afterwards defeated by a third-rate colt called Cormeille, and could only get eighth in the St. Leger, Queen Adelaide finishing fifth. The filly, of whom such great things were expected—and with reason—never won again; eight times she failed as a three-year-old, five times next season, and thrice the year afterwards. No one could have supposed, after her victory in the Dewhurst, that she would run sixteen races during the next three seasons, and fail in all. That is the uncertainty of the Turf, which, for some incomprehensible reason, is called 'glorious.'

When Lord Hastings's Melton first came out, in the New Stakes at Ascot, he was supposed to be inferior to his stable companion the Duke of Portland's Langwell; but the race effectually showed the incorrectness of that estimate, and Melton, though

beaten a head by Luminary in the July Stakes, won the Middle Park Plate and the Criterion, leaving off at the end of the season with a high reputation.

During the winter of 1884–5 a doubt as to whether Melton would stand began to prevail in the stable, unpleasant suspicions of a weak sinew having begun to develop. Special interest therefore attached to his reappearance, which was in the Payne Stakes at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting. There were four runners, and as soon as they came into sight it was quickly evident that Melton did not mind galloping. He won his race, and then the question arose whether he could beat Paradox; for though this son of Sterling and Casuistry had only just won the Two Thousand by a head from Crafton, Archer admitted that he had ridden a very bad race—in fact, but for something very like a bit of foul riding, Tom Cannon would just have got up on Mr. Gerard's colt, and had there been an objection, it is far from improbable that Paradox would have been disqualified.

I chanced to meet Webb on the Derby day as he walked down by the back of the stands to the paddock to ride Paradox, and, being strongly of opinion that nothing could beat Melton, remarked to him I feared he would not quite win.

'I'm sure to go very close, if I don't beat the favourite!' he replied; and very close he did go. Both he and Archer rode with admirable judgment and wonderful vigour, and the shortest of short heads in favour of Lord Hastings's colt was the verdict. I never saw a horse go more beautifully than Melton in the preliminary canter before that Derby. His action was the perfection of grace and ease; he covered an extraordinary amount of ground in his stride, but moved so lightly that he gave one the impression he could gallop over eggs without breaking them. He was a good horse, but much inferior to St. Gatien, as was demonstrated conclusively more than once, though when the two met in the Jockey Club Cup of 1886, Melton had been overdosed with whisky, and as Tom Cannon, who rode him, declared, was more than half drunk.

1886 was the greatest year of modern times, for the Duke of Westminster's Ormonde was the hero, and the chestnut son of Bend Or and Lily Agnes had rivals of exceptional excellence in the gallant little Bard, Minting, Saraband and others who would certainly have made great names for themselves in an average season. In spite of all that Minting did, I have always believed that The Bard was the better of the pair; for assuredly the sturdy little son of Patriarch made a vastly better fight in the Derby

than Minting had made in the Two Thousand, notwithstanding that The Bard was not ridden to orders, his jockey, who had been told to 'come along with him,' as he stayed so well, being some distance in the rear as they rounded the Corner. Then the white ticked chestnut raced up to the mighty bay, and as they galloped to the bottom of the hill seemed fairly to hold him for half a dozen strides, whilst a tumultuous roar resounded over the Downs; but Ormonde drew away, and the race was over. One of the little vignettes of Turf life which remains imprinted on my memory is of General Owen Williams and The Bard, after the race, in the enclosure in front of the weighing-room, by the side of the Club Stand. The beautiful colt rubbed his nose affectionately against his master, who responded by stroking the creature's soft muzzle. It was a pretty picture. As for Ormonde, he was invincible, and as there is no possibility of determining whether he was as good or better or worse than St. Simon and other giants of an earlier period, enthusiasts must be left to argue according to their prejudices; and how prejudiced we are, especially those of us who believe that we are peculiarly open-minded and free from any description of bias!

Before the race for the Derby of 1887 it was generally set down as 'The Baron's Year.' No one, I imagine, supposed that The Baron was a good horse; his performances did not bear critical examination, particularly his narrow victory—or escape from defeat—in the Craven Stakes when a very bad animal nearly ran him out of it. But it was a poor year and the difficulty was to see what could beat The Baron, who, however, was trained by Matthew Dawson, and so gained a host of adherents who regarded this master of his art as a magician. A great many people try to find merit in a Derby favourite, and The Baron was esteemed by them as one of the 'good old-fashioned sort'—certainly there was nothing that could be called 'flash' about this stolid brown. Merry Hampton, who had never run in public, was not much 'fancied.' 'I think he is sure to run into the first three,' his owner remarked to me on the morning of the race; 'but I suppose The Baron will win, though it would not want a good one to beat him.' Tom Cannon, who always disliked to hit a horse, rode The Baron, and to the surprise of lookers-on had his whip up before Tattenham Corner was reached.

'I was just marking the place where I should have to begin when we were round the bend,' Cannon quaintly replied when I observed to him after the race that he had set to work early. How bad The Baron was racegoers saw afterwards, and Merry

Hampton, whose career was short, was very far indeed from good.

That Ayrshire was lucky in having the way cleared for him in 1888 there can be no doubt. The year before, when the Ascot meeting was approaching, rumour began to be busy about a wonderful dark chestnut colt at Kingsclere. He was a son of Hermit, whose stock were doing wonderful things at the time, and was said to have been tried 'a wonder.' There was a good deal of foundation, moreover, for the report. Ayrshire and Seabreeze were both out of the common, but in the New Stakes Friar's Balsam, as the Hermit colt was called, cantered away from the pair with the most consummate ease, a fact which gave ample proof of his merit. He added the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates to his score, and to search elsewhere for the winner of next year's Derby seemed absurd—it very often does so at this time of the year, and that is one of the reasons why the 'ring' grow rich. All seemed to be well with him, indeed, far on into the season. The horses had actually gone to the post for the Two Thousand Guineas—or it should rather be said were on their way thither—when Tom Cannon discovered a curious tenderness in the horse's jaw, and it soon appeared that his mouth had been severely injured—as John Porter, his trainer, supposed at the time by the boy who looked after the colt having angrily jerked his bridle to keep him quiet, or to punish him for not being quiet, while being dressed over. The poor beast could not take hold of his bit; doubtless he was suffering and out of health, and the Duke of Portland reaped the benefit with Ayrshire. Twice that year the Oaks winner, the beautiful filly Seabreeze, had the best of the Duke of Portland's colt. She beat him out of a place in the St. Leger, and a fortnight later, in the Lancashire Plate, he ran second to her. He was a good horse, though with no pretensions to be considered a 'smasher,' in popular phraseology, and that he should have won close on 36,000*l.* during his Turf career was in a great degree a result of luck.

At this time, indeed, the Duke of Portland's luck was emphatically in the ascendant; for whilst Ayrshire was carrying off the three-year-old race, Donovan started the season by winning the Brocklesby, and had a wonderfully successful time of it in the two-year-old stakes, marred only by two defeats, when Chittabob—an exceptionally good colt who was never quite right during his whole brief career, suffering from some injury or weakness in the shoulder—beat him for a valuable prize in the North, and when Mr. Douglas Baird's El Dorado, another good but very self-willed

colt, ploughed through the mud at Goodwood, and upset the 'certainty' for the Prince of Wales's Stakes. The 'Racing Calendar' has been described as 'the record of certainties that have not come off.'

More often than not winners of the Brocklesby Stakes at Lincoln, the first important two-year-old race of the season, are of little account later in the year; but Donovan kept on winning, and that he was beaten in the Two Thousand was entirely due to a consummate piece of horsemanship on the part of Tom Cannon. F. Barrett on Donovan supposed that he had nothing but Pioneer to beat; Watts on Pioneer was only anxious to keep near Donovan, and, by getting 'first run,' or by some exercise of his art, snatching a lucky victory. Tom Cannon on Enthusiast watched the pair, and when they had ridden their horses out, swooped down on them, upsetting one more certainty. Donovan, according to the calculation of experts, had about 21 lb. in hand —and was beaten!

'I saw them having two little races all to themselves a long way from the winning post,' Cannon remarked in explanation, after the surprise had been accomplished, 'and when they began a third I thought I would join in!'

The Newmarket Stakes—run this year for the first time—the Derby, the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, the St. Leger, the Lancaster Plate, fell to Donovan one after another, and he finally retired from the Turf with a sum of 55,154*l.* won in stakes to his credit, the largest amount ever accumulated by a horse up to that time, and only since surpassed by Mr. McCalmont's Isinglass.

In 1889 the two-year-old fillies were far better than the colts, for that was the year of the flying Signorina, one of the speediest animals that ever ran, and she was supported by Memoir (not nearly so good as she afterwards became, for she improved greatly with age), Riviera, and Semolina. During the winter the wise men agreed that, so far as the colts were concerned (and Signorina was not entered for the Derby), the race lay between two, Surefoot and Le Nord, though Mr. Douglas Baird's Martagon had once got to Signorina's head, and that, too, soon after he had been coughing and was thought to be not at his best. To search beyond the two was, however, esteemed ridiculous, and as there was a doubt about Le Nord's ability to stay, the Derby looked good for Surefoot. It looked better still a little later on, for he won the Two Thousand Guineas handsomely; and another of the Turf vignettes imprinted on my memory is of Surefoot after that race, as he stood, head uplifted, gazing round him in

the little railed-off enclosure before the weighing-room door in the Birdcage, a glorious specimen of the English thoroughbred horse. But Surefoot had a dreadfully bad temper. I am told that when sent from his training quarters to run for the Eclipse Stakes next year, it occupied a troublous two hours to get him a couple of miles along the road to the station. In the Derby he was so busily occupied in trying to savage his neighbours that he could not be persuaded or coerced into galloping, and the race fell to one of the worst animals that ever carried off a Derby in Sainfoin, a chestnut colt that John Porter and Sir Robert Jardine, who owned him between them, had sold to Sir James Miller in the Spring. That Porter, who knew so well what winning the Derby meant, would have parted with a horse that really possessed a chance of success had been deemed absurd, but the result showed what mistakes the shrewdest and most experienced men could make. With regard to Surefoot, the fact was that he could not stay; but his speed was astonishing, and few animals ever travelled quicker on a racecourse than he did in the Eclipse Stakes next year, when, after being absolutely last and apparently quite out of the race—20 to 1 was offered against him—he took it into his head to gallop, dashed up the hill, and won as he liked.

No two-year-old stood out in 1890, and during the winter, when so many elaborate speculations—which experience so very frequently proves to be altogether incorrect—are formed about the Derby horses, five animals were marked as possessing a chance: the Deemster, Orvieto, Orion, Peter Flower, and the French-bred Gouverneur. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Bumptious had done sufficiently well to make it a subject of regret that he had not been entered. Such regrets are annually expressed, and enlightenment comes later when it is shown, as it was in this case, that the animal omitted has no sort of pretension to stay a mile and a half. Rumour had spoken of a colt at Kingsclere—Common, a son of Isonomy and Thistle, belonging to those old allies, Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnston—that was likely to win races; but when the day of the Two Thousand came round, the event was supposed to rest between Gouverneur and Peter Flower, unless Orvieto beat them. The plain-looking brown Common, however, won by three lengths from Orvieto, Gouverneur only fifth; and this so entirely altered the aspect of affairs that Common became favourite for the Derby, and won it easily from Gouverneur. The Deemster and Orion were here fifth and sixth; Peter Flower was last; Orvieto did not run. In

the St. Leger history repeated itself; that is to say, Common beat Gouverneur, though not with nearly so much ease as at Epsom; and after the race the winner was sold to Sir Blundell Maple for 14,000*l.*

Nothing is more absurd in Turf literature—if the use of the word literature may be excused—than the wild and whirling panegyrics to which animals of more or less merit frequently give rise. 'The horse of the century' is discovered about every other year; and his existence was loudly proclaimed when Orme first appeared, as he did in the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood. He was a son of Ormonde, very like his sire in appearance, with the same trick of carrying his tail twisted to the off side as he walked; and, of course, his parentage and resemblance created an interest in him. His first race was not a particular triumph. He won, it is true, by three-quarters of a length; but the filly Flyaway, whom he just beat, had 12 lb. the worst of the weights, so that if the pair had met on even terms she would have won by further than she was defeated. Two days later Orme won the Prince of Wales's Stakes, after being pressed by Dunure; but in the Lancashire Plate he was beaten by Signorina. She had quite lost her brilliant two-year-old form, and during the previous two years had only won a single race, against a solitary opponent of moderate calibre, Susiana by name, a mare that never won a race during her whole Turf career, though she was continually second. It should be added, however, that much fault was found with G. Barrett's riding of Orme on this occasion. The third horse, Martagon, was only a head behind Orme, who carried off the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates, and was supposed to have the Derby at his mercy.

In the following spring a number of horses in different stables were attacked by a disease of the mouth which caused their tongues to swell and boils or abscesses to form on their lips and gums, and, as is now generally believed, among the victims of the outbreak was Orme. A veterinary surgeon who was called in gave it as his opinion, however, that the colt had been poisoned; and a great sensation was, of course, created. The Two Thousand became at once exceptionally 'open,' and a new favourite had to be found for the Derby. But about this there was no difficulty, everything pointing emphatically to Orme's stable companion, La Flêche, an own sister to Memoir, for whom 5,500 guineas had been paid as a yearling—and it may be added that La Flêche was a very cheap purchase at the price. That La Flêche should have been beaten in the Derby is one of the most remarkable instances

on record of the uncertainty of racing, except, indeed, that fillies are often out of sorts in the summer-time. A tedious delay at the start no doubt contributed to the result. La Flêche finished three parts of a length behind Lord Bradford's chestnut colt Sir Hugo, on whom Allsopp rode a well-judged race. But, over a mile in the Lancashire Plate, and over a mile and three-quarters in the St. Leger, the superiority of La Flêche and the falseness of the Derby running were most amply and unmistakably proved. In the St. Leger, too, Orme appeared, and another thing abundantly demonstrated was his inferiority to the mare over this course—a fair test of ability to stay. The fact is that Orme was a brilliant miler; but a horse to be admitted to rank in the first class must be a stayer, and those who saw La Flêche win the Ascot Cup with her ears pricked—the Ascot Cup over that terribly severe two miles and a half—could not well have had any difficulty in summing up the respective merits of the horse and the mare.

The Newmarket Stakes of 1892 ended in a finish of three heads, Webb, in Prince Soltykoff's pink jacket, on Curio, beating Robinson, in the Duchess of Montrose's scarlet, on St. Angelo; St. Damien close up. 'What with Robinson the jockey, who cannot ride, and Robinson the judge, who is apparently colour-blind, I find it difficult to win!' was the sarcastic comment of her Grace, who imagined that the scarlet was before the pink at the critical moment.

The next race that May afternoon was a Maiden Plate. The favourites were a colt named Queen's Pardon and a filly called Sweet Laura.

'What is that of yours?' a friend asked Mr. H. B. McCalmont, as a bay, carrying the quartered red and light blue, cantered past.

'He's rather a nice colt,' was the reply. 'A little backward at present, but sure to win a race.'

Sure, indeed; for the colt was Isinglass, and, with a single exception, he won every race in which he was started! A curious tendency always existed to disparage Isinglass. When he next came out, at Ascot in the New Stakes, he was not so good a favourite as Royal Harry—a creature that is now running in, and failing to win, little hurdle races—but Isinglass had no difficulty in disposing of his rivals, though he was always a lazy horse, inclined to 'make a race' with anything—a type of animal very much appreciated. For the Middle Park Plate there were three better and two equal favourites; but Isinglass again won, with Ravensbury who was destined to be second to him so often—occupying

that position for the first time. Two Thousand Guineas, Newmarket Stakes, Derby, and St. Leger, fell to the colt—whose dam had been bought out of a cart for 19*l.*—poor Ravensbury second in all except the Newmarket Stakes, where he was third. But the hitherto invincible bay always had a rooted dislike to going in front—making his own running—and, as it is maintained by his friends entirely from this cause, the Duke of Portland's Raeburn, with 10 lb. the best of the weights, beat Isinglass a length in the Lancashire Plate.

Meantime another 'horse of the century' had been discovered in Lord Rosebery's two-year-old son of Hampton and Illuminata. He came out at Epsom in the Woodcote Stakes, and achieved a victory that was little expected, for it had been thought that the winner of that race would not 'take much finding,' as the phrase goes. Odds of 3 to 1 were laid on a filly called Glare; but the Illuminata colt won, as he did in due course the Coventry Stakes at Ascot and the Middle Park Plate. Next year the Two Thousand, Newmarket Stakes, and Derby fell to Ladas, as he had now been called, the last victory giving rise to an extraordinary scene of excitement when Lord Rosebery, who was Prime Minister at the time, led in the winner. A most extravagant estimate of the colt was formed by some of the newspapers, notwithstanding that Matchbox had not received more than a 5 lb. or 6 lb. beating in the Derby.

When the race for the Princess of Wales's Stakes—a prize of close on 11,000*l.*—came on for decision, the disposition to overrate Ladas and to underrate Isinglass was shown by the 'market.' Odds of 2 to 1 were laid on Lord Rosebery's colt, 8 and 10 to 1 was betted against Mr. McCalmont's four-year-old, who was, indeed, known to be 'short of a gallop or two,' to quote the phrase the trainer Jewitt used on the morning of the race; but at the distance Watts was riding Ladas, Isinglass, though also being ridden, answered to the call with the utmost gameness, and won by a head from Bullingdon, a Melton colt, handled with wonderful skill and judgment by Mornington Cannon. An excuse was made for Ladas that his teeth had troubled him, and he had not fed well in consequence; but fifteen days later the two met again in the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown, no excuse was possible for either, and Isinglass won in the most decisive fashion. Once more Ladas was to fail as a three-year-old. Slight odds were laid on him for the St. Leger, but to the general amazement a filly named Throstle—a half-sister to Common—won the race, mainly owing to the art of her jockey, Mornington Cannon once

more. Throstle was reckoned from 21 lb. to 2 stone inferior to her stable companion, Matchbox, whom she beat in the race with considerable ease—another instance of the 'glorious uncertainty of the Turf.' Isinglass went on triumphantly, and last year won the Ascot Cup, a race that used to be accepted as setting the seal on the merit of a great horse. As was shown by a tabulated statement of his winnings, a facsimile of which, as drawn up by his owner, was published in the first number of this magazine, he earned during his career 57,185*l.*[1]

The three-year-olds of last season were about the very worst on record. At Liverpool, a few weeks back, when the probability of the Cup being won by Telescope—by no means severely handicapped—was suggested, a contemptuous rejoinder was: 'Why, he is worse than Sir Visto!' And Sir Visto had won both the Derby and the St. Leger! To dwell on the events of such a year would be waste of time.

Concerning next month's race I do not propose to enter upon the perilous region of prophecy, the more so as I am writing a good two months before the event. If the Note in the last number contained an approximately correct estimate, St. Frusquin ought, of course, to win at his ease; but I am not inclined to rate the colt so highly as does the friend I quoted. Let it be pointed out, however, that his defeat by Teufel at 12 lb. may not be an argument against St. Frusquin, as Teufel has not run since, and may possibly be something out of the common—a fact, however, which certainly has to be proved before it will be accepted. Captain Machell's admiration for Persimmon is cordial, and from so exceptionally fine a judge a cautious man should be exceedingly reluctant to differ. For my own impression that Regret will greatly distinguish himself this year I could not advance any very cogent arguments, as though he won the Houghton Stakes with the utmost ease he had nothing to beat. The son of Sheen and Farewell was not a beauty, but he has made remarkable improvement since last seen in public, and I have a strong conviction that he is something better than a good horse.

[1] Not including 1,200*l.* for his second in the Lancashire Plate.

ELEPHANT HUNTING IN NEPAL[1]

BY COLONEL H. WYLIE, C.S.I.

Of the geography of that great strip of mountainous country marked upon our maps as Nepal, and the doings, interests, and daily life of its uncounted population, my country-people at home know so little, that I am inclined to believe some account of a great elephant 'Khedda,' which I was recently enabled to witness by the kind invitation of his Excellency Maharajah Sir Bir Shumsher Jung, Prime Minister of Nepal, will not be unwelcome.

Hunting the wild elephant is indeed more than sport, as it is of course undertaken with the object of recruiting the supplies of elephants required by the State; but the occasion is always one of much enjoyment, and, in its methods and episodes, is in all details characteristically Nepalese.

The scene of the 'Khedda' I am about to describe was in the Naya-Mulk, or the 'New Country,' a tract given by us to the Nepalese in return for their assistance in the great Mutiny of 1857–58. It is a strip of land about 150 miles long by fifteen to twenty wide, and is situated in the plains of India, bounded on the north-east by the outer or low sandstone range of the Himalaya Mountains, and on the south-west by Oudh and the district of Pilibhit in the North-Western Provinces. When we made over the Naya-Mulk to Nepal, it consisted nearly exclusively of jungle; but of this much has been cleared, and it has now many cultivated tracts, while large herds of cattle graze on its excellent pasture lands. The farmers and herdsmen are principally Hindoos,

[1] Some extracts from a private letter, written by a gentleman who was a guest of the Maharajah during this expedition, were kindly sent to the Editor and published in the Notes of the December number. The account of the fight between Bijli and the wild elephant created so much interest that the Editor has no doubt Colonel Wylie's full description of the hunt will be welcome.

but with a large sprinkling of Taroos, an apparently aboriginal race, who seemed to be perfectly fever proof amid the malarious swamps of the Terai. The presence of these large droves of cattle renders the Naya-Mulk a favourite resort of the tiger, and in another article I may tell of sporting scenes still enacted there, now hardly to be met with in British India.

I availed myself of the Maharajah's kind permission to invite a few friends to join my camp. These I will call, for brevity, Colonel S., Captain O., and Dr. A. My wife (who keenly enjoys camp life), our small daughter M., aged eight, and Miss W. were also of the party. We joined the Maharajah at a town on the Indian frontier called Nepalgung, and then marched steadily in a north-westerly direction, to reach the elephant ground as quickly as possible.

The Terai (as the great belt of woodland and jungle which lies between the cultivated plains of India and the foot of the Himalayas is termed) abounds in lovely scenery. In its virgin forests we nearly always found shelter for our tents, and plentiful supplies of firewood, while our followers could discover the best of building materials for their huts. Almost every kind of tropical tree exists in it, some in full bloom of many colours, others linked together by massive creepers, whose stems are often as thick as a man's thigh; large ant-hills, sometimes as much as 12 or 14 feet high, are frequently to be seen. Then at other times one would come to scenery that recalled our parks at home: clumps of stately timber trees, graceful bamboos, and broad grassy glades, upon which, until startled by the approach of our elephants, large herds of fallow deer would be grazing. In the lower-lying ground near the rivers, there were large stretches of reed grass, of such luxuriant growth that it often towered high above our elephants and men standing upright on their backs. Indeed, to force our way through this obstruction caused a swish and a noise that I can only describe as resembling the rush of a swift steamer. So dense it often was, that it needed all the strength of an elephant to make headway against it, while the reeds closed in again immediately, leaving no track. During the march we crossed several fine rivers which ought to abound in fish—these are generally of rather a carp-like character; but the streams are woefully over-poached, and elaborate systems of cane entanglements, as well as drag nets, would give an angler little chance of any real sport. These streams, tumbling down from the Himalayas with mad precipitate torrent, were often so swift as to require the whole strength of the elephants to cross them.

We usually forded them in an echelon of single animals, with the dual idea of lessening the current and giving the creatures confidence; for with all their size and power elephants are singularly timid and easily startled. I have myself seen a whole line of elephants, beating through grass, become quite flurried and upset by the sight of a hare, while the rattle of a porcupine's quills has created a complete panic.

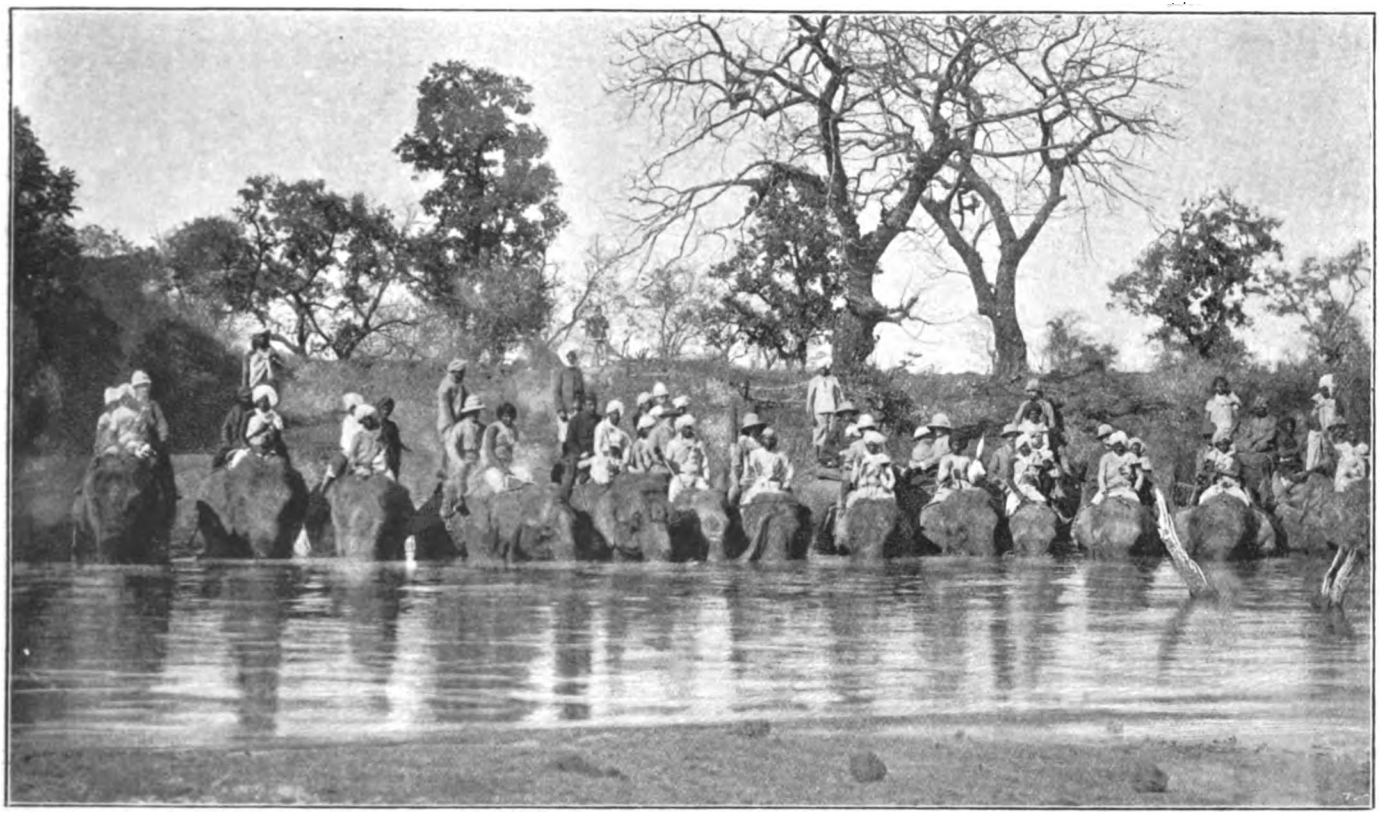
The line of march amid such surroundings, and the camps themselves, were I suppose unique to Nepal. In all, there were some 300 elephants and 6,000 souls with the Maharajah. The latter large total was made up of his Excellency's numerous servants and those of his brothers, sons, and other connexions who had accompanied him—of a regiment of Nepalese infantry, of a perfect army of coolies carrying the baggage, and of four attendants to each elephant. The Maharajah travelled with large and comfortable tents, which were always pitched in the shade of the forest trees, and were surrounded by high 'Kanats' or tent walls, to ensure complete privacy for the Maharanee and the other ladies of his party. It should be mentioned that Nepalese ladies of rank are not fettered by the conventions of strict 'purdah,' and can consequently enjoy the change of air and scenery of a jungle life.

Around these principal tents the smaller ones of relatives and chief officers were grouped, while the troops and coolies hutted themselves daily in a very few minutes, by cutting down boughs and long grass with their 'kookries' (the heavy curved Nepalese knife), which they rapidly converted into comfortable 'lean-to' booths.

Supplies of food had been laid in for us all near the places where we were likely to encamp, by the Nepalese Civil authorities, and droves of dealers, Nepalese and Hindoo, some from as far away as Lucknow, accompanied us, carrying their goods and dainties on the backs of miserable starving ponies.

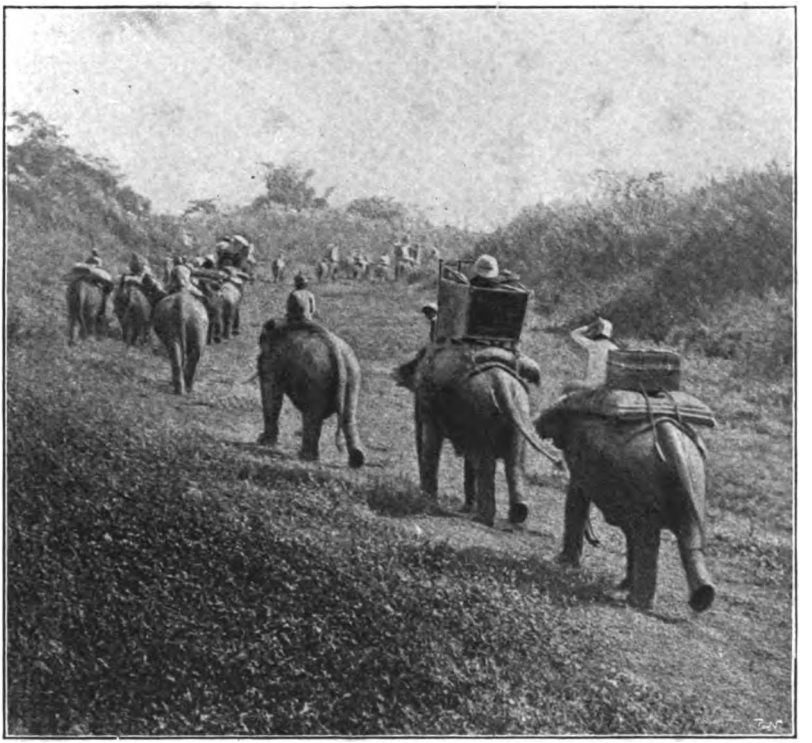
The encampments were always formed near a running stream or river so as to ensure a tolerable supply of water, whilst frequent movement saved us from the evil effects which the entire absence of sanitation would otherwise most certainly have entailed.

We were constantly struck by the orderly manner in which the marches were conducted. The start was usually made at 5 A.M., and all were off by eight, each unit, or family, proceeding as it pleased. The soldiers went by ones or twos plodding along the jungle paths like a line of ants, all busy, and all knowing exactly their own work. Even the coolies were gay and happy, and cracked their jokes in spite of their heavy loads. Nearly all these latter were hillmen, receiving their nine rupees a month as



LINE OF ELEPHANTS: FORDING A RIVER

pay. Picture the scene if you can: sturdy little fellows in dirty cotton rags they were, with baskets on their backs containing all sorts and kinds of baggage, while the blue-coated Nepalese soldiers threaded their way among them. Then there were the elephants, some of them carrying large tents, some of them 'khajawas,' a kind of exaggerated pannier, specially provided for the fair sex, who were arrayed in many a delicate-hued muslin; and others again with several riders on their backs, who were whacking them



PROCEEDING TO THE JUNGLE: LUNCHEON-BASKET ON REAR ELEPHANT

along at five miles an hour. Lastly, there were the country carts, drawn by pairs of black buffaloes, making altogether a panorama of life and bustle and colour that it is very hard for one who has not seen the 'gorgeous East' to realise at all.

As to the actual difficulties of the road, again imagination I fear will come short. Sometimes there was forest, such as I have tried to describe, followed by absolute prairies of high grass; next was crossed a belt of arable land, with the reed huts of herdsmen

and cattle on its borders, to dip without warning into a seemingly impassable nullah (or muddy river bed) perhaps some twenty feet deep, over which we will all get by a happy combination of good management and good luck, for the bottoms of these nullahs are often nothing but quagmire. But the whole march was accomplished with good temper and spirit, and with many a laugh over any unfortunate who came to grief, in which generally none joined more heartily than the victim himself. The greater part of the country traversed, however, would have been impracticable had not something of a rough track been specially made for the expedition; and I should add that in many places streams had been temporarily bridged with such skill, that our distinguished R. E. guest, Colonel S., made sketches of them 'for future guidance.' The system of these untutored sappers was generally to fill fascines with stones, over which felled trees, branches, and earth were placed while the banks were scarped. For crossing the very broad rivers, primitive ferry-boats, often brought from a considerable distance, were employed. In all details, however, the forethought and arrangement for the daily movement and provisioning of so large a force in those sparsely inhabited and dense jungles were most noticeable, and afforded striking proof of the Nepalese talent for organisation.

After a fortnight's continuous marching under such conditions, we met a regiment which had been sent on ahead to drive the jungles in our direction, and we immediately took up a military position to repel any attacks which might be made on us by a herd of wild elephants which were reported to be to our eastward. Our left flank was protected by the outer range of the Himalayas, whilst our line extended along the western bank of a river, for some eight miles into the plains. This river was held by pickets, supplied by the soldiers and coolies, who hutted themselves, and lighted watch fires, according to the nature of the ground. The greater number of our tame elephants were placed on our right, or outer flank, but a few were told off to protect our tents, and those of the Maharajah and his retinue.

About 2 A.M. we were all aroused by the firing of guns, and much shouting; but, as we were enveloped in dense fog, we could do nothing till daylight, when we were informed that a large elephant had cut through our line from the westward, with the evident intention of joining the herd, which we knew was in front. The Maharajah's orders were that we should start in pursuit at 7 A.M., and at that hour some 250 tame elephants were assembled at the spot where our line had been forced, and

we proceeded to track the wild elephant who had thus boldly invaded our camp.

There had been some rain, and the ground was soft, so we found and we followed the huge footmarks of our foe with comparatively little difficulty, except where rocky nullahs interfered with our tracking. The pursuit was conducted in single file; two or three shikaries and trackers in front, then the Maharajah, and then ourselves, and the principal Nepalese according to rank. In this manner we proceeded through the jungle till about 1 o'clock, when we were informed that the elephant was near us. The excitement, of course, began to increase, and was stimulated by

BEATING A GRASS JUNGLE

the silence maintained by everyone. Meantime we were getting nearer and nearer to the mountains, and presently found that the track led up a steep and wooded hill. At this the Nepalese became jubilant, everyone began chattering at the top of his voice, and it was unanimously agreed that our quarry was assured to us. The line of tame elephants was drawn up in the open, and shikaries were sent up the hill, the Maharajah telling us that we might best employ the interval by lunching at its foot. To this proposition my elephant-driver demurred; but we were not averse, and had just carried our tiffin baskets to a good spot, when suddenly shouts and cries were raised on all sides.

Our elephants were hastily brought to us, we were adjured to mount without delay, and before we had seen anything, or, indeed, grasped the situation in the least, we were dashing through the jungle pell-mell, crashing through bushes and under trees, rushing down into nullahs, scrambling out as best we could, and surrounded by a surging throng of elephants whose drivers seemed to have gone mad. The boys who helped to drive, and who always balanced themselves with extraordinary skill behind the saddles, were standing, kneeling, or lying on the hindquarters of the animals, belabouring the huge creatures with the wooden-spiked mallets which they always carry; the soldiers were firing off their muskets, and the young gentlemen their revolvers, while one energetic 'gallant' was sounding bugle calls on a silver horn. The scene was a wildly exciting one, but at last we learnt that the wild elephant had escaped from the hill, passing close to where the Maharajah was about to lunch, and had proceeded into the jungle at its base. We wished, of course, to catch him up, but at the same time it was advisable to keep him running, so as to tire him as much as possible.

I hastened to the front, and succeeded in getting a good look at the elephant, who almost immediately halted and charged us savagely. There was a general bolt in all directions, and a lot of wild firing, but the elephant drew himself up, shook his great head, and faced us gamely. I then saw that he was a tuskless male, not very tall, but particularly thickly and powerfully built. Later on it was noticed that he had lost the sight of his right eye, a fact which told against him badly in the subsequent fight. After a short pause he determined to run for it again, and went off like a dart, only to re-enact the same scene several times. These rushes through the jungle are perhaps the most dangerous feature of this sport; for the violent movements and shaking of the rapidly ridden elephants loosen one's grip, boughs may knock a man off their backs, and elephants occasionally stumble badly, and even fall over ditches, holes, or dead trees which they failed to see in the long grass, and are not allowed time to feel for with their trunks. Once down, a man stands a poor chance in the frantic excitement around him; for the drivers hardly know where they are, and the elephants lose their heads with over-driving and worry, and may step upon a man without knowing what they are doing. On one occasion, when I was tiger-shooting in the Terai with some friends, I saw an elephant, which was being urged at a great pace through thick grass, turn a complete somersault. Most providentially he sent his mahout,

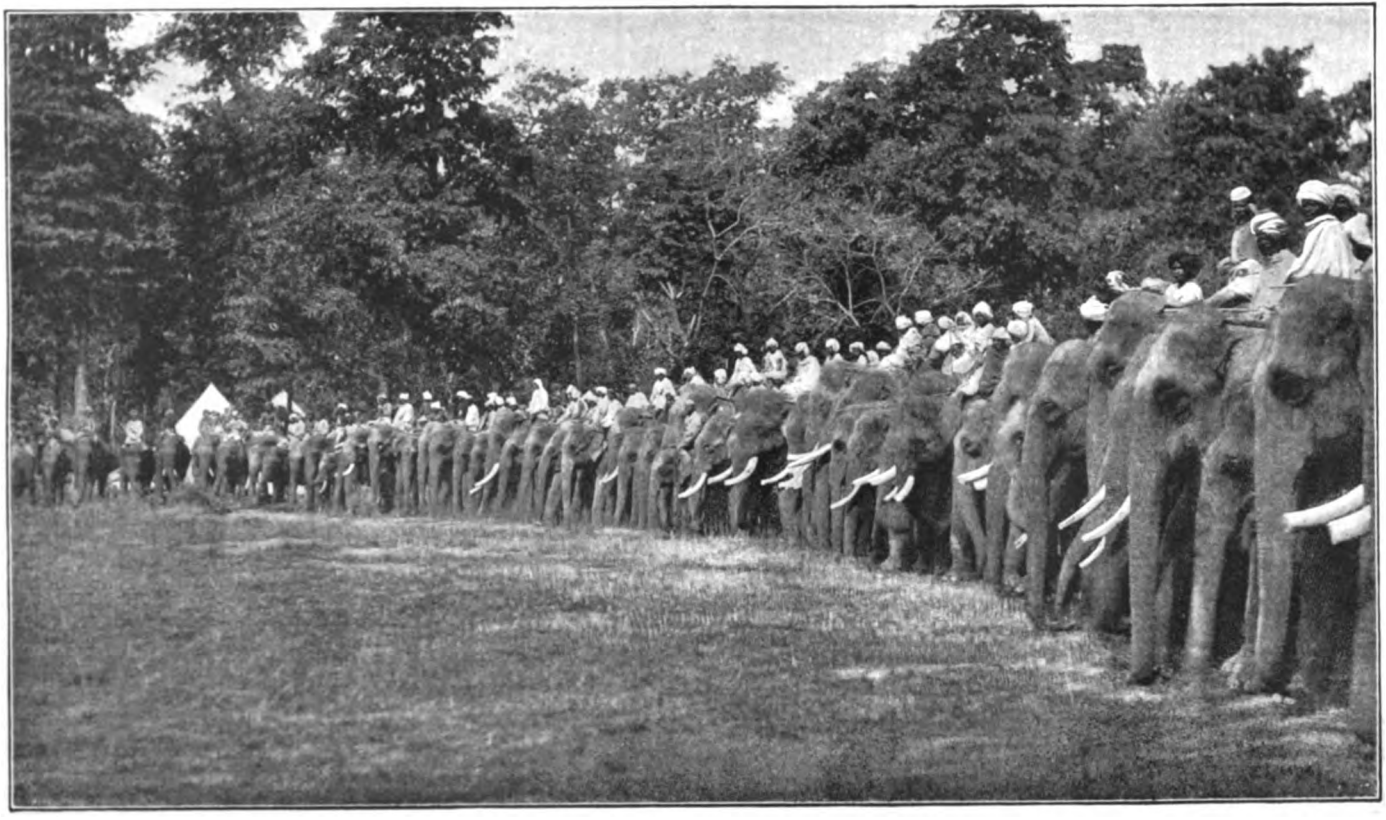
his boy, and Colonel H. (who was riding him) flying far enough to fall clear, and though bruised and shaken, they escaped being crushed under him. On examining the ground we found that a dead tree, which the elephant had not seen in his hurry, had tripped him up.

To return, however, to the chase. At length we fairly ran our wild elephant down, and brought him to bay. The ordinary riding elephant of Nepal is invariably a female, and the smaller they are the more comfortable are their paces. Males are always slower than females, and we had therefore to wait some time before 'my lord the elephant' joined 'my ladies'; and even then he came up by ones and twos. Nor were all who were out with us famous as warriors; but those who were, were sent singly into the fray. The tame elephants began with a certain amount of pushing and butting at the wild one, and neither seemed anxious to force the fighting. But at last, one of ours, 'Mungal Pershad' by name, pushed the wild one back with sufficient strength to rouse his ire. 'Mungal' in an inadvertent moment exposed his side to attack, and the wild elephant, seeing the advantage, charged instantly, with great vigour, nearly throwing 'Mungal' down. His boy or groom who was standing on his back, holding on to a rope, was sent flying off like a rocket, and fell head foremost into some grass in front of the wild elephant. We all groaned, but fortunately he was unhurt, and the wild elephant, who did not pursue his adversary, left the boy alone, while 'Mungal' made off.

Next appeared upon the scene another of our male elephants called 'Wazeer Pershad,' who advanced in fine form to attack the wild one's blind side. We now anticipated a good fight, and closed in as much as we could to witness it. But the wild one drew himself together to meet the new opponent, and faced round for a fierce charge, while 'Wazeer' lost heart, and with uplifted trunk and tail fled trumpeting with terror. By this time we saw that we had no elephant present who would accept battle with the foe, and loud cries were raised for 'Bijli Pershad.' 'Bijli,' or 'The Lightening,' is a fine old tuskless elephant, celebrated for his courage, and also for his great gentleness with and obedience to human beings. His capture and training during Sir Jung Bahadur's rule have been immortalised in an interesting pictorial record, done in water colours, of the chief fighting and events of Nepalese history, and he is well known as one of the best animals in Nepal. But in a state of '*must*' at the time (as was the wild elephant also) he was particularly formidable as a combatant.

Meanwhile, however, the enemy was gaining breath; but at last 'Bijli' appeared, and we drew the rest of the elephants up in double line, a sort of guard of honour to the grand old animal. He seemed quite to understand the tribute of respect, and advanced slowly down between his companions, like a stately gladiator marching into the arena. As 'Bijli' and the wild elephant came face to face, they mutually seemed to recognise a worthy antagonist, for with uplifted trunks they rushed at each other over about 150 yards of ground. The concussion was tremendous, and seemed like that of two ships in collision. It was followed by real manœuvring, by pushing, wrestling, and struggling; it was a battle of Titans, and would alone have been worth coming any distance to see. In the middle of the fight I noticed 'Bijli' raise his trunk on high and bring it down with mighty strength upon the wild elephant's head, and I tried to realise what would have been the result of such a blow upon the human frame.

At last the wild elephant turned tail and began to retire in surly slowness, 'Bijli' the while following him up, pushing him from behind, and occasionally placing his forelegs on his back, belaboured him right and left. The foe began presently to show signs of exhaustion, and 'Bijli' was withdrawn lest he should kill him. But he was not as worn out as we believed, and again began to move away at a rapid walk, foiling all the attempts of the other elephants to stop him, or of the Mahouts to throw nooses round his hind legs. Presently it became evident that he was regaining both his breath and his courage, and he began soon to attack anyone who approached too near. 'Bijli' was therefore recalled, and permitted to administer a push or two by way of reminder, and again taken to one side. Still, however, the wild elephant was not captured. He crossed a small nullah and took up a strong position behind a thick tree, which was covered with thorny jungle creepers. To approach him here was a matter both of difficulty and peril, and again 'Bijli' was brought to the front. The intelligent fellow advanced very slowly, as if meditating on his scheme of attack, until he got a smell of his enemy through the undergrowth. Then with a tremendous rush he charged through the tree as if it were mere brushwood, regarding the boughs, thorns, and creepers as no more than cobwebs. His Mahout and boy were swept off his back, but held like monkeys on to his tail and crupper, and when clear of the tree hauled themselves 'on deck' again. The fierce struggle of the giants began afresh, but at length the monarch of the forest exposed his flank, and 'Bijli,' taking immediate advantage of this mistake,

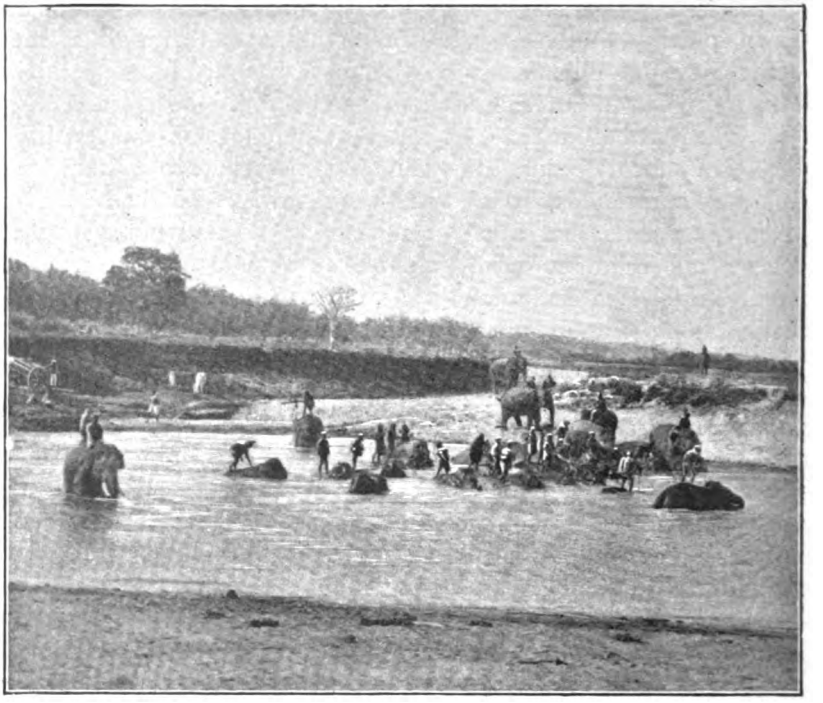


LINE OF NEPALESE ELEPHANTS READY FOR WORK

charged him with tremendous force, and literally hurled him against the trunk of a great tree. The double blow, after so prolonged a struggle, was more than the wild elephant could stand, and all further fight was knocked out of him. He moved slowly along before us till he reached the dry bed of a nullah, where he stood and allowed our elephants to surround him. Then, with much trumpeting and groaning, he was pushed along until we came to a pool of water. There he began to drink, and to throw water over himself, while two large and steady old males stood beside him as guards. More of our elephants were then brought down to drink, and very soon all remembrance of the fight seemed obliterated, for all became on the most friendly terms possible. Meanwhile, some of the Mahouts had slipped down, and very deftly fastened stout ropes round the hind legs of our captive; these they firmly secured in such a manner that, though he was able to walk, he could only do so very slowly. He had been so thirsty, and so intent upon drinking, that he had not perceived what was being done until the knots were made fast. Our wanderings after him had brought us, curiously enough, to the very nullah along which we had decided to pitch our next camp, so it was settled that the wild elephant should be tied up to some large trees close by. With this object our elephants began at length to push him out of the water and up the bank, but when he found that the movement of his hind legs was hampered, he refused to budge, and every step of the way was forced. Each butt from the tame animals brought forth a roar of mingled grief, rage, and remonstrance, and it was pathetic to see the dignity of our fine foe reduced to such a pass. Our Mahouts were, however, inexorable, and, though he dodged through our lines once or twice, and tried to struggle back to the nullah, we got him at length into the forest, where he was firmly lashed to three trees. There we left him, as comfortably settled as circumstances permitted, and hurried back to our camp, which we wanted to reach before dark. We had been out on our elephants eleven hours, of which the tracking and pursuit had occupied five and a half hours, and the battle three and a half hours, while we calculated we had travelled thirty-three miles, all on a seven-o'clock breakfast—not perhaps a bad day's performance.

Two days later we moved camp to where the wild elephant was secured. We found him tied, like a picketted horse, with one heel rope to a tree, and two ropes from his neck to other large trees on the right and left. Men were feeding him with bamboos and other dainties; but he would only take them at night, and

could not be induced to touch a thing whilst anyone was looking on. With his unroped hind leg he tried to kick all who approached too close, and would even thrust out his foot with a clumsy round-about motion at their shadows. After another two days, he was so far quieted as to be led by three elephants (to which were attached the three ropes) down to water, and his education then began. First, he was taught to splash himself properly, and when he refused to do this for himself, his guardian elephants did



BATHING ELEPHANTS NEAR CAMP

it for him, while he cried and expostulated like a naughty child in its bath. The Mahouts expected that he would have been quiet and fit for riding in six weeks; but, unfortunately, he died very soon, either from the effects of 'Bijli's' blows, or possibly of a broken heart. He was not so high an elephant as many of the males kept by the Nepalese, but he was singularly broad, strong, and heavily built. From his having a broken tusk, a blind eye, and certain scars on his body, he was regarded as a warrior whom it was a credit to have captured, and certainly no soldier could

have fought longer or more gallantly for freedom than he did. If 'Bijli' had not been with us we should have lost him, as he quite cowed all our other elephants.

But it must not be imagined that male elephants always give fight before capture, for of all we caught during this 'Khedda,' this was the only one who did so. As a rule, they run away until they are too completely exhausted for combat, and are easily surrounded. It is no very difficult matter then to fasten their hind legs, and in this hobbled state they are tied to tame elephants and driven into camp. Not unfrequently the wild elephants came up to our line and seemed fairly to invite capture. They were attracted, I presume, by the large numbers of their own species about us, and came on a mission of inquiry concerning them. Sometimes these incursions were far from pleasant. One day we were informed by a countryman that he had seen a male elephant in the rear of our line, and apparently following us. Accordingly, we sent a party out, but they failed to find him. Near my own camp at the time were picketted some thirteen elephants, which the Maharajah had kindly placed at our service. One of these was a fairly large male named 'Dhir Guj,' and at three o'clock at night the whole line was aroused by the arrival of a wild elephant, who made straight for 'Dhir Guj,' then chained to a tree. 'Dhir Guj' defended himself so stoutly that he uprooted the tree to which he was fastened, and felled another in the struggle, before he drove off his assailant; but the noise and excitement of the fight were so great, and it took place so close to our tents, that we momentarily expected to see these last overturned. The distance from our own tent to the scene of the fray we measured next morning, and found to be only 170 yards. The Mahouts, with much satisfaction over their own prudence, showed us the holes in the backs of their leafy huts through which they had escaped, and the trees they had climbed to ensure their own safety while the unprovoked duel lasted. After his repulse, the wild elephant withdrew for a short distance, and lay down in some long grass, where he was surrounded and captured about 5.30 A.M. He tried to fight, but was pressed on so closely, that he had no choice save to yield.

Even a tame elephant may at times cause some alarm, as on one occasion when one attached to our camp got out of hand, and despite all that his driver could do, was not stopped before it had broken into the back part of a tent in which our little girl and Miss W. were studying geography.

Another exciting day happened to be a very wet one. A re-

connoitring party had gone out to look for elephants and turned a male off some low hills; this animal took a line straight for camp. Hearing the shots and the noise which were made in order to keep him on the run, we all turned out, and found the Maharajah doing the same. Beyond the river in front of our camp was an open plain covered with high grass and swamp, and as we got out we saw that the wild elephant had entered this from the forest. The chase became more and more interesting as elephant after elephant came up from camp and joined in it, heading their wild quarry back on every effort he made to leave the plain. The excitement along the line grew intense, as it appeared probable that the whole hunt would get round to the spot where the Maharajah's camp was pitched, and troops were drawn up to protect it. But the wild elephant in the end proved a somewhat timid one, and no real difficulty was experienced in keeping him moving round and round the plain till he was run down exhausted, and hobbled, to the great delight of all the camp followers, who had climbed every tree in the neighbourhood to witness the sport. By this time we had been joined by the ladies of our own party, who were as eager to have some share in the fun as we were. But the Maharajah, who has had very wide experience of elephant hunting, objected to their presence, on the ground of the extreme danger run by spectators. At one place, however, he saw a feasible plan to enable them to view the proceedings in safety, and kindly made arrangements to this end. There was a small valley inside the low range of hills on which our flank rested. The river along which we were encamped flowed out from this valley through the range by a rather narrow gorge, which left about two hundred yards of level ground on one bank between the river and the hills. It was known that a wild elephant was in this valley, so the ladies, the Maharajah, and ourselves went a short distance up the hill overlooking the gorge. A line of soldiers were drawn up to guard the opposite bank of the river, so as to prevent any elephants breaking across it, and a famous *must* elephant, named 'Narain Guj,' was placed on the narrow plain beneath us. So vicious was 'Narain Guj,' that he had to be hooded like a hawk to prevent his attacking other elephants or men; and it was a strange sight to see this warrior, who, together with his Mahout, was stripped for the fight, standing idly brushing away the flies and waiting for an encounter which might be one of life or death to him, his Mahout and boy, or to his adversary. Shikaries were sent round the valley to drive the wild elephant out by firing blank shots from the hills. This plan appeared to

have the desired effect, for we heard the shikaries shouting, and presently, exactly as it had been planned, down the open space below us came an elephant. But there was to be no fight yet, for the animal was soon seen to be a female, followed by four young ones, the rear of the family being brought up by another large female. They were allowed to pass out unmolested, though 'Narain Guj' got their scent, and followed them at hot haste for some distance in spite of his hood and the blows of his Mahout, who, at last, with difficulty made him resume his former post. Unfortunately, some of the soldiers on the opposite bank, either through excitement, or believing that the beasts meant to break their way, fired off their rifles. The noise frightened the wild elephant, and instead of coming down to us, he took a path right over the higher range of mountains, and so got clear away.

Still, in spite of the wise precautions of the Maharajah, which precluded all the ladies from any actual part in our hunts, they had a very enjoyable time with us, hearing, of course, all the adventures at first hand, seeing the captured elephants brought into camp, and visiting them afterwards.

On one occasion we brought in several elephants down the broad stony bed of the river, on the high banks of which our tents were pitched. They passed close below us, struggling with their ropes, trumpeting, and protesting in every way they could at the loss of their liberty, while the tame elephants were ruthlessly shoving them along, and a jubilant crowd of Nepalese swelled the procession.

The capture of female elephants is effected differently. These apparently wander about in groups, accompanied by their young ones, and when a herd is discovered, it is surrounded by the tame elephants, and the ladies and babies are lassoed. The stupidity of the animals themselves adds greatly to the facility of this operation. When they feel the noose of the lasso descending their foreheads, instead of elevating their trunks and heads and throwing it off, they coil their trunks close up, and so the noose gradually slips down the forehead until it is below the coil of the trunk, when it is instantly hauled taut on the throat from the back of the pursuing elephant. The great danger then is that the captured animal, in her fright and efforts to escape, may strangle herself, and this not unfrequently happens. In an affair of this sort, the little elephants get greatly confused, and appear to be unable to distinguish friend from foe. They will come and cuddle up to the tame elephants, running between their great legs, and indeed regularly give themselves into captivity. It must

be admitted that the tame elephants quite enter into the situation, and treat these unruly and violent children with much gentleness and forbearance. One of the little creatures we caught was quite a baby. Its mother escaped, and as it could only take milk, a feeding bottle was extemporised with a length of bamboo and some rags. Four buffaloes were turned into foster-mothers, and it was fed repeatedly with their milk. But this was not enough for the poor little thing, and though I believe the number of its wet nurses was subsequently increased, it eventually died.

The captures during the eight weeks of this 'Khedda' were seventeen, of which five died. This rather points to the Nepalese method as being a destructive one, and as not giving proportionate results, from a commercial point of view, to compare with the British system of capture, which is by driving the animals into great stockades, where they are gradually tied up and tamed.

On the other hand, I consider the Nepalese Mahouts are much kinder to their elephants than their Indian *confrères*. The latter usually drive with a sharp-pointed iron goad, which they ruthlessly strike into the elephant's head for the smallest offence. Another horrible habit they often exercise is that of making, and keeping up, a sore in their elephant's head until it forms an abscess, which they will irritate and open with the goad whenever, for any reason, they are more than usually annoyed. The Nepalese drivers have neither of these customs, and use for driving a short strong stick, rather thicker than a man's thumb. They beat the elephant sharply with this on the top of its head, and can cause much pain by it; but it is a far less brutal weapon than the cruel Indian goad.

Before this expedition into the jungles I was under the impression that the elephant was the most docile and tractable of animals, systematically ill-used by the human brute who mastered him. But though I still think the Indian method of driving is barbarous, and that even the Nepalese use their sticks far too freely, I am bound to confess that the elephant is an animal to whom it is necessary to impart a wholesome fear of man. He is subject to fits of sudden anger, the cause of which is not always evident, while he is so powerful, and at the same time so very much quicker in his movements than one gives him credit for, that when these fits of passion are upon him he is extremely dangerous. Indeed, it is the fear of punishment alone which sometimes keeps him quiet. I may relate one anecdote to show the harm an enraged elephant can do.

We had all assembled, after having made an unsuccessful cast

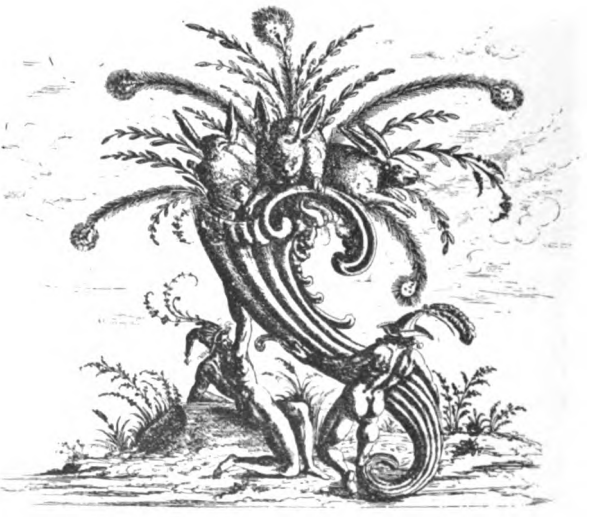
for wild elephants through the jungle, and were lazily sitting on our pad-saddles discussing further plans, when suddenly the animal standing immediately behind the one I was riding rushed at another elephant standing some twenty feet to my right. Both were females, and there was no cause whatever that we could see for this most unprovoked assault. The rider of the elephant which was attacked had fortunately dismounted and was standing close by, but the Mahout was still seated in his usual place on the animal's neck. Immediately in front of the elephant was a tree, and immediately beyond its right shoulder was another. By the suddenness of the attack it was pinned against these two

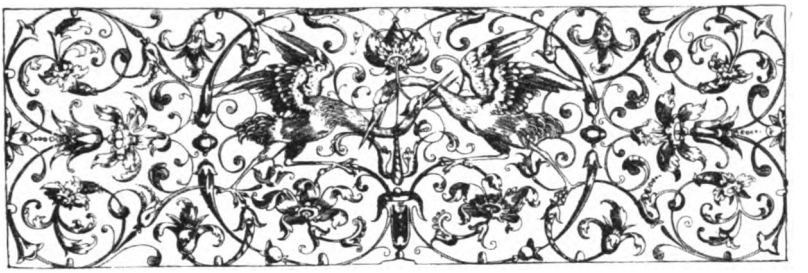
BEATING THROUGH CANE JUNGLE

trees in such a manner that it could not move. The vicious elephant rushed at the neck of the other, and jammed the Mahout's leg against one of the trees, while she endeavoured to tear her victim with her short tusks. The other leg of the unfortunate Mahout, however, came in her way, and received all the blows. His cries were piteous, and he was unable, on account of his position, to help himself in the least. Several of us came to his aid, and managed with difficulty to beat the savage elephant off; but we were greatly alarmed at the rush of blood from the poor fellow's thigh where the tusks had been thrust in. Providentially Dr. A. was at hand, and succeeded at last in arresting the

bleeding. The Goorkhas, in their usual and wonderfully handy way, soon improvised a litter, and the man was carried into camp, making, as I heard later, a fairly good recovery. There was no way in which we could account for the elephant's savage conduct. Her owner told me he had had her for seventeen years, and that she had never thus misbehaved before, but he added that, when tired and hot, female elephants will not unfrequently display freaks of temper.

Shortly after this, the 'Khedda' was rather abruptly closed by the remaining wild elephants, which we had hoped to secure, turning our right flank and getting back to the heavy jungle from which we had dislodged them. It was decided not to follow them, and so we marched for the nearest railway station and returned to civilisation. On our way to the train I managed to get a fine tiger, and so ended this most pleasant expedition with the Maharajah into the Nepal Terai.





'UPPER CLUB'

BY REGINALD LUCAS

In beginning these recollections of Eton cricket and cricketers, which extend from 1880 to 1884, I can provide myself with no more elegant and original observation than that the 'Battle of Waterloo was won in the Eton playing fields;' upon which I have to remark that if the Battle of Waterloo bore any resemblance to the exercises in which we indulged at Eton, the Duke and his men must have enjoyed themselves vastly. Next, I must offer a general apology to all those whose names I am about to use; and a personal apology for introducing my own so often. I attempt no further preface, beyond defending what may seem to be a tone unduly familiar in a magazine article, on the ground that the nature of the theme renders this almost inevitable. It is difficult to write of old Upper Club friends with the prefix 'Mr.'

The first figure that springs to light in a contemplation of Eton cricket is that of Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell. If it were necessary to find a suitable toast for a dinner of Eton cricketers, nothing could be invented more adequate than the one word 'Mike:' there you have the spirit and form of Eton cricket condensed into a monosyllable. Mr. Mitchell's position is only comparable to that of Mr. Gladstone in party politics. Mr. Gladstone did not invent politics, but he dominated a political sphere with his own personality: Mr. Mitchell did not invent cricket, but he in his own sphere has long been predominant; long may he remain so.

Mr. Robert Lyttelton concludes an article upon Eton cricket with a general warning against the imprudence of consulting Mr. Mitchell upon political and social problems during the progress of

a match in Upper Club. Those who have the happiness to be familiar with that posture—feet firmly planted, stick through both elbows at back, and hands crossed in front—and know also the penetrating attention which it betokens, are not likely to try—twice. It is also unwise to choose the moment when Mr. Mitchell is explaining how a ball should be played to make a remark about something extraneous which you think may interest him. It seldom does.

One cannot speak of Mr. Mitchell without telling of his dog. 'Boney' was a celebrity. He was an aggressive dog: it was impossible to ignore him, for he was ubiquitous. Very large and ungainly, of a curious yellow complexion, he never ceased to be a puppy; and seldom ceased to be a trial and affliction. He required much attention and was never still. As a matter of fact Mr. Mitchell had two dogs; but the other one, 'Bob,' I think he was called, was a dog of mean spirit; a retriever of gloomy aspect and no character. It was vain to walk with Mr. Mitchell to talk of cricket matters; no conclusions were possible, for when he was not apostrophising Bob for lagging despondently behind, he was shouting at Boney, who was careering indefinitely ahead. Mr. Mitchell does not encourage superstitions. One of us used to persuade himself that it was a bad omen to put his bat immediately at 'middle' or 'two leg,' or whatever guard he wanted. Once, having got out, he declared that it was bound to happen because he had taken middle at once. Mr. Mitchell's retort was uncompromising: 'You'll get out with that stroke whatever guard you take.' At the same time he used to declare that if one failed to take an obvious and easy run, it often followed that one got out directly.

All Eton boys—dry-bobs at least—know who and what Mr. Mitchell is, and it is not necessary to tell them more; for the rest, it is impossible to explain exactly all that he embodies, and it is therefore useless to try. We salute him, and pass on.

Mr. Austen Leigh will never cease to be a tradition of Eton cricket. We have to thank him for very many half-hours of excellent practice. He never seemed to weary of bowling at us, declaring that all the 'good 'uns' with which he defeated us were rubbish, and that all the 'loose 'uns' which we punished were dead on the middle stump. Half the pleasure of playing him at a practice net arose again from a dog. 'Nip' was a little elderly and lethargic; but, being very properly devoted to her master, she always lay coiled up somewhere near mid on; and it was a point of emulation to drive into her. It counted much as a bull's eye to

send her yowling off the ground. Rest her ashes! She died in her bed—at all events not in Upper Club.

Mr. Edward Lyttelton was only at Eton two years with me. People said at the time that he was going to 'take over' the cricket from Mr. Mitchell. He was far too wise to encourage such an idea. He knew 'Mike's' value; and his own. He did ample service to Eton cricket, and shed the full lustre of Lyttelton traditions upon Upper Club.

'Granny' Martingell occurs as the next character in the record. A lover of all sports, with a boundless memory, and not

PRACTICE AT THE NETS

a bad imagination, he has been the pleasant companion of unnumbered hours in Upper Club. No man ever had a happier knack of encouraging and consoling a young cricketer in adversity. For many years he was an established umpire; but in due time age began to drive him from the field. He held out stoutly to the last, however, and the indignant deliberation with which he would pronounce his 'Not out' to a catch which was audible to everybody except himself, silenced criticism. Granny's experience of cricket was a progressive record. Hardly a day passed upon which he was not constrained to declare, 'Never see such a bad stroke in all my life'; 'Never see such a

catch in all my life'; 'Never see a finer innings in all my life.' One trait in his character ought to be recorded. Though not averse from racing, and willing to gossip about sport in all its forms, he never transgressed the proper limits; and it would not be unsafe to declare that he never made a bet for an Eton boy. Upper Club would have been the poorer for the want of Granny Martingell.

'Old Jack' was a marvel. In 1879 he was seventy-five; and he is seventy-five now. He never looks older, and he never claims to be older. Apparently he has hit upon seventy-five as the age best calculated to excite sympathy and admiration. It would be curious to know what was his candid opinion of Percy de Paravicini, who shouted for him whenever he was within earshot. Jack always came at full gallop, undeterred by the experience of a thousand previous summonses. He sang sometimes; but not well.

Ward, too, was a wonderful man. He could do everything, except smile. He kept the ground, was responsible for nearly everything belonging to Upper Club, and presided at Poet's Walk. No episode connected with Upper Club life was more agreeable than our tea in Poet's Walk. As the clock struck six, Ward's stentorian voice sounded from the bridge: 'The water boils!' 'Make tea!' came the echo; and we repaired to the smooth bank of grass above the still backwater. Our 'orders,' sent to Barnes's from 'my tutor's' or 'my dame's,' and our marmalade, were set out in the seemly company of large cups and vast metal teapots; and we consumed our frugal meal in the sublime happiness of health and enthusiasm. Not more than thirty boys in the school can be acquainted with Poet's Walk; it is a privilege. Ward assisted at luncheon on match days. On one occasion he cut his hand fearfully with a bottle of soda water. Not a muscle moved; and it was not till late in the afternoon that he remarked that as he had nothing more to do, he thought he would like to go and see a doctor: his hand was getting stiff. The only way to excite him was to purloin his wheelbarrow—a favourite pastime of certain evil-disposed persons in Middle Club once upon a time. He has been a faithful steward.

My strongest recollections of Upper Club in 1880 centre oddly enough in the two professionals, Ford and Bray. They were not imposing persons. Bray was the smallest, and perhaps the ugliest of his kind; and not foppish in his manners; but he was a good bowler. Ford, too, was apt to spare the toilet, as a sobriquet bestowed upon him by Lord Throwley implied; but he was

an excellent steady bowler for boys. His special delight was Mr. Bromley Davenport, now member for the Macclesfield Division of Cheshire, whose fielding he greatly admired. To such a height, indeed, did his approbation rise at Lord's, that he was heard to protest that 'neither in the Antipōdes nor elsewhere had such fielding been seen.'

The memory must remain indelible of playing for the first time in a school match, and being put on to bowl when Mr. Alfred Lyttelton and Mr. Walter Forbes were well in—two giants in their prime. It was like attacking a couple of Maxim guns with a single pea-shooter. The ball flew; and in the intervals they encouraged me. Mr. Lyttelton, with such a smile as might cheer even an Armenian, warned me on no account to get short. Mr. Forbes, not less genially, bade me not be afraid of pitching them up. It mattered little where the ball was pitched. And I may here observe that of all the cricketers who played against us, Mr. Forbes was the one man who could invariably stay in as long as he liked, and make as many runs as he thought proper.

The next year we had a poor eleven; yet we beat Winchester creditably enough. It was on this occasion that Colonel Oliver Montagu, wishing to know at what hour play was to cease, inquired of the first boy in a blue cap whom he encountered; it happened to be Paravicini, our captain.

'Do you know Para?' asked his companion, now no longer a modest new boy. Colonel Montagu admitted that he did not enjoy the honour of his acquaintance.

'Well, you *have* got cheek!' exclaimed R——.

The night before Lord's we were restless, and at a loss for occupation. The credit of filling the blank rested with Trefusis. 'Let us go,' he said, 'and practise running into the pavilion, and taking off our caps.' Alas! there was to be little applause for any of us next day.

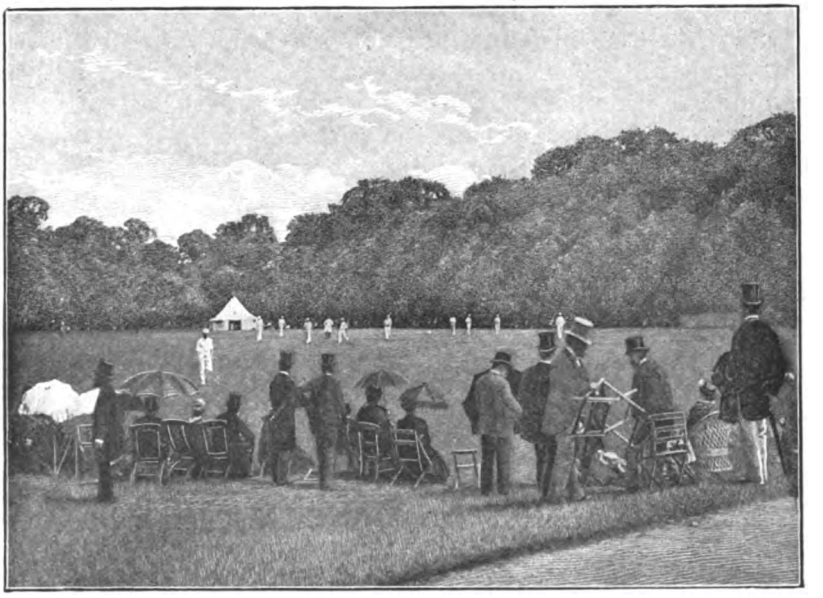
That year first appeared in the Harrow eleven Mr. Ronald Moncreiffe, one of the finest of natural cricketers below the first rank. The story goes that his brother backed him to make double duck. Whether that was an afterthought or not is open to doubt; certainly, he made double duck. In the first innings he was caught after a considerable defence. In the second, he was in full twenty minutes; but before he had scored, a furious full pitch from Lascelles went off his leg, smashing into his wicket. He had his revenge next year.

A notable character in Upper Club, during the summer of 1882, was Arthur Bourchier, who is now enjoying as long an

innings with the 'Chili Widow' as any of those in which runs of another kind were his aim. To him, throughout life, all the world has been a stage—including the cricket field; for he generally had one of French's books secreted about his person, and invariably apostrophised the umpire in pure Shakespeare when he was given out. His forte was wicket-keeping; but, greatly as he excelled in that department, he was even more celebrated for his histrionic vagaries. No man set foot in Upper Club without becoming 'copy' for a new idea. The masters he mimicked incessantly. One day he had conceived the appropriate notion of representing a much liked and respected master undergoing the process of being 'cut over.' In the middle of the performance the master appeared. We scattered, leaving Bourchier in a state of preternatural attention to the scoring book, upon which he had contrived to lay hands. The master sat down beside him, and, by the irony of coincidence, began to discourse upon accidents in the cricket field. The dramatic instinct stood our friend in good stead, and he listened with a gravity which might have foretold his subsequent success in the profession of his choice.

The summer of 1883 forms a retrospect pleasant beyond words. Upper Club teemed with 'good fellows.' Our eleven was of no mean calibre, but amongst us there were several who will probably confess that the best hours of their lives have been spent in handling bridles rather than cricket bats. John Hargreaves, one of the keenest all-round sportsmen that ever left Eton; Cecil Grenfell—'Jack' to us in those days—our wicket-keeper, who stood up to take the fastest of bowling with that resolution with which he now sits down to ride over the biggest of courses; Freeman Thomas, a consummate batsman, subsequently also M.F.H; Apsley, now, as Lord Bathurst, the courtly and excellent Master of Hounds; Ian Amory, a sportsman of the first water, who took wicket well—'Took the ball nearer the wicket than any of them,' Mr. Mitchell used to say—and whose theory of batting was that the ball should be hit into the air as high and as often as possible—all these names occur instantly. Another good sportsman was A. E. Parker, our fast bowler and Master of the Beagles, than whom none more excellent. Like another very fast and eccentric bowler, Lascelles, he possessed all the qualities requisite for keeping in order a field which numbered intruders from the class of what, with Eton-boy arrogance, we used to call 'cads.' Alex Parker not only showed good sport; he combated successfully the rough and rowdy element. Even now it is entertaining to travel with him down the Great Western Railway. 'In that field,' he will say as he passes Slough, 'a cad killed the hare with

a stone; it was a rare good shot, but I broke my whip across his shins.' In another field he once encountered a gigantic cad of singularly wanton and aggressive habit, to whom castigation had been threatened upon the next occasion of offence. The occasion came—and the promised beating. 'I thought I was going to be killed,' says the ex-master. 'He went to the fence and pulled out an enormous stake, but I found he only wanted to make a gap; he got through and bolted. I was rather glad.' The country for him is morally littered with the bones of demolished 'cads.' On another occasion, he requested one of the kennel men to 'heat up' something for the hounds. The individual addressed was imperfect



A Boundary Hit

in his aspirates, nor did he like the look of the sustenance in question. 'What! me eat that rubbish! I can't!' he exclaimed.

A desperate assailant was Parker when his humour was propitious. At Lord's he excelled; eight Harrow boys succumbed in the first innings to his attack. The last comer but one delayed so long to emerge from the pavilion that the cry of 'play' was raised. Parker waited alert for fresh conquest. The victim came. Parker sent down a full pitch, like a shot from a gun, straight on to his ankle. 'How's that?' 'Out.' No more sad and suffering batsman ever endured the grim ordeal of facing silent and unappreciative pavilion benches.

Not many who saw Marchant make ninety-three that year at Lord's will dispute my assertion that his was the most brilliant exhibition of hitting ever performed by a public school boy. Lord Harris annexed him with alacrity. 'I understand that Marchant comes from Kent,' he said. 'I wish to know him at once.' This was the year when Harrow produced a fast underhand bowler in Mr. Grieve. Throughout the summer, rumours of his fatal good length ball, unlike the familiar 'grub,' had fluttered our dovecots not a little. Knatchbull Hugessen heard these tales with special apprehension, and read in them his doom. A week before the match an effort was made to find someone to give us practice in a style of bowling so seldom encountered; and a redoubtable butcher from Chislehurst, said to be deadly, was engaged. I have his telegram before me as I write. 'Sorry to disappoint the last minute: hurt foot, so it would be no use coming if I could not bowl.' Not even Hugessen could dispute this proposition; but his last hope was extinguished; and he will not think me unkind, I trust, if I transcribe from my scrapbook his inevitable fate—'b. Grieve 0.' I think it was he who introduced the exciting practice of sheep catching into Upper Club. Scholar, cricketer, humorist, he read Hesiod, played a fine innings, or invented a new sensation with equal facility, and no one was more deft than he at stalking and seizing by the woolly fleece an astonished animal feeding beside Fellows' Pond. Possibly he admired the story of Tennyson's 'flayflint,' and thought that tradition should be kept up.

This year we played a notable match—Twelve *v.* Twenty-two. It lasted several weeks, and although the Twelve won by six wickets, 987 runs were scored. Playing for the Twenty-two were such cricketers, afterwards to become distinguished, as H. Philipson (who suffered from hay-fever, and always wore blue spectacles in Upper Club, looking, as Mr. Edward Lyttelton said, like a German professor of botany in search of plants); H. W. Forster, who now represents the Sevenoaks division of Kent in Parliament as worthily as he represented Eton and Oxford at Lord's; Lord George Scott, most magnificent of batsmen and most popular of cricketers; H. J. Mordaunt; and W. C. Bridgeman, whose undaunted and cheerful characteristics are now as much admired on the political platform as they were in the cricket field. Owing to the difficulty of collecting full sides, the match was resumed at intervals, and Bridgeman, having assisted at the beginning, and being then obliged to go home for some time, returned not too late to play his second innings.

This is not a critical analysis of form, and I need not attempt to make or avoid comparisons: otherwise I should have to weigh my words in speaking of the next year, when Scott first played in the eleven. Freeman Thomas was hard to beat; but Scott stands out as a rare addition to the record of Eton cricketers. One evening at practice Mr. Mitchell said, 'I can't teach that fellow Scott anything: he's got no faults.' That night I dined with his tutor, and repeated the remark. The comment was laconic: 'I can't teach him anything either, but that isn't the reason.' I am sure my friend will pardon my indiscretion in repeating this, seeing that his temporary and enforced inattention to his studies did not prevent him from overcoming the Civil Service examiners, and passing into the profession of arms which he is so well qualified to adorn. As a matter of fact, there was more of promise than performance in his play that year, for he stood not very high in the list of averages; but he was top scorer at Lord's, and, alone with Forster, did something to redeem the collapse of his side. Yet the promise was undoubted, and has been fulfilled.

Forster played a brilliant innings of 102 against Oriel College —curiously enough the only hundred made in a school match during these five years. But the best innings played during that summer, and perhaps the best during the whole period under review, was Freeman Thomas's seventy-six not out against M.C.C. It was a pleasure to see him bat then and at all times: it was a pleasure to see him field: only it was not always a pleasure to be fielding out when he went on to bowl lobs.

We broke down badly at Lord's—a grievous disappointment, for we had counted on a good display. Rain saved us from probable defeat; as indeed it had done in 1882; and as it had robbed us of what should have been a victory in 1883.

Freeman Thomas was captain the next year. I happened to be ill, and saw no cricket; but one of the eleven was good enough to send me a telegram from Lord's. It ran: 'Foley forty-nine, Thomas twenty-nine.' The village postmistress, not being a cricketer, sent on the astonishing announcement: 'Foley forty-nine thousand and twenty-nine.' It induced a return of delirium, in which I fancied that our friend, as he excels in all other relations of life, had been permitted to count four thousand instead of four for every ball he hit to the boundary.

When the end came it was with the bitterness of death. Nothing in life exactly corresponds with the ordeal of leaving Eton. The final meeting of 'Pop' was held on the last Sunday of the half. I doubt whether we have ever spoken

words since, any of us, that came from a deeper fount. We were young men that summer afternoon, but most of us wept like children; and going thence to the bench in Poet's Walk, we spent one of the most creditable hours of our lives in what some people might call unmanly sentiment. I doubt whether we are ashamed of it even now; and I am bold enough to add that amongst my treasures is an envelope containing a piece of turf plucked in Upper Club as I came in from fielding for the last time as an Eton boy.

The temptation to fall into autobiography is so great that an occasional lapse may, I hope, be pardoned. There still remain some genuine incidents of the game to be recorded. To those who incline to superstition in their cricket, the result of our match against the Quidnuncs in 1883 will help to point a moral and adorn a tale. We had made 187: they had made 182, and their last man was in. Mr. J. E. K. Studd was scoring fast with fifty-eight to his name. Parker was on, but Mr. Studd had been hitting him; at the same time Parker was our best bowler, and as likely to get his man out as anyone else. Just as he went up to the wicket his bootlace came unfastened, and he stopped to tie it. Seizing this as an omen, the captain put on Marchant instead; and he bowled Mr. Studd with his first ball—a damage he was not in the habit of inflicting upon anybody.

If anyone of those days could claim to have won a match by his individual efforts, it was Philipson at Winchester in 1884. In the first innings we collapsed for the miserable total of fifty-four; recalling the match of two years before when we scored fifty-seven, our first three wickets (*quorum pars fui*) falling before a run had been scored. In the end we were put in to get 135 on a crumbling wicket in a low scoring match. Philipson, with that dash for which he was ever distinguished (except in a certain mathematical classroom), set out to hit, and forty-four he scored right merrily before he was run out; by which time the neck of the difficulty was broken.

Hardly less praiseworthy was Cave's forty-nine at Lord's in 1882—another disastrous match, in which our only claim to distinction was that our captain, Bainbridge, hit a ball into the clock. Cave's stand with Hargreaves late in the afternoon stopped a 'rot' which was hurrying us to defeat.

We had some creditable slow bowlers on the whole, though far below comparison with our standard of batsmen. Bromley-Martin, recalling something of the action of Mr. C. T. Studd, was certainly above the average; so was A. C. Richards. Our fast

bowlers were not always first-rate. Lascelles appeared as an untried man at the last moment and served an emergency well; but I think his strength lay chiefly in a good action and a stout heart. Jardine flung the ball with great violence in all directions, and if by chance it went straight at the wickets, it not infrequently hit them. Vigour and determination were Parker's strong points. Undoubtedly the best two fast bowlers were Mordaunt—hardly to be recognised without his sobriquet—and Forster; but their efforts seem to have fatigued them so greatly that they have bowled slow ever since. Brownlow in 1882 promised to bowl well, but seeing that he now declines to go on even in a village match,

ETON *v.* WINCHESTER

he does not appear to have persevered. Paravicini bowled fast and slow with equal readiness, and well, as all else he did was well done.

The fielding throughout this period was of unequal merit. Some of us were ostentatiously bad; some admirable. In the early days Davenport, as we have learnt, and Paravicini, were brilliant in the field; later Hugessen was a fine out-fielder, as was Marchant. Edward Murdoch, whose untimely death we recently and most truly deplored, was a very hard-working and trustworthy field, especially on the ground. Bridgeman, at point, combined the agility of a marionette with the precision of a juggler.

Freeman Thomas fielded, as he played fives, with an accuracy and grace that were positively delicate.

Two players whose promise failed were R. H. Pemberton and A. H. Studd: not even in the brief interval of the University, before the serious labours of life engrossed them, did they contrive to justify the high estimate we had formed of them in Upper Club. Pemberton, had opportunity occurred, should have become a notable batsman.

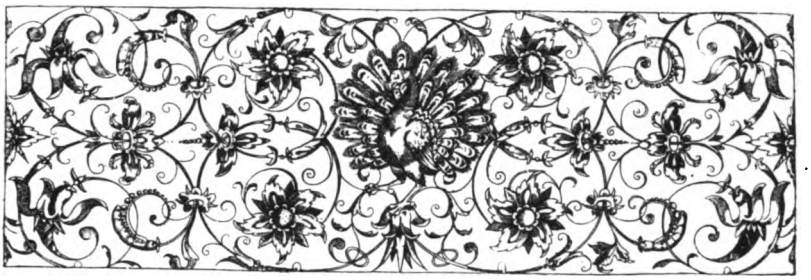
'Aquatics' made no great show. It is an accepted dictum that because a boy rows at Eton he must affect a grotesque ignorance of cricket. Consequently, whenever the wet-bobs congregated for a game, they vied with one another in the display of fantastic garments and ungainly antics. But their games were intermittent, and attracted no great notice.

State occasions were not unknown in Upper Club. It was before 1880 that the band of the Blues, coming down on the Winchester match day by favour of the Colonel, were ordered away again because the captain of the eleven could not bowl in time to the music; but in 1883 the 'Fourth of June' was attended by Royalty. We played our customary game in the afternoon. It progressed favourably until their Royal Highnesses chose to take a walk. Whereupon the ground became a surging scene of confusion; batsmen looking for wickets, bowlers looking for batsmen, fieldsmen looking for one another, and everybody else looking for Royalty; who in their turn were probably looking for a means of escape. As soon as the mob could be partially cleared, we resumed; and the next ball was hit with great violence into the open mouth of an elderly lady who had not wholly succeeded in repressing her loyal curiosity. How many teeth it cost her was never known.

In connection with accidents a curious instance of concussion occurs. At a school match a ball was hit under the trees; the boys as usual paid little attention, being at all times lazy in making way. L——, who ran after it, tried to solve the difficulty by jumping the spectators as they sat, with the unfortunate result that he kicked one boy on the head and rolled him over like a rabbit. Up he got, stoutly averring that he was not hurt; he walked back to his tutor's conversing intelligibly: went to bed, where he remained two days unconscious; and awoke wholly oblivious of what had happened from the moment of being hit.

Lest I be charged with 'falling into my anecdotage' I had better here desist. I lay down my pen and say with all my heart, 'Floreat Etona!'

GROUND GAME.



GOLF FOR WOMEN

BY LOUIE MACKERN

WHY do women play golf? To answer this question satisfactorily seems to be a large order, and one which will bring down on the head of the unfortunate answerer many indignant protests and revilings. But, in this age of criticism and specialism, what mortal can hope to escape? I will only urge, in my own defence, that in writing a paper of this kind it is difficult to avoid falling into one of two very obvious errors—viz. dogmatism or vagueness. We are all of us, even golfers, miserable sinners, so I cannot expect to avoid both these pitfalls, but must pray to be delivered from the first and greater of the two.

Among the many reasons why women play golf are the following: 1. A desire to be in the fashion; 2. Idleness; 3. Pot-hunting; 4. A real and innate love of sport.

When the great revival of golf began in England about six or seven years ago the game was rapidly taken up by women, and within two or three years hundreds of golf-clubs were formed, many of which are now thoroughly established, splendidly managed, and 'going strong.' At the first start every woman felt that to keep up her reputation for being 'in the swim' she must play golf, or try to play it. Many and appalling were the attempts made. What did it matter if the fair enthusiast missed the globe five times running, topped her iron shots, or foozled her putts? Was she not able to answer proudly, when asked if she played golf, 'Oh yes! I belong to the Bunkerdown Club'? Far be it from me to undervalue this remarkable enthusiasm, for if it were not for this burning desire of my admirable sex to be in the

fashion it would be financially impossible to keep our golf-clubs going. Quite 70 per cent. of the members support the club only because it is the correct thing to do. So they fill their niche in the general scheme of things very nicely, pay their subscriptions, wear fascinating golf-costumes 'built' by fashionable tailors, please themselves, and do comparatively little harm.

The women who are prompted by idleness to take up golf are a far more exasperating set. Many of them, if they would stick to the game, might become good players. But they only take up golf because they are not, for the moment, interested in anything else. They have always been potterers; so they potter at golf for a time, before they go off to potter at bicycling, having pottered at lawn tennis, or palmistry, or district visiting in the past. Unhappily, the captain of the club is not up in the previous history of what they are pleased to call their characters, so she fondly hopes that two or three of these idlers, whose play she has watched approvingly, will be a source of future strength to the institution. They are put in the team for an inter-club match, and promise to play; but as they are afterwards invited by the local curate to a picnic on the same day, they unhesitatingly throw the captain over, and so cause the loss of the match. The honour of the club is nothing to them, *esprit de corps* a mere myth. But the rest of the chronicles of these evildoers, are they not written in the memories of the harassed captains of all ladies' golf-clubs? Yea, and are writ large, too (for those who have eyes to read), in the purposeless faces of the idlers themselves who have 'given up' golf and 'taken up' some other object on which to fritter away their time.

Of the pothunters—those abject products of a dying century—I can only say, in the words of the famous judge, when moved to righteous wrath and rebuking the defendants' counsel, 'Sir, you cannot conceive the strength of the language which I am *not* using!' In every golf-club the pothunter is rampant, and I feel sure that all true golfers will agree with me in saying that the present system of playing for prizes, or rather pothunting, will, unless modified and checked, slowly but surely ruin the game. Why cannot women's clubs confine their prize-giving to two meetings a year, spring and autumn, as so many men's clubs do? This is a much fairer way, as far as the handicaps are concerned, for they can all be carefully revised beforehand by reference to the lists of the monthly medals and to the match-book, in which members' matches should be regularly entered. Fortunately for women's golf, some of the best clubs are cutting down the number

GOING TO THE LINKS

of their prizes; but if they could be still further reduced by about 50 per cent. it would be a good thing for the game.

It is with a feeling of sincere relief that I now turn to consider those women who play golf from a real love of sport. The elect few, who are to be found in every club, have proved to the world at large that golf is a game which some women, with all their disabilities, can play well. But to the query 'Are women fitted by nature to be golfers?' I must reluctantly give a carefully qualified affirmative in reply. For golf, more than any other game I know, seems to demand that quality which, for want of a better word, I must call 'Sportingness.' This is not merely pluck, or a cool head, but it is made up of these and many other things: quick perception, a sensitiveness of eye and nerve, a rapid judgment, the power of recognising and seizing the 'psychological moment.' These faculties are, I believe, more essential to the production of a good golfer than the possession of great muscular strength. But, given a rational physical training in childhood, a natural love of games, and good health, I believe golf *is* a game suited to women.

Of course it is useless to deny that in women this quality of 'sportingness' is far less general than in men. The training of a boy, from the very beginning, tends always in the direction of fostering the instinct of sport. Whereas girls, unless brought up under peculiarly sensible principles, must, to a very great extent, depend for the development of this instinct on their own innate love of games and sport, coupled with the hardening, but often extremely painful, training of a host of brothers. Happy are the girls, therefore, who have known what it is to field out for hours, even in the heat of an August morning, for the big brother who is home from school and intent on keeping up his 'form.' Though the small sister's only visible reward is a short, and perhaps inglorious, innings of half a dozen balls, who can say what germ of pluck and endurance has not been fostered by those toilsome hours? And so in after-life, when childish stoicism has ripened into earnest endeavour, women as well as men have cause to be thankful for their early training in games. It is just this training which seems to me to be of such value in playing a game like golf. Having missed it, many women thus start to play golf very heavily handicapped. The few succeed; the many settle down into the comfortable mediocrity of a fifteen-handicap, and live happily ever after.

It is not the purpose of this paper to compare women golfers with men, and such a comparison must be obviously unfair.

Women, for instance, can never hope to rival the long driving of Rolland or Mr. Ted Blackwell. Yet that is no reason why they should not play an excellent all-round game. But as to the relative play of women and men, we must at once frankly confess that in putting, and in no other part of the game, are women the equals, and sometimes the superiors, of men. A professional, carrying for one of the best women golfers in England, said of her at the end of two days' play, 'That lady has only failed twice to hole out in two during her play on the thirty-six putting-greens.' Of how many men, amateurs or otherwise, could that be said? And at this point I cannot refrain from one small crow over the stronger sex on the score of the philosophical bearing of misfortune. My experience, and that of every other sister-golfer whose opinion I have asked, is that women keep their temper under reverses and mishaps far better than men. And considering that we have no safety-valve of 'cuss-words' at our command, I think that every intelligent golfer will feel true sympathy for us, forced, in our extremity, to suffer in silence. A good story is told as to the strength of language used by golfers. A man, conscious of his infirmity on this point, used to put a stone into his pocket at each lapse from the virtue of moderation. He was labouring home to the club one medal day, much overweighted and bulging on one side, when a friend called out to him, 'Well, old chap! you must have had a bad time of it to-day!' pointing to his pocket. He replied, gloomily, 'Oh! these are only the little ones; all the really big D's are coming along in two barrows!'

It has always seemed to me that the weakest part of women's game is their play through the green. Many are excellent drivers from the tee, driving beautifully clean balls, and carrying long distances. But once off the tee their brassy and cleek shots are often disappointing. There are, of course, some exceptions to this rather sweeping assertion. Very many women either press with their brassy out of unsuitable lies, so topping the ball, or they do not play really cleanly with the cleek, but hit the ground behind the ball, with the usual ineffective result. Their muscular strength is not equal to forcing the ball out of a bad lie with a brassy, yet they will not use their better judgment and take the iron, thinking that the wooden club is bound to send the ball farther. It is in numerous little points like these that so many women fail. It is well for them if they have a really good and intelligent caddie, who will insist on their taking the right club.

Women, also, are too apt to think that with heavy clubs they will drive a longer ball, play a better iron-shot, putt with greater

THE SOCIAL ASPECT OF GOLF

precision, than with a light weapon. But all professionals, as well as amateurs, who have coached women agree in advising them to avoid heavy clubs. Of course they have the best possible reason for this advice; for the heavier the club the more difficult it is to be quite accurate in the down swing, and therefore the more likely the ball is to be sliced, or pulled, or topped. Read what Mr. Horace Hutchinson says on this point in the Badminton 'Golf' (p. 57), and you will be a wise woman if you 'mark, learn, and inwardly digest' it.

The play of women with the iron is often extraordinarily accurate and pretty. And as this is perhaps the most important part of the game, it seems a grievous pity that so many women are carried away by that overweening desire to drive a long ball, and hence neglect the less showy, but often more useful, iron-shot. There is more excuse for playing with a rather heavy iron club than with a heavy wooden one, as in some of the short shots, chopped out of rough, woolly grass, or a very heavy lie, the weight of the club to a certain extent helps to project the ball. But even in lies of this kind it is far better style to pick the ball cleanly out with a lighter club, with the stroke carried well through. Then, in the case of putters, whether they be wooden or metal, it is certainly possible to be more accurate and delicate in touch with a light club. In a straightforward putt on a level green the difference probably does not tell much. But when there are subtle little hills and valleys to be negotiated, a light putter, I think, holds its own against any of the sledge-hammer make. But when all is said there remains that most excellent epigram which sums up the case so perfectly: 'Driving is an art; Iron-play, a science; Putting, an inspiration.'

As this article is addressed to ladies, it will not be considered out of order if a few words are said on the important subject of dress. Any woman, worthy of the name, must always wish to present as neat and pleasing an appearance as possible. And that it is possible for women to do this, and yet play golf well, is clearly proved by the smart and yet business-like 'turn-outs' seen at many an inter-club match and on many a medal-day. A well-cut tweed or serge coat and skirt and a sailor-hat, with either high boots or shoes and gaiters (in either case nails or Scafe's soles should be worn), make the average woman look neat and suitably dressed. But a flimsy skirt and a wildly flapping cape, combined with a wobbling and flower-bedecked hat, and thin, high-heeled shoes, do not conduce to that effect. The fiend who invented the so-called 'golf-cape' must, if he visits the upper air

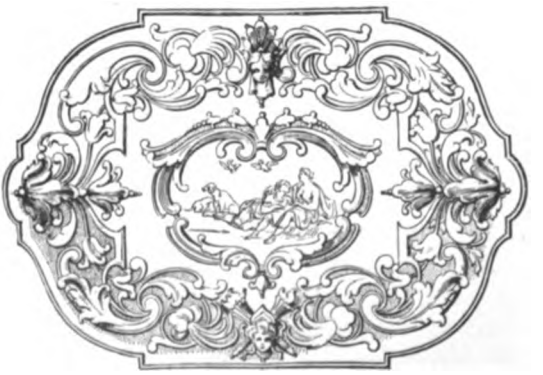
of our links, indulge in unholy merriment when he sees the frantic struggles of his victims on a windy day. One golf-cape is quite equal to two strokes a hole, and, in conjunction with shoes without nails, may be safely given forty or fifty strokes in the round.

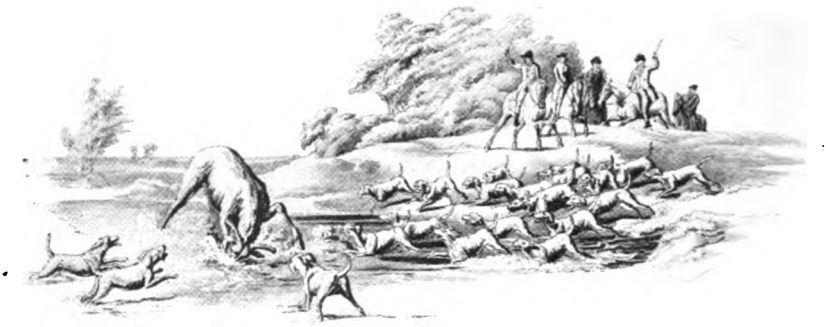
As to the social aspect of golf-clubs much might be written. They are undoubtedly an excellent means of bringing people together, fostering the feeling of good-fellowship, and giving them a common interest. If the club is well managed and worked in a friendly spirit, a very great deal of pleasure accrues to the members; but this happy result means hard and intelligent work, and much tact on the part of the officials of the club. Nominally, the captain is the head official, though actually the secretary, if a really capable and popular woman, comes more closely in touch with the individual members of the club than anyone else. It is the secretary who always has all the hard work to do, the difficult letters to write, the complaints to receive—in fact, all the worries and very little of the kudos. But how gratefully her labours are remembered by all true golfers, who know the weary hours that she must have spent over the handicapping and medal lists and the general business of the club, and who realise all the grit and force of character that are needed to carry a secretary successfully through her work!

The captain's position is far more enviable, as to her lot fall all the little pleasant social duties, such as the receiving and entertaining members of visiting clubs, the giving away of prizes, the arranging of friendly matches, and generally making things go smoothly. Of course she has also more serious duties to perform, and has need of much tact and good judgment in making up her team; but golfers are very loyal, and very ready to back up their captain in every way; and though her path can hardly, perhaps, be accurately described as strewn with rose-leaves, it is certainly gilded with glory—often rather cheaply obtained.

A very good and much-needed work is being done by the Ladies' Golf Union, notably so in the management of the Ladies' Championship, in drawing up rules to regulate inter-club matches, and, in general, placing women's golf on a sound and reasonable basis. One of its most important functions is, to quote from the 'Annual' of the Union: 'To obtain a uniformity of the rules of the game by establishing a representative legislative authority.' And I am glad to say that this 'representative legislative authority' has shown its wisdom in adopting the rules of golf as played by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews.

And now, in conclusion, I must appeal to the æsthetic sense of women golfers. The truest enjoyment of the game is not hampered, but rather enhanced, by the appreciation of its often curiously beautiful surroundings. What can be more delightful on a fine April morning than to start for a day's golf with a congenial companion, on the loveliest of the West-country links? The sea lies spread before us, blue as a sapphire; the flat, green marshes stretch away far to the right, dotted with cattle grazing drowsily in the sunshine. Behind us the hill rises against the sky, with the little village nestling under its crest. The wind blows softly in from the sea, where later on, in the evening, the sun sinks in a haze of golden mist. Our play passes through the many vicissitudes to which mortals' golf is subject, yet we stroll home only pleasantly tired, feeling that it is good to live, and good to play golf on that perfect turf, where you may safely use your driver right through the green, so short and even is the grass, so clean the lies. And now, as I hole out on the last green let me just say this: Golf is, I believe, the finest athletic game that a woman can play. Then, let her always play it pluckily and generously, so that it may help, and not hinder, the development of her character. 'A counsel of perfection,' you will say. Yes, a counsel of perfection, but one that, in this case, is well within our reach.





NOTES

BY 'RAPIER

WHICH are the twelve best named two-year-olds this season? Two of them are, I think it will be generally agreed, Lord Stanley's *Crestfallen* (Ocean Wave—Dolores) and *Arc-en-Ciel* (Blue Green—Orange). Both names are very hard to beat, and with them I am inclined to rank Mr. H. B. M'Calmont's *Floreat Etona* (Florentine—Light Blue). These could not possibly be excluded, and I think we must unreservedly add Mr. Daniel Cooper's *Lowly* (Common—Lonely) and Captain Homfray's *Sulky* (Discord—Reticence). Captain Greer's *War* (Kilwarlin—Tragedy) would certainly have to come in, and so would Mr. E. C. Clayton's *Fast* (Galopin—Dissipation). That makes seven, and to be quite sure of the remaining five we must consider them critically. *Iridescent*, for Mr. Beddington's Sheen—Pink Pearl colt, is another I should be inclined to take, and also Mr. Matthew Dawson's *Nimble Ninepence* (Doubloon—Leap Frog). You want the idea of an 'active coin,' and it could not well be better conveyed. *Twister*, for Lord Rossmore's Lasso—Tennis Ball colt, is very good, for a lasso has to be twisted round the head before being loosed, and tennis balls are often twisters. Perhaps *Dabchick* would have to come in, for to make anything of the combination of Gallinule and Concussion looks difficult in the extreme; but here we have the birds—dabchick and gallinule—and a 'dab' is in the nature of a mild concussion.

There is only one left to make the dozen, and I should hesitate a long time if it were a question of awarding prizes, instead of

merely expressing opinions. If one included *Astern* (Ocean Wave—Trail), one could not well exclude the breezy 'Trawler' (Trayles—Seabreeze), though Trayles has nothing to do with trailing except in the way of a pun. Prince Soltykoff's *Starshine* (Sheen—Star) could not be bettered, and would be chosen but that it is so obvious as to call for the exercise of little imagination. Mr. Eustace Loder's *Star Chamber* (Tyrant—Astrology) is also excellent. A little too apparent is again the only possible objection to Lord Penrhyn's *Primrose Hill* (Rosebery—Strawberry Hill). *Blade* (Bend Or—Glade) and *March* (Marden—Charm) are both ingenious ways out of difficulties. *Flying Colours* (Prism—Flyaway) is good, as is *Jest* (Juggler—Merry Lassie). Mr. Leopold de Rothschild seldom fails to find good names. *Leading Lady* (Pioneer—Quality) arrests attention, and *The Asp* (Despair—La Reyne) will appeal to those who recall the end of Cleopatra. I also like *Jaunt* (Janissary—Tripaway), for you get the first two letters of the sire's name and a suggestion of 'tripping off jauntily.' But on the whole I should be inclined to give the twelfth vote to *Rust*, the Duke of Westminster's son of Blue Green and Ruth, for to find this name was a tax on ingenuity, and you get the 'Ru' from the dam, together with the strong suggestion of the rusty hue.

Several correspondents—some whose writing I have known for several years—write to ask for a few more notes about racing. A long article in this number will, I hope, fulfil their requirements; but I must remind them that in this rapid age news grows stale very quickly, each number of this Magazine goes to press long before the date of issue, and it would never do to have an appearance of being behind the times. I might know that a horse was well in some big handicap, that it had made exceptional improvement, was delighting its owner and trainer, and had a great chance of an easy success; but very many things happen in three weeks, and there would always be a danger that a week after my Note on the subject had gone beyond my control, a fortnight before it could reach my earliest readers, something might happen, and my prognostication of success would appear ridiculous. 'Why, that is the brute that broke down a month ago!' would be the contemptuous remark of the searcher for information. Or the owner might alter his intention and decide to run for something else. That is why I do not attempt to discuss current events.

A friend who has lately been to Kingsclere brings me the most enthusiastic accounts of Regret. The colt has made extraordinary improvement during the winter, and, his admirer declares, looks an entirely different horse. I believe it is a fact that Regret was quite as good as Omladina last year, and it was seen in the Middle Park Plate how very little there was between Omladina and St. Frusquin. I think I have previously expressed an opinion that if Mornington Cannon on the filly had been allowed to ride his own race, and wait with her instead of coming through, he certainly would not have been beaten half a length, but on the contrary would very likely have won. I rode about Newmarket Heath one morning lately searching in vain for St. Frusquin; but I was told by those who have seen him that he has not grown much, and he was so knit and set last autumn that he may not have 'come on' so much as Regret has done. If this be so, the balance seems to incline to the chances of Regret? The circumstance that he will be ridden by Mornington Cannon is vastly in favour of the Kingsclere colt, and this admirable horseman seems to have an excellent prospect of winning his first Derby. It appears to be generally accepted as a foregone conclusion that Omladina will not stay, but I hear rosy accounts of Helm, the filly whose curious style of galloping, with her head at the level of her knees, looked so odd last year. But she galloped fast, it is believed that she does stay, and though Omladina overshadowed her last season, there is no knowing what the pair may be now.

I have received a very gratifying letter from Mr. David Campbell, who won the Grand National on The Soarer, and who is good enough to say that he 'attributes his success in a very great measure to the excellent advice on steeplechase riding given in the Badminton Library.' This pleases me considerably, as I wrote the chapter to which Mr. Campbell refers; but at the same time I must not take too much credit for the work, as what I did was mainly to summarise and put into shape the ideas and opinions I had gleaned from famous cross-country horsemen. It is, in fact, to Mr. J. M. Richardson that Mr. David Campbell's acknowledgments are chiefly due, as it was the rider of Reugny and Disturbance who emphasised the advice to jump the fences well to the right out of the crowd of horses, and two-thirds of the field came to grief in the recent National. Mr. Campbell says, 'The first of your axioms is that the man must be fit as well as the horse. This I certainly was, as although I am always

in good hard condition, I went into regular strict training for the last four weeks, and was fitter on the National day than I ever was in my life. Of course I knew my horse, as nobody has ever ridden him over a jump except myself.'

'Although I had ridden the course last year in the Champion Steeplechase,' Mr. Campbell continues, 'I walked round it carefully three times, and noticed that the fields before you come to the plough (which, I suppose, had been plough in former years) were much harder on the right than on the left; and as I knew the greater number of horses would keep to the left and cut the ground up, I considered it worth while, even the second time round, to keep to the right and get the good going. Profiting by Mr. Richardson's experience, I determined to follow his example, and jump the first few fences well on the right, although they are bigger there than on the left; and this answered admirably, as nearly every other horse went to the left, and in consequence there was a tremendous amount of jostling and falling among the left division, whereas I had an absolutely clear field, nothing came near me, and I have never been interfered with less in a race in my life. This was entirely due to your advice of avoiding the crowd at the start and not jumping behind anyone else. The person who deserves far and away the most credit for The Soarer's win,' Mr. Campbell generously declares, 'is Willie Moore, who simply worked wonders in the horse's condition during the last five weeks; but as regards the riding, I thought you might like to know how much I attribute my success to your excellent advice in the Badminton Library.' Of course, I very much like to know. Mr. Campbell does not add that he gave proof of the possession of a keen eye for a horse by picking out The Soarer, and giving 120*l.* for him in Ireland, thinking that the colt would certainly make a good hunter, and might win a steeplechase—and he won the National! The horse wants a long course and big fences to show what he can do, as, indeed, he demonstrated very conclusively at Liverpool.

A very interesting old hunting diary has come into my hands owing to the kindness of a friend, a private account of sport in Bucks, Oxford, Northamptonshire, Berks, and Warwickshire, recorded by the author of the 'Memoirs of the Rev. John Russell.' The diary is full of quaint passages. Here, for instance, is an

extract:—'Hard frost and snow till January 22 (1850), when the wind changed to West, and the Buckingham bells were plainly heard at Maid's Morton, a certain harbinger of sport.' Does the old notion still exist, I wonder, that if Buckingham bells are heard at Maid's Morton good sport will follow, and if this be the theory, how did it originate, and why does it survive? There is often a very interesting legend or anecdote about these traditions. I note a tribute to a famous sportsman whose family still admirably maintain the reputation of the house:—'John Anstruther Thomson stands about 6 ft. 2 in., and weighs at least 14½ stone. He is a first-rate horseman—the best welter weight I ever saw. If Thomson were to ride a fox chase from London to York he would not tire his horse, and yet he is about the straightest man across country I ever saw. He has a wonderful knack of taking horses by the head and landing them safely over the most difficult fences, at which, however, he is very steady and even slow; not a bit *à la* Leicestershire.'

Two curious accidents are recorded in this diary. In November 1848 I read:—

'Lord Southampton at Whistley Wood—a wet morning. Found at once. The "ladies" rattled him to and fro for half an hour merrily, when he broke cover, but they could not carry a head over the open and soon lost him. First time hounds had been in Whistley Wood for the season. Trotted away to Alley-thorn Copse: found and ran him a hunting pace to Sulgrave, where a most deplorable accident occurred to Mr. Webb's favourite horse. In landing over a fence he put his foot into a hole and broke his leg short off just below the hock; the horse, however, did not fall, and actually took *another jump* before Mr. Webb became aware of his sad situation; the leg of the poor animal twisted round, and seemed as if nothing but the skin prevented its dropping off. Mr. Webb instantly ordered him to be shot; the horse had carried him nobly for seven seasons, and Mr. Webb had just been descanting on his merits, and expressing an opinion that he never should meet with his fellow again. The fox came back to Alley-thorn, where hounds worked him indifferently till dark.'

Here is the second:—

'*March* 26, 1850.—Mr. Drake's Hounds at Burton Common. Found at once a dog fox, ran like fire through the woods, point-

ing for Claydon; turned near Hillesden for Gawcott, over the road to Radclive, away to Bacon's Wood, and here a sad accident occurred. The second Whip, Tom, had opened a bridle gate for me, and followed me through it, when his horse on the level field suddenly broke his hind leg; there was no grip, nothing to jump at, and he was simply trotting at the time. The poor beast's leg twisted about, but he did not fall, and Tom rode him for twenty or thirty yards in that condition, before he was aware of the accident. He was quickly shot.'

The old diarist was a keen observer. Among the field one day he notes 'the Hon. Mrs. Villiers a beautiful rider and horse woman.' It is by no means everyone who appreciates this distinction. Mr. Lowndes, by the way, evidently kept his field in order. 'Found a bad fox in the Winslow Gorse again and killed him also. A London tailor had his nose broken by a young horse ridden by a groom, which jumped upon him when down; the groom ordered home by Lowndes *sans cérémonie*, though his master Mr. Franklyn was in the field.'

An enthusiastic and imaginative cyclist, Mr. H. Warner, writes to me to propound what is, so far as I know, a new idea in relation to cycling. It is 'the adaptation to wheels of many of the most simple figures used in combined figure-skating, the only difference being in the size of the figures, that consist for the most part of circles or parts of circles ridden round or up to centres in common. The "calls" for such figures would with very little modification be the same as those used in skating, and would be readily understood. Such figures for two, for four, or eight, or even up to the number of thirty-two cyclists, would follow the lines of figures skated more than fifty years ago by the old Oxford Skating Society, whose chief exponent was the late Henry Bourne, the inventor of the form of blade now used for "Club" skates, some of which figures are illustrated in the ladies' chapter of Mr. Maxwell Witham's well-known work on Figure-skating. It is claimed for the idea that it will introduce an additional "sport" for all bicyclists, who would ride their machines through an endless variety of evolutions on tennis lawns or other suitable open spaces large enough to admit of such evolutions. Furthermore, it should tend to the promotion of good and graceful

riding, and cycling as an exercise or for pleasure would be far more enjoyable in this way than the riding on hot and dusty roads. As cyclists become more adept in keeping good time and in making their turns smaller, so will the pastime grow more fascinating as difficulties are surmounted. Enthusiasts believe there is a large future in these *Bicycle Quadrilles*, as they might be called, and picture to themselves when, in the near future, they may see such exhibitions at garden parties or other outdoor gatherings, and when clubs will vie with one another in friendly rivalry for the honour of riding best through such sets of figures.'

THE

BADMINTON MAGAZINE

June 1896

THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT

BY MAJOR J. S. S. BARKER, R.A.

By the time the following pages appear in print, the seventeenth Royal Military Tournament will probably be in full swing. Started originally in 1880 on a scale which, in comparison with the development it has attained in recent years, must be regarded as extremely modest, the Royal Military Tournament has now assumed a place in the front rank of the London season's entertainments. In addition, it may be fairly said that the preparatory training of the competitors and exhibitors constitutes an appreciable portion of the daily work of a considerable number of units of Her Majesty's forces in the United Kingdom, while the truly gigantic labours of the secretary, treasurer, and executive committee are only rivalled by those of the great caterers for the amusement of the public.

In saying that the Tournament was started in 1880, it is not intended to imply that that year saw the first attempt to bring forward a display of military exercises. Military sports have been held with more or less regularity in most garrisons, both at home and abroad, for many a year; in fact, if records were available, they would probably be found to be nearly as old as the army itself. At all events, if Sir Walter Scott is to be accepted as an authority, such displays were in vogue in Scotland at the beginning

of the sixteenth century, for he describes in 'Marmion' how the young knights and squires of King James' army

> Practised their chargers on the plain,
> By aid of leg, and hand, and rein,
> Each warlike feat to show;
> To pass, to wheel, the croup to gain,
> And high curvet, that not in vain
> The sword-sway might descend amain
> On foeman's casque below!

Lord Marmion's two squires also could 'lightly bear the ring away,' and in many writers of about the same period frequent allusion is made to the knightly pastime of tilting at the ring or the quintain.[1]

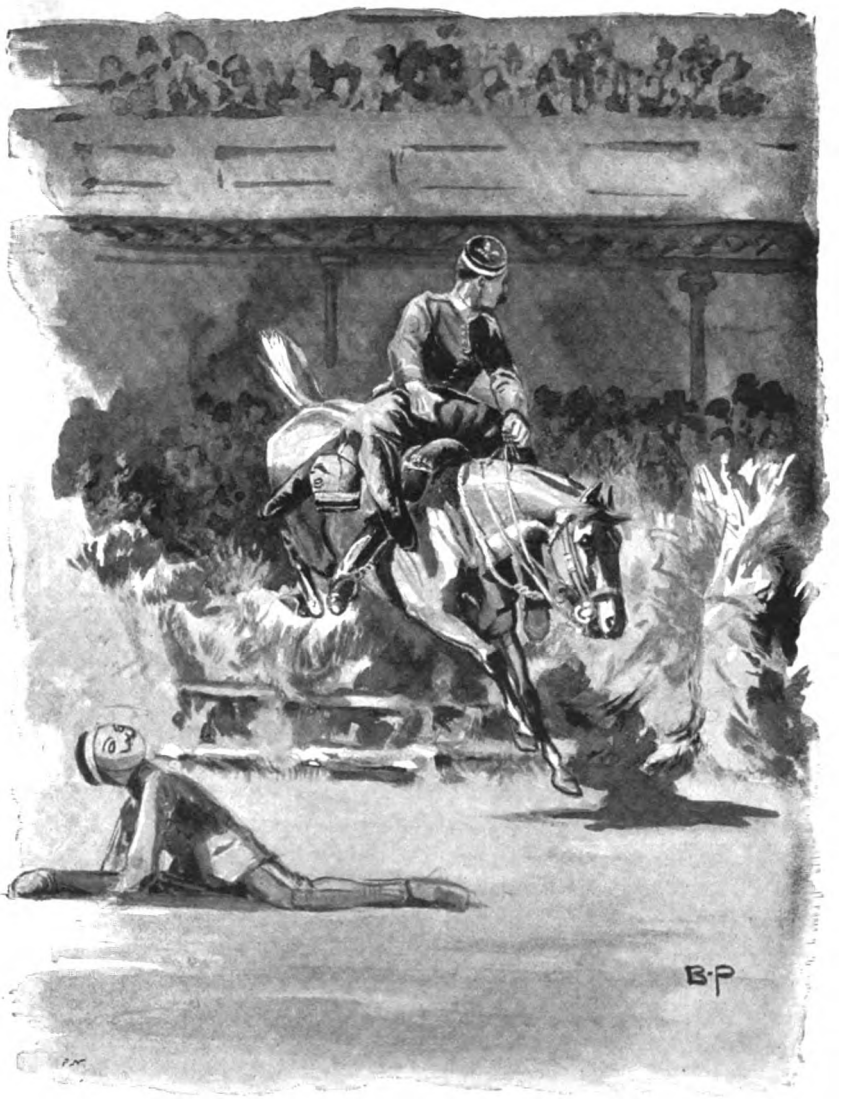
In India, too, the 'Gymkhana,' which has been for years an institution, was originally intended as a means of cultivating horsemanship and skill at arms among the native troops, but has latterly been transformed—perhaps it would be unfair to say degraded—into something between a small race meeting and a bean-feast.

The fault of the earlier efforts, at Wimbledon and Lillie Bridge, which were unsuccessful from a financial point of view, and which never rose above the level of ordinary athletic meetings, lay in a failure on the part of their promoters to grasp the kind of entertainment that the public requires, if its permanent attention is to be secured. In such military sports as were held prior to the advent of the Tournament proper, foot-racing, boxing, and gymnastic competitions formed the bulk of the programme. Experience, however, has conclusively shown that such sports, excellent though they are in themselves, are incapable of attracting the immense crowds which now throng to the Agricultural Hall, day after day, for a fortnight at a stretch. Even the early tournaments, before the necessary experience was gained, were by no means successful, and it was not until the introduction of the musical ride in 1882, and the displays by cavalry regiments in 1884, that the favour of the public was really secured.

With the exception that a detachment of the Royal Navy, always sure of the warmest of welcomes from an English audience, will, for the first time, take part in a Royal Military Tournament, this year's programme is much the same as that of recent years, and may be said, broadly speaking, to consist of two distinct classes

[1] Tilting at the ring and at the quintain has been frequently tried at military sports, but abandoned as being too easy.

of events; namely, competitions and displays. The competitions again may be further subdivided into two classes—the individual contests, consisting of the various mounted and dismounted com-



ZEREBA RACE. PICKING UP DUMMIES

bats, and the 'team' contests, such as the bayonet exercise and physical drill competitions. It is, however, in the matter of displays that the development of the Royal Military Tournament

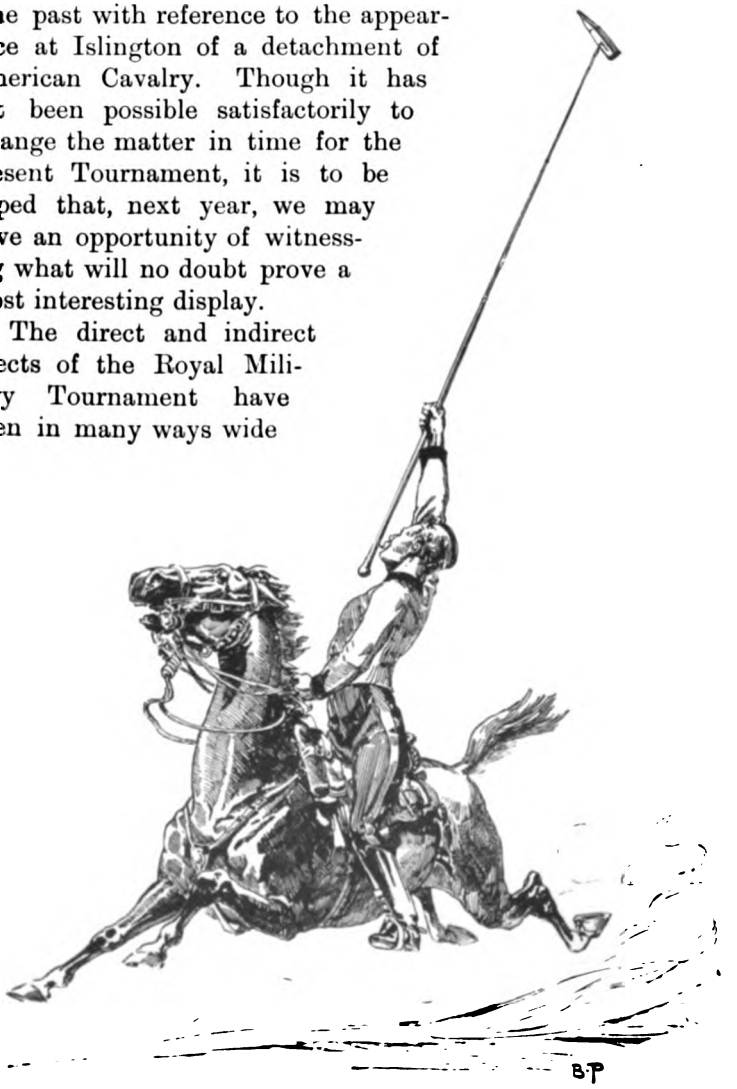
has been most marked, as is only natural when its increasing popularity as a public entertainment is considered; for however interesting to the competitors and to a limited number of experts a contest may be, the general public, as already pointed out, undoubtedly requires something in the nature of a 'spectacle.'

It is to meet this demand that the musical rides, cavalry displays, exhibitions of gymnastics (as distinct from gymnastic competitions) and so forth have been gradually introduced, culminating in the final 'Combined Display of all Arms,' which is a theatrical performance pure and simple. This latter item of the programme is not infrequently stigmatised as rubbish, and likened to a pantomime 'rally,' by those who forget that if the Tournament is to continue to exist, and to do the immense amount of good to the army at large which it does at present, it must, before all things, be a financial success. It was probably owing to some such objections that, when originally proposed in 1884, the idea of a combined display was not favourably received. It was, however, introduced in the following year, and met with such a reception that it has ever since been one of the leading features of the Tournament.

Somewhat similar to the 'Combined Display' is the 'Pageant,' entitled 'The Sons of the Empire,' introduced into this year's programme, in which each corps or branch of the service, either regular or auxiliary, at home or abroad, is represented by a section or group of four men. Of all displays which have ever been shown at the Royal Military Tournament, this is perhaps the most striking, and the one which should most forcibly bring home to the minds of the spectators what the English Empire really means. The total number of units represented is eighty, of which twenty-five belong to the regular army, and the remaining fifty-five to the Indian and Colonial forces, both European and native. It is perhaps needless to say that for numbers and variety, such an exhibition could not be approached by any other nation in the world. Even France, the country which has, next to England, the largest colonial empire, would be left hopelessly behind. While the representatives of her regular army would be about the same in number as those of our own, her colonial forces would be represented by no more than sixteen sections. The 'Historical Pageant' of last year, in which representatives of the 3rd Hussars and the Buffs were shown in the different uniforms which those distinguished regiments have worn during their glorious careers, is evidently not to be compared with the present exhibition, either in numbers, variety, or importance.

It may perhaps be regretted that the committee have this year failed to secure the services of any representatives either of our own colonial forces or of foreign armies. It will be remembered that, on previous occasions, parties of cavalry, artillery and mounted rifles from Victoria and New South Wales, and fencers and gymnasts from France, Italy, and Denmark, have met with enthusiastic receptions. Negotiations with the United States have indeed been in progress for some time past with reference to the appearance at Islington of a detachment of American Cavalry. Though it has not been possible satisfactorily to arrange the matter in time for the present Tournament, it is to be hoped that, next year, we may have an opportunity of witnessing what will no doubt prove a most interesting display.

The direct and indirect effects of the Royal Military Tournament have been in many ways wide



TENT-PEGGING. A 'CARRY'

and far reaching. It may not, for instance, be generally known that the subsidiary District Tournaments, small in comparison with that at the Agricultural Hall, but nevertheless attracting large local audiences, which are now annually held in all military districts of Great Britain and Ireland, owe their origin to, and are under the supreme supervision of, the central managing committee, having been instituted in 1886 for the purpose of selecting, from among the increasing hosts of competitors, those that might be considered worthy of exhibiting their skill in London.

The fact that great and undoubted benefit has accrued to the army in general through the institution of the Royal Military Tournament and its subsidiary branches has already been incidentally alluded to, and it may be not uninteresting to examine this point rather more closely. In the first place, it is of course well known that the surplus takings, after paying off all expenses and providing for a reserve fund, are handed over to the Commander-in-Chief for the benefit of various military charities. The sum thus distributed annually is very large, averaging considerably over 2,000*l.*, and amounting altogether to nearly 40,000*l.*, and the benefits thereby conferred on the army are also great, though, as the effect is not immediately apparent, they are often overlooked. It needs, however, but a moment's consideration to show that, in a country where military service is voluntary, the providing for old and disabled soldiers, for soldiers' widows and orphans, for the families of victims of war or accident, &c., must exercise an important, though indirect, influence on the recruiting market, and consequently on the ranks of the army. As has been already said, this influence is not fully appreciated, either by the public at large, or by the classes from which our recruits are mainly drawn, though if anyone considers what would be the result if a private employer of labour announced that he was prepared to make gratuitously similar provisions for the benefit of his workmen, there should be little difficulty in realising the nature of the work done by the military charities.

Another object of the Royal Military Tournament, equally important with the above and far more direct and visible in its effects, is the development of skill at arms in all ranks of the army. That such skill has been developed, and developed to a marked extent, will hardly be denied by anyone whose military experience covers the last quarter of a century. Five-and-twenty years ago military tournaments, as now understood, were practically unknown, and individual skill in the use of weapons was at a low ebb. At the present day on the contrary it would be hard

to find a troop of cavalry in which there were not at least a dozen men really skilful with sword or lance, or a company of infantry which did not contain a fair number of clever bayonet fighters,

CAVALRY VERSUS INFANTRY COMBAT

while the average level of skill in both cases has undoubtedly been immensely increased.

This improvement, which is directly traceable to the influence

of military tournaments, is perhaps more marked in the cavalry than in the infantry—an opinion which will be shared by those who recollect that, in the early days of 'mixed combats,' *i.e.* combats in which a mounted swordsman or lancer engages a man on foot armed with the bayonet, the victory remained, in the great majority of cases, with the foot soldier, whereas now the balance is, if anything, in favour of the cavalry man. Though it may be true, as some say, that the cavalry of certain European nations is superior to our own in reconnoitring and similar work, any English cavalry officer who has had opportunities of closely studying cavalry abroad can hardly fail to have been struck with the superiority, so far as it is possible in peace time to judge of such a point, of his own men in hand-to-hand fighting.

Effects similar in some respects to the above have been brought about by the 'team competitions,' such as bayonet exercise, physical drill, riding and jumping, artillery driving, &c., though the resulting improvement in these cases has been rather in the discipline and 'esprit de corps' of the army as a whole than in the individual competitors. There is hardly a cavalry regiment, an infantry battalion, or a battery of artillery in the United Kingdom that does not, at least, prepare a team for one or other of these competitions, and this alone cannot but contribute largely to what is generally known as 'smartness.'

It is, however, only fair to point out that these team competitions are open to an objection which does not apply, at least with anything like the same force, to individual contests, and that is the danger of 'over-specialisation.' In cases where the competing unit is favourably situated it is by no means uncommon for the men composing the team to be practically reserved for months beforehand for that purpose alone, and relieved from many, or all, of their other duties. Such a practice is clearly undesirable, but is at the same time extremely difficult to prevent by any legislative action on the part of the executive committee. It can, in fact, only be stopped by a loyal co-operation on the part of the commanding officers concerned with a view to carrying out, in the spirit as well as in the letter, the real object of the Tournament, which is, so far as these competitions are concerned, to raise the average level of all units.

Both individual contests and team competitions have moreover a powerful influence in raising the 'esprit de corps' of the army generally, by the rivalry, friendly or otherwise, which is created between the various regiments. A corps which numbers several winners in its ranks takes care as a rule that its neighbours are

well aware of the fact, and those neighbours usually register solemn vows that the positions shall be reversed on the first available opportunity. Though such jealousy may give rise to an occasional fight in the canteen, its effect on the whole is decidedly beneficial, and it is, when judiciously played upon, perhaps the most powerful lever known to officers for getting an extra effort out of their men.

Thus far the Royal Military Tournament has been considered only in relation to its effect on the regular army, but it must not be supposed that it has been without its influence on the auxiliary forces. At the present moment all, or nearly all, of the Metropolitan Volunteer Corps have their own Schools of Arms, most of them extremely well managed and organised, and doing more to encourage physical development and a love of manly and wholesome exercise than any other existing institutions.

Though these schools can perhaps hardly be said to owe their actual origin to the Royal Military Tournament, they certainly owe their present flourishing condition to it, as they are all dependent on the Metropolitan Volunteer School of Arms Association, which was founded some ten years ago under the direct auspices of the Tournament Committee, and through whose competitions all candidates for honours at the Agricultural Hall must pass. In the near future, no doubt, similar associations will spring up throughout the country, to the great advantage of volunteering in general, and, consequently, of the army as a whole.

THE AMAZONS OF SHINGLEFORD

BY ANTHONY C. DEANE

'AND, in short,' concluded General Clutterbuck, 'what I want to know is, whether we are going to stand this dashed foolery any longer!'

The General, with four or five other men, was standing in the bow-window of the little club at Shingleford, whence you command a fine view of what the guide-book calls the 'spacious esplanade,' and, beyond that, of the sea, sparkling in the sunshine, dotted here and there with the red-sailed fishing-boats. Usually, at this hour, the General was to be found resting in an arm-chair after his morning round on the links, comfortably asleep with the *Times* on his knees, while the other members commented on the day's news or criticised the appearance of the visitors strolling up and down on the esplanade outside. But on this particular morning the usual harmony was evidently disturbed, and the miniature indignation meeting which the General had been addressing was endeavouring to atone for the smallness of its numbers by the strength of its language. The other men, like the General, had just returned from the golf links.

'Yes,' agreed little Dr. Ralston, a fiery little man with red whiskers, 'it's getting quite intolerable. There was a whole party of those wretched women in front of us all the way this morning, spending twenty minutes on each putting-green, and quite declining to allow us to pass them, while that idiot Slasher kept on driving into us from behind.'

'They'll have luncheon parties on the greens before long,' the General growled. 'Miss Shalston, too, calmly picked up my ball after my drive to the [illegible] hole and put it in her own bag! And

then she had the impudence to say that she thought it was a stray one she'd found! Of course, that lost me the hole, and, as it turned out, the match—that and the abominable condition of the last green—you ought to be ashamed of it, Pendred.'

'So I am,' rejoined Mr. Pendred, the local attorney, who acted as secretary to the golf club; 'so I am. But it isn't my fault, you know. Why, only this morning I caught that Chesterton girl playing off it with her mashie. She'd missed the ball three times, and scooped out three chunks of turf as big as your fist, before I could protest. And then, if she didn't say that, as she was only a beginner, she "always put her ball on one of those nice

'WE'LL BLACKBALL THE WHOLE LOT'

flat places," since she couldn't play with a wooden club! How in the world do you expect to have decent greens while this kind of thing is allowed?'

'It's time something was done,' said the Doctor. 'We ought never to have admitted ladies to the club. By the way, I saw two or three of *your* family about this morning, Ditchling. Can't you persuade them to take up croquet, man?'

Mr. Ditchling, a small and meek-looking old gentleman, shook his head gloomily. 'I wish I could,' he responded. 'Really, if I may say so, the presence of ladies on the links is most annoying.

One of them drove into me to-day, and I nearly lost my match with General Clutterbuck in consequence, I think.'

'Stuff and nonsense!' roared that indignant warrior. 'You know very well that if that ball of mine hadn't been picked up at the seventh hole, and if you hadn't had the most infernal luck all the way, you'd have been four or five down at least—yes, at least, sir!'

'Well, well,' put in Mr. Pendred soothingly, 'the question is, what is to be done? The usual monthly ballot takes place next Thursday, and I have here'—he produced a list from his pocket—'a number of applications for membership, including those, I regret to say, of no fewer than fifteen ladies.'

'Fifteen fiends, sir!' cried the indignant General. 'We'll blackball the whole lot—yes, by gad, we will!'

There was a moment of awestruck silence. At last Mr. Ditchling ventured a mild protest.

'Don't you think that this would be a—well, rather a severe course to adopt? I see, for instance, the names of Mrs. Elliston and Sir Thomas Lorrimer's two daughters are on the list. Don't you think that if they are excluded there is likely to be a little unpleasantness?'

'It'll be a dashed sight more unpleasant if they get in, sir,' General Clutterbuck retorted. 'Fifteen of them! Great heavens! Are we to have golf links or a schoolgirls' playground? No, we must put our foot down at once. I only wish we could get rid of those who are in already!'

'Perhaps it would be well to lay our difficulty before Mr. Rawlinson, who is, I believe, the owner of the links,' suggested the secretary.

'Not a bit of use,' said Dr. Ralston decisively. 'The old gentleman is entirely given up to his antiquarian hobbies, and wouldn't be bothered by any question so extremely modern as this. Why, he only allowed us to play golf over his property when we pointed out how ancient a game it was, and how it deserved to be kept up as an interesting survival.'

'No, none of your miserable compromises,' put in the General. 'We'll pill the whole lot on Thursday, and see if that 'll bring them to their senses.'

And on the following Friday it became Mr. Pendred's painful duty as secretary to inform each of the fifteen lady candidates that the Shingleford Golf Club had declined to admit her to its membership.

It need hardly be said that the news spread like wildfire, and that it was almost the sole topic of conversation on the esplanade

that morning. The rejected damsels and their friends were exceedingly angry, and were supported by a few members of the golf club, who obtained great popularity by threatening to suspend the laws, call general meetings, and demand—nay, insist upon—a new ballot. But it is to be feared that they did not go beyond these threats. Indeed, in the privacy of the club they were seen to chuckle and wink discreetly at one another. Some of the older gentlemen made no secret of their joy. 'Goodness knows what these young women are coming to nowadays,' they observed; 'this 'll teach them to stay at home instead of careering about on the links.'

AN IMPROMPTU MEETING ON THE ESPLANADE TO DISCUSS THE SITUATION

Many ingenious theories to account for the catastrophe were promulgated by the more elderly ladies, the favourite version being that it was due to Mr. Pendred, at the instigation of his wife, in revenge for the fact that she had not been invited to Lady Lorrimer's recent garden party. Ethel and Cecily Lorrimer, they pointed out, had been among the rejected candidates; what further proof was necessary?

These two young ladies, with several of those friends of theirs against whom the General had so vehemently declaimed, held an impromptu meeting on the esplanade to discuss the situation.

'It's a horrid shame!' remarked Miss Mary Chesterton, 'and you shan't be kept out, you poor dear things, by those selfish old men. They 'll be turning out the rest of us next—that General Clutterbuck has been abominably rude to me already. He used the most *awful* language because a ball of mine nearly hit him the other morning. What right had he to get in the way of my ball? He said he hadn't played his "second stroke," which was simply untrue—he'd been playing for half an hour at least.'

'Yes,' added another girl, 'and Mr. Pendred actually had the impertinence to ask me to put back a tiny piece of ground I fluffed up! I told him he'd better send for his gardener to do that kind of work. Look at the selfish old things!'

She nodded to the club window, at which the usual morning gathering was assembled, and where Mr. Pendred and the General were visible, evidently chuckling over the success of their unprincipled manœuvre.

'Yes, but what's to be done?' asked Miss Chesterton. 'Are we going to submit tamely to this kind of thing—('Never!' chorussed the others valiantly)—or what are we going to do to assert our rights?'

'Well, I've got an idea,' said Cecily Lorrimer. 'No, I won't tell any of you what it is yet—oh, there's Mr. Rawlinson. I must go and speak to him. Wait here, all of you, until I come back.'

And, so saying, she contrived deftly to join the placid old gentleman with white hair who was strolling slowly along the esplanade. He was, as has been mentioned, a zealous antiquarian, and Miss Lorrimer's greeting probably recalled him from a reverie over some far-distant age, for he started as she spoke to him.

'Oh—good-morning, Miss Lorrimer. How are you—very busy with parties and picnics, I suppose?'

'Pretty well,' replied that diplomatic young lady. 'But some of us were just wishing that we could find a form of outdoor exercise of—of a more intellectual kind, you know. In fact, we were thinking of taking up archery.'

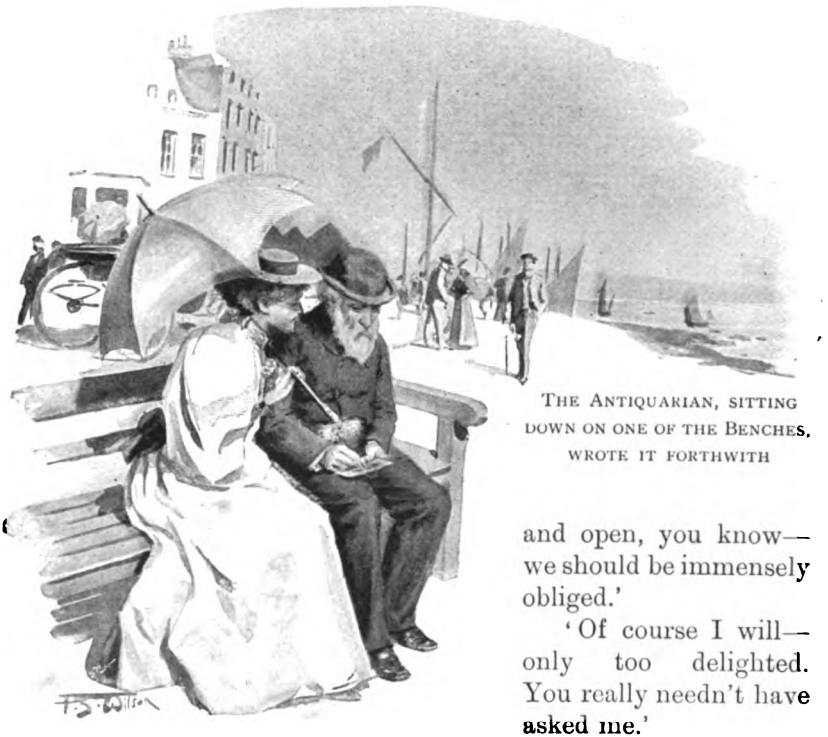
'A very worthy occupation!' cried the delighted old gentleman, 'one of the noblest of ancient pursuits. True, it is no longer necessary for warlike purposes in these barbarous days of machine-guns, yet many noble victories have been won by those who drew the cross-bow.'

Miss Lorrimer thought to herself that drawing the long-bow was still a distinctly useful art at times. 'I am *so* glad you approve,' she said sweetly. 'It encourages me to ask you to do

something to help the new archery club which we propose to start.'

'I'll do anything I can,' said Mr. Rawlinson with alacrity. 'It disgusts me to see so many young men and women playing these miserable modern games and neglecting those of olden days. Do you want a subscription?'

'Oh, no; we shouldn't think of trespassing upon your kindness in that way. But if you would be so very good as to give us leave to practise on that ground of yours by the sea—it's so nice



THE ANTIQUARIAN, SITTING DOWN ON ONE OF THE BENCHES, WROTE IT FORTHWITH

and open, you know—we should be immensely obliged.'

'Of course I will—only too delighted. You really needn't have asked me.'

'Well, you see,' resumed Cecily Lorrimer, 'some of the men sometimes—er, play golf there, and I thought possibly they might object.'

'Let 'em,' Mr. Rawlinson replied, 'let 'em! It's my land, and they have nothing to say to it. And you won't interfere with them, I'm sure. Besides, good English archery is worth fifty times more than any Scotch game ever invented.'

'But,' said the young lady, 'to make quite sure, would you mind giving me your permission in writing?'

The antiquarian expressed his perfect willingness to do so,

and, sitting down on one of the benches, wrote it forthwith. Having thanked him effusively, Miss Lorrimer returned with the precious piece of paper to her allies and explained to them her plan of campaign.

'We'll show these men,' she concluded, 'that we're not to be beaten in this way. And now, my dears, we'll go and buy all the bows and arrows that there are in Shingleford!'

. . . . . .

On the following day General Clutterbuck and Mr. Pendred, in exceedingly good spirits, met at the first tee to play a match.

'WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY BELLOWING LIKE THAT?'

'No fear of being troubled by the women to-day, my boy,' said the warrior gleefully. 'I hear that the rest are going to resign, owing to our having pilled the fifteen.'

'Yes,' assented his companion; 'it's a blessed change. Anyone else out yet, boy?' he added to his caddie.

'Iss, zur—Doctor Raälston and Maister Ditchlin', an' a mortial zight of them laädies,' replied the urchin.

The General gasped. 'What? On the links again? Nonsense, I don't see them! Drive off, Pendred.'

They had finished the first hole, and the General was just in the act of swinging ponderously back to drive from the second tee, when Mr. Pendred exclaimed suddenly—

'Bless—my—soul!'—

This with such suddenness and vigour that his opponent missed the ball altogether.

'What the doose do you mean, sir, by bellowing like that on the stroke?' said the General, turning round fiercely.

'Look—look!' said Mr. Pendred, disregarding the other's anger in his astonishment; 'what on earth does *that* mean?'

The General followed the direction of the other's glance, and stared, with speechless amazement, at the phenomenon which met his eyes. On the middle of the links, about a hundred yards off, he saw a large number of ladies, talking and laughing at the top of their voices. Each one of them was furnished with bow and arrows, which they were discharging rapidly and with the wildest aim, as they advanced in a kind of loose skirmishing line. What their target was it was impossible to say; it was evident that none of them had the least control over their weapons, and the arrows whistled in all directions. Even as he looked the General saw one fly uncomfortably near Dr. Ralston, who was playing on in front, and observed that gentleman throw down his club and rush for safety into a clump of furze-bushes, swearing volubly, I regret to say, as he ran.

'Please be careful, General!' cried a sweet feminine voice. 'We're shooting at that post there, and you're rather close to it, you know.' And an arrow sang in the air and fixed itself quivering in the turf at only a few yards' distance from the tee.

Mr. Pendred could do no more than ejaculate 'Bless my soul!' with increased emphasis; but the General's warlike instincts were up. Scorning ambuscade, he marched straight up to the hostile force, and addressed Miss Cecily Lorrimer, who appeared to be in command.

'What the dickens does this mean?' he spluttered.

'Good morning, General; isn't it a lovely day? This is the first meeting of the new archery club; we've taken to that since we aren't allowed to play golf, you see.'

'Archery club? What business have you here? Are you aware that you're trespassing, madam?'

'Oh no,' said Cecily sweetly, 'I really don't think we are. We have Mr. Rawlinson's permission, you see,' and she produced the piece of paper from her pocket, which the General glared at dumbfounded.

'And how often do you propose to amuse yourselves in this way?' he inquired.

'Oh, every day,' was the answer. 'We need practice dreadfully, of course. We hope we are not in your way?'

The General vouchsafed no reply, but rushed tumultuously down the hill into the town, and made straight for Mr. Rawlinson's house. It need hardly be said that he did not obtain much consolation there. For one thing, his indignation made his manner far from conciliatory. For another, Mr. Rawlinson quite declined to withdraw the permission he had granted to the ladies' archery club. He expressed his regret that its practice had interfered with the golfers, but, really, if it proved to be impossible that both pursuits should be carried on over the same ground, he would have to ask the golf club to look for links elsewhere.

A general meeting of the golf club was hastily summoned, but its members could do nothing except indulge in some exceedingly strong language—a privilege of which several availed themselves freely. For nearly a week matters remained at a deadlock. Very few golfers ventured to play so long as ill-directed arrows whistled about their heads throughout their game. They found, too, that large targets had been erected during the night on some of the putting-greens. The victory indeed rested with the ladies of Shingleford, and some of the men even wished to hold another election in order to admit the rejected fifteen, preferring to sacrifice their dignity for the sake of peace and quietness.

But the historian is happy to be able to add that, owing to the effecting of a judicious compromise, this extreme measure did not become necessary. It occurred to someone that by allowing the ladies to use one or two of the holes, and by making some more on an adjacent piece of land, a separate ladies' links might be established at a very small cost. This was shortly afterwards done, and the noble sport of archery, much to Mr. Rawlinson's disgust, is now utterly neglected at Shingleford. But at least harmony reigns there once more. The gentlemen pursue their game unimpeded by the ladies; the ladies can go their devious rounds at what pace they will. Indeed, it is whispered—the rumour almost savours too much of the millennium to be credible, but I give it for what it is worth—it is whispered that General Clutterbuck was seen yesterday on the ladies' links, taking part in a 'mixed foursome!'

TROUT-FISHING IN SPAIN

BY MARIE DUNCAN

A FEW years ago, while staying with some relations in the north of Spain, we heard of a small village in the Basque country where, besides fine scenery and bracing air, we were promised some good fishing in a stream full of trout. All needful arrangements for the journey were soon made, and we started in high spirits. Our party consisted of Tom, his elder sister Jane, and myself.

Very soon we began to realise that the fishing was not what we had been led to expect. Alas! when is it so?

The scenery and the bracing air were there certainly; also the stream with its sparkling water, now running merrily, now deep and dark—a stream made by nature for the frisky trout that should have been there in shoals. But village gossips whispered of systematic netting unblushingly practised whenever the natives wished to feed on fish, or when Fridays and fast days had to be provided for. A cunningly devised dyke, which had somewhat puzzled us, had been constructed to facilitate this constant capture of fish. Our hearts swelled with indignation as these painful facts became known to us, and no one will be much surprised if in time we too became completely demoralised. A fixed determination possessed us. Lawfully or the reverse, we must catch a dish of trout.

We did not lack either ingenuity or perseverance, and we tried *everything*. We did not scorn worms, but soon lost all respect for them, and in our spare moments worked surreptitiously at a cunning net, which, however, also turned out to be but a

hollow mockery. With due regard for truth, I must confess that Tom was chiefly to blame for these irregular proceedings; for, although I made the net, he designed it; and if I occasionally fished with worms, he always put them on the hooks for me, unasked and with eager alacrity. Still, honest fishing was not entirely forsaken, and one soft grey afternoon I started, full of good intentions, to try my luck with an artificial fly once more.

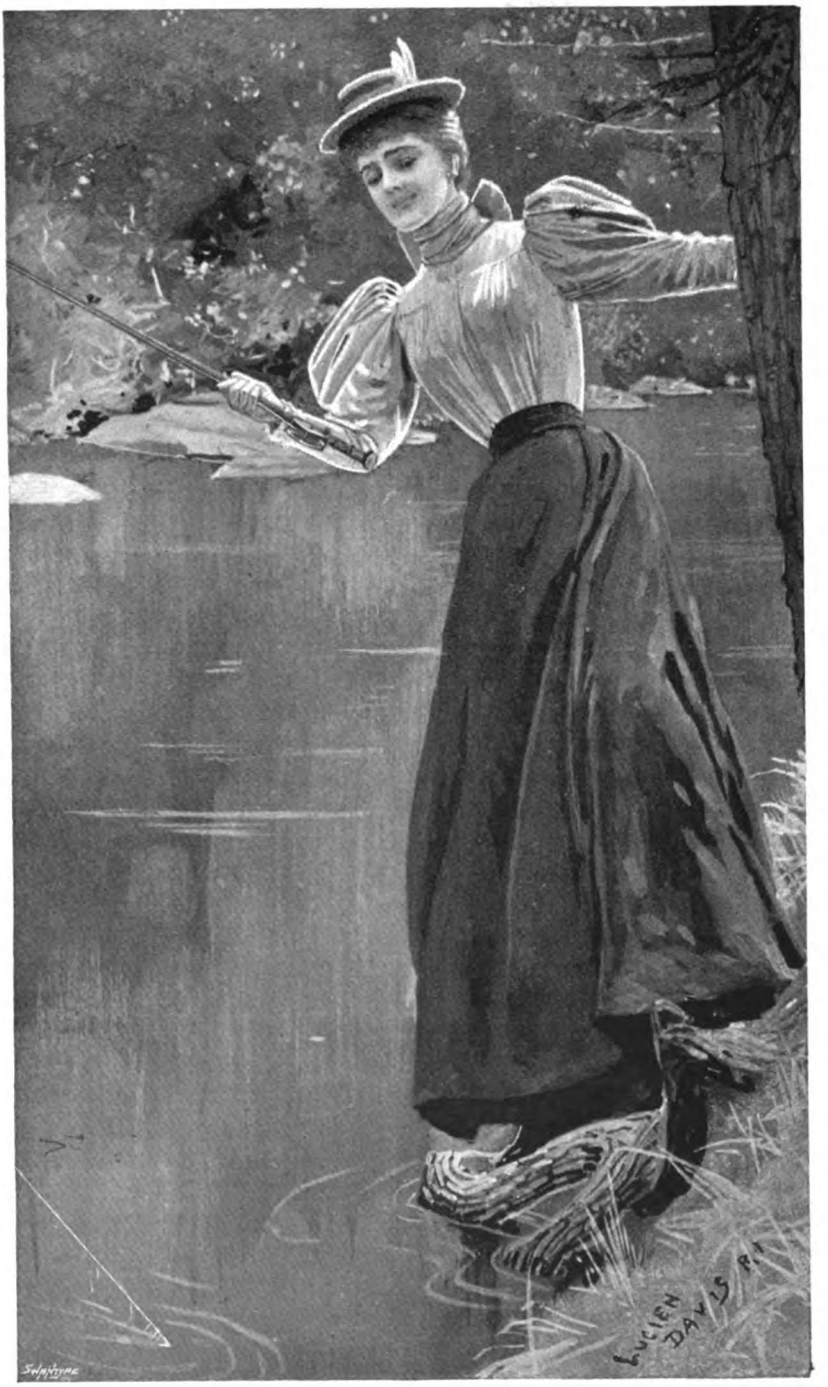
After fishing patiently for some time without moving a fin, I came to a place which we had always avoided as an impossible one. It was bordered on each side by thick trees, while a grassy and slippery slope ran down from the path to the edge of the water. Why should I not try it? The fish here, I reflected, must be less shy than in the more open parts of the river, and, unsophisticated as I hoped to find them, might make up for disappointment occasioned by their more wily brethren.

I crept down the bank very cautiously, and found a firm foothold on the roots of an old elm at the very edge of the water. I passed my left arm round the trunk, and in this cramped position endeavoured, vainly at first, to throw my fly. To do this I had to lean forward considerably, and to hold my rod almost horizontally to avoid the trees which formed a thick green arch over my head.

There was a dark, quiet place up-stream on my left which looked a likely corner, and, after one or two bad attempts, I succeeded in reaching it. All around was still and silent; not a leaf stirred, not a bird twittered. Nature held her breath, and looked on in hushed bewilderment!

Suddenly my heart stood still! Yes, something had touched my fly. It was gone in an instant, but it was a rise without a doubt. I threw again over the same spot; again the fish rose, this time with a great splash, but he escaped once more. Despair filled my soul. I knew of old the hopelessness of a third throw, but must try once more. Then, oh, delight! the line was suddenly strained, and away rushed the rascal with my fly well embedded somewhere.

I have often wondered since how in my excitement I did not leave go of the tree, and fall head-foremost into the stream. But no. I remained outwardly calm, and, shifting my rod to my left hand, managed, though very awkwardly, to shorten the line. It was not an easy feat to play a good-sized trout in this position. The trees prevented my lifting up the rod, and I expected every moment it would come to pieces, for, as ill-luck would have it, I had carelessly omitted to tie the hitches at the joints:



IT WAS NOT AN EASY FEAT TO PLAY A TROUT IN THIS POSITION

Fortunately, the fish soon gave up fighting, but I was not out of the wood yet. How was I to land my prize while embracing a tree in my arms, one hand only comparatively free, and behind me a steep and slippery bank? There was no time to ponder very deeply over this problem. I am not particularly proud of the way I solved it, and if any experienced brother sportsman knows of a better method of landing a fish under similar circumstances, and without a net, I can only say that I shall be very glad to hear from him on the subject. In the meantime this is what I did. I relinquished my hold of the elm, turned round very carefully, then scrambled up the bank on all-fours, dragging my rod after me, as if there was no such thing as a fish at the end of it. Arrived safely on the top, I laid the rod on the level ground, and, catching hold of the line, I slid down the slope again, sat down with my heels well stuck into the earth, and *pulled* my fish out of the river. Another scramble and I was on the path above, taking the hook from the lip of a beautifully speckled trout a little over one pound in weight.

By that time it was getting dark, and I decided to pack up and go home. An exclamation made me turn round with a start, to see one of the village boys approaching to admire the trout lying on the grass.

> There, in the twilight, cold and grey,
> Lifeless, but beautiful he lay

—the fish, not the man. He had probably watched my struggles from a distance, and, as I did not understand his Basque dialect, I could not tell whether his voluble remarks were flattering or the reverse. But when I said a very decided 'Buenas tardes' he quickly took the hint, and started off running towards the village. Then, with my precious spoil dangling at the end of a stick—I had not taken my fishing basket—I started for home in great glee.

I was already in sight of the first houses when I met Jane. She had heard all about my fish from the boy, and she told me that the whole village was out in the street in great excitement, and talking over the wonderful event. My heart sank within me. Must I really face a crowd of rustics with my one small fish hanging at the end of a stick? Should I wrap the creature in my handkerchief, and coax Jane to put it in her pocket? It was too late. No sooner did we turn the corner of the lane into the main street than the chattering crowd fell apart on either side, leaving an open space for us, down which we walked

gravely, while a hundred eyes gazed in mute astonishment at the unfortunate mortal in petticoats who could catch fish with an artificial fly.

Alas! my tale here becomes a tragedy. Of course that now famous trout must be cooked and eaten at once, so Benita, our pretty Spanish cook, was set to prepare it, eagerly watched by her whole family and a few neighbours. When the moment came for Benita to attend to the frying-pan, the proceedings lost their fascination and the audience disappeared. Then it was that a wily cat, unperceived before, jumped on the table, seized the dainty morsel, and escaped into the street.

We shall never forget the uproar that filled the house and the whole village! Every able-bodied man in the place, followed by women and children, started in pursuit. After a short but exciting chase, what was left of the fish was brought back in triumph by three men!

We never inquired what had become of the cat, and nobody objected when, with smiles and thanks, I presented the mangled remains of the trout to its rescuers, who departed highly gratified, especially when Tom added a more substantial reward in the shape of a few reals.

But a happy day dawned for us at last, thanks to an invitation to fish in some private water a few miles up the river. Don Antonio Flamingo de Bolero begged that the señorita and the English señor would do him the honour of fishing in his grounds.

Of course we knew what that meant, for had we not heard all about that enchanted spot, where you might land fish after fish to your heart's content, or until your arm ached?

'Why, even Kitty will catch trout there,' Tom exclaimed kindly, if not too politely. *Even* Kitty, indeed!

The great day came and we made a good start, fully equipped, and ready for any emergencies. Declining all offers of help—I like to be alone when fishing—I allowed Tom to depart in peace, and set to work in good earnest. But, alas! was it ill-luck, or the wind, or the sun, or the hot weather? But hour after hour passed, and the only thing I caught was a fish about the size of a sardine, of whose name I was not even sure. It had no sooner been hidden within the depths of my basket than I perceived Tom in the distance.

His step was brisk, his bearing buoyant. He hailed me cheerfully, as if he had come upon me quite unexpectedly. A little judicious questioning easily drew from him the announce-

ment that he had three fine trout in his creel, which he forthwith produced. The fish were really worth admiring, and when that was duly done, he naturally asked, 'And what have you done?'

I thought of my sardine, and answered demurely, 'Not much . . . yet.' But I felt that my hour had come at last. The old Eve arose within me as I added very sweetly, 'If you like, I'll carry one of your fish in my basket. If you go on at that rate, you will not know where to put them.'

'Oh! will you? You are very good. Are you sure it is not too heavy for you?'

'Not at all.' Then, with a pre-historic toss of the head, 'Do you think I have not often carried more than that of my own catching?'

Tom, of course, felt at once, as it was meant he should, that he had put his foot into it, and he apologised humbly. After granting absolution, I added carelessly, for it would not do to appear too eager, 'Just leave it on the grass; I'll take it up presently.'

'But you have not yet shown me what you have caught?' he asks.

'It is not worth showing.'

Strictly true. But I must get rid of him now, and the Eve in me knew how to manage that also.

'See that rise over there,' I cried, excitedly; 'I'll soon have him!' The professional attitude was instantly assumed, and good Tom, totally unconscious of the fact that he had been given an apple to eat, retired stealthily, for he knows I hate being watched.

Then my attention was suddenly attracted by a fish steadily feeding under the low hanging branches of a large tree on the near bank, and I let my fly, a nice dry one, drop lightly about a yard above that spot. It floated down just over its unsuspecting nose, and . . . . yes, he has taken it. Then all is excitement. The usual rushing up and down of a crowd of frightened fish makes the water glint, and ripple, and sparkle. I run up and down too, and forgetting the tree overhead, forgetting everything except the one fact that I must hold my rod well up, how could I see that the line had entangled itself round one of the branches? When, at last, the net and the fish emerge from the water, the double strain on the bough is relaxed, it straightens itself with a sudden jerk, and up goes my trout, out of the net, high into the air, where it dangles and twirls helplessly from one of the branches.

This is a most humiliating position to be in for an angler with a reputation to lose, and 'even' to make good. But a furtive glance around brings some comfort, for no one is in sight. What is to be done? The tackle is strong, and the fish likely to remain there, out of the water, 'tis true, but out of reach also. How ridiculous it looks up there, hanging on a tree! For a moment I am so overcome with laughter that I cannot do anything. Then, with the help of my landing-net and some really very creditable high jumps, the offending branch is caught, and the bewildered trout recaptured.

This episode was hardly over when I saw Don Antonio at a few yards, performing a series of stately bows. Had he seen me jumping? His calm, grave face betrayed nothing.

'I hope you have had some good sport,' he said, in really very creditable English

'Oh, excellent, thank you! And you?'

Don Antonio, notwithstanding the high breeding of centuries looking at me through his deep, dark eyes, was but a man after all, and his pride in his skill is not proof against the temptation, for out comes a fine brace of trout. The most gratifying admiration is bestowed on the fish. Then Don Antonio catches sight of Tom's trout still lying on the grass.

'Is that yours? What a beauty! Truly, it is the finest fish I have seen this season,' &c.

After the praise lavished on his spoil he cannot say less, and the complimentary flow of phrases is allowed to run on smoothly to the end. At last, not I, but my friend Eve—alluded to already—says carelessly, 'Yes, it is rather fine, but—lonely.'

Don Antonio rises to the occasion like a man, and he too takes an apple very well indeed.

'Pray accept mine,' he says, eagerly; 'all I have is yours, I lay them at your feet.'

'Certainly not; I could not think of such a thing; but it is very kind of you.'

He naturally insists, and I am persuaded to accept the gift, still protesting.

'It is not fair to rob you thus of all your fish, but if you really wish it——'

This time the three trout are at once safely and snugly laid over a bed of fresh grass in my basket. It would be ungracious to treat a gift carelessly.

'Will you allow me to carry it for you, or I'll call one of my men?'

'Oh, no, thank you. I like to carry my own basket; I always do; and, besides, I must not fish any more. It is time to go in, I am sorry to say, and we have to thank you very much indeed for our pleasant day here.'

Don Antonio makes a suitable answer, and we part the best of friends.

'You have done well,' Tom exclaimed when we reached home that evening, and the contents of my basket were spread out before the household's admiring eyes.

'Well, I suppose *even* I can catch fish sometimes.'

'I am glad you have had a good day, and I hope old Antonio will ask us again.'

'So do I,' I answered, with marked emphasis to make up for the lost point of my previous remark; but dear Tom did not see this either.

Such are some of the methods by which a woman can catch trout in Spain, and perhaps, also, all over the world.

LION HUNTING

BY LORD DELAMERE

LAST month I described two different methods of hunting lions. One of them could hardly be called a method at all, as it depended on news brought in by natives as to where a lion had actually been seen. The second plan consisted of tying up a donkey for a bait, and sitting up to watch it at night. A much more interesting way of hunting lions than either of these, and a very successful one if the native shikaris employed are any good, is to track them. A lion lies up in some cool shady place for the day, unless the sky is overcast and the sun cannot get out, when he will occasionally be found hunting at any hour. If you can strike his spoor of the night before there is a very good chance of following it up to where the lion lies, should the ground be suitable. There is no form of hunting so exciting as this. When the spoor is found there is generally nothing to show if you have struck it early or late in the lion's wanderings, so that it is quite a chance whether it leads you for hours over all sorts of country, or whether, after half a mile down a sandy river bed or path, it turns off into a thick patch of reeds or bush close by, where the lion is lying. It is extraordinary how the excitement grows as time goes on, and still you keep the track, sometimes very slowly, where only now and then part of a footprint can be seen on a soft place between the stones, at other times as fast as you can walk over soil where the track is visible many yards ahead. And when the spoor is lost, and minute after minute goes by while you cast about vainly in every direction,. how wretched you are, and how quickly your spirits

rise again when a low whistle or snapping of the fingers announces that one of the trackers has hit it off further on!

At last, certain signs show that you are getting near the end; the trackers take off their sandals and tuck up their loin-cloths under their belts, lest a corner flapping in the wind should scare the lion. For the first time you take your rifle from the native who has had charge of it, and, with your head shikari carrying a second rifle, steal forward till the lion is sighted or ringed in a small clump of bush. Then, when all is over, and the skin is being taken off, how pleasant it is to sit in the shade, listening to the excited talk of the natives, and letting your nerves quiet down again after the hopes and fears of the morning! You ride home to camp with the lion-skin behind your saddle, while one of your men after another gives his version of the morning's proceedings in a hunting song. On the other hand, when you get a shot, and miss after a long and difficult track, it seems as if any number of lions killed in the future will never make up for the loss of this one, which is always the biggest lion, carrying the finest mane, you have ever seen. The ride home to camp is then a silent one, as no lion means no sheep for the men, and they are correspondingly downhearted.

A LION LIES IN A COOL, SHADY PLACE

The first thing to be done in tracking is to find fresh spoor. Natives will often bring news of spoor, but unluckily the average villager's idea of a fresh track is rather hazy. I have several times gone a long way to find at the end a track several days old.

On one occasion two natives arrived, saying there were fresh lion tracks in a river-bed, luckily not more than half a mile from camp, but when we got there the fresh lion tracks turned out to be the spoor of two hyenas, at least a week old.

The spoor of the large spotted hyena is not unlike that of a lioness on certain ground, but the difference can easily be told, because a hyena has claws like a dog, whereas the retractile claws of a lion are always sheathed and leave no mark. The best way to find spoor is to look for it yourself with good trackers. Should there be any villages near camp which lions have been in the habit of raiding, it is very necessary to get there as early as possible in the morning. If once the large flocks of sheep and goats and herds of camels which have been shut up in the villages all night are let out, the ground all about is a mass of indistinguishable foot-prints, and every path from the villages is choked with long strings of beasts going off to their feeding grounds. Hitting off a lion's spoor under these circumstances is almost impossible, and the dust raised by the herds is very disagreeable.

Besides villages, any well in the neighbourhood is a good place to look for spoor. If a lion is about there ought to be no difficulty in picking up his spoor within a day or two.

The best piece of tracking I ever saw lasted five hours. In 1892 two of my men got badly mauled by a lion, so our camp had to stop where it was till they could be moved. After a time one of them was able to walk about with his arm in a sling, and the other was going on well, so one night I decided to leave the big camp next day and go with two or three camels to some villages only a day's march away. Early the next morning Mahomed Noor, the headman, started with the camels. I stopped behind to get some breakfast. Just as we were going to follow, a camelman, who had gone up the river-bed close by to get some water, came running back to say that a lion had been down to drink at one of the shallow sand wells in the night. I started at once with Abdullah and two other trackers, telling my pony-boy to follow on as soon as he could get the pony saddled. When tracking, I have always found it the best plan to have the pony led some distance behind. The boy ought to have no difficulty in following the tracks of two or three men and a lion, and if the pony is kept close up, it is sure to stamp or blow its nose at the critical moment. In open bush, or down a river-bed or path, the boy can follow by sight; but he must stop if he sees that the trackers have lost the spoor, while they cast about and pick it up again. Absolute quiet is most necessary while tracking; for

although some lions can hardly be frightened by any amount of noise, others will steal away at the slightest sound.

When we got to the well there was the spoor plain enough in the sand, but rather blurred by some rain which had fallen at daybreak. This made the tracking a little difficult after we left the river-bed, but when we had followed it slowly for some distance, we came to a place where the lion had lain down under a thick bush, evidently to shelter from the rain, as the spoor after this was quite distinct on the top of the damp ground. This made us think we were in for a short track, for it must have been light when the lion went on again from here, and lions generally lie up shortly after the sun rises; but this day proved an exception, because it was cloudy and cool till late in the forenoon.

The spoor now led us along a sandy path, where we could follow it as fast as we could walk. When it turned off into the

THE PONY IS LED SOME DISTANCE BEHIND

bush we quite expected to see the lion at any moment; but not a bit of it—he wandered about through endless clumps of mimosa and 'irgin' bushes, as if he did not mean to lie up at all.

Carrying the track through this sort of country is very slow work, as, whenever it leads into a thick patch of covert, it is best not to follow it through, but to make good the ground beyond, so that if the lion is in, the place can be driven. Very often, if a track is followed into really thick bush or long grass, the lion decamps out of the opposite side, and, at best, a snapshot from behind is all you get.

The track at last led us down a little sandy watercourse, which it followed for some distance. Up to this time we had had no real difficulty in making it out, but now came our first serious check. The nullah turned off along the side of a stony ridge, and, instead of going along it, the lion had turned up the hill.

We had got the general direction that the lion had been going in, but this was no good to us, as on casting forward in the same line to the bottom of the other side of the ridge where there was some sandy ground, we could find no sign of his having passed in that direction. We spent some time hunting about, growing less hopeful as time went on. A man following a trail by sight certainly has an enormous advantage over a hound hunting it by nose, because time is of no particular object to him, and every direction can be tried in turn. After making our cast forward we went back to the little watercourse, and followed that down for some distance, hoping that the lion had turned down hill again; but here, too, we were disappointed, and gravitated back to where we had first lost the spoor. We knew that the lion had not gone straight on, nor had he turned back; he must have gone along the top of the ridge and then crossed into other stony hills where it was hopeless to try to track him.

Abdullah, who is never defeated, said there was a big river-bed further on in the direction in which the lion was going. It seemed a very slender chance, as he might have turned off anywhere in between, but it was the only one, so off we went. We were evidently in luck that day, for we had only gone about a quarter of a mile when we struck the spoor. The lion seemed now to have made up his mind as to his direction, for he kept on straight down the middle of the river-bed. The sun had come out from behind the clouds, and in places the sand was very deep, so that we were not sorry when at last the track led into a little island of bush in the great flat of sand. There was no doubt the lion was at home, for on casting round no sign was perceptible of a track coming out. The island, raised a little above the river-bed, was formed of a mass of thick-tangled bush and creepers clustered round a few big trees. The water coming down the river after heavy rain had washed it roughly into the form of a triangle, the apex of which pointed up the river. From this point the sides widened out to the other end, which was about thirty yards broad, the whole length being something under a hundred yards.

The shape made it an easy place to drive, for a little way out from the point one could easily command the whole of it. The lion was almost certain to break out at one of the sides towards the bush on the banks of the river-bed, in which case I should get an easy broadside shot. If we followed the track into the place, the noise we were sure to make would be very likely to get the beast on his legs, and he would sneak out at one side as we went in at the other, especially as the water had left a lot of dead

sticks along the edges, over which it would be impossible to walk quietly. Abdullah also said that from the way he had wandered about this lion must be very hungry, and would sleep lightly. These considerations decided us to drive. I posted myself with Abdullah a few yards out from the point, and the other two men, having collected some stones, began throwing them in at the far end. Abdullah was right about this lion sleeping lightly; for at the first stone there was a growl and a crash in the bushes, and then, for a minute or two, not a sound. The men started to walk down, one on each side, shouting and throwing in stones. I was watching them, and wondering what had happened to the lion, when there was a faint crackling just in front of us, and he appeared at the point of the island. Although we were standing within a few yards of him, and absolutely in the open, he did not see us. He was half turning his head to listen to the men behind, and perhaps he had been asleep, and the strong light dazzled him.

He was facing straight towards us, and was so close that I did not like to fire at him, as, on receiving the bullet, he would be very likely to plunge forward in the direction he was going and be into us; nor did I want him to come any closer: so, as he stepped down on to the sand, I moved my rifle up towards my shoulder to attract his attention. He saw the movement at once, stopped dead, and turned his head sharply towards us. For the fraction of a second I thought he was going to be startled into charging, but he plunged off to the left with an angry snarl at us over his shoulder. As he passed I pulled, and he skated along on his stomach and fell down a little ledge in the sand. This slewed him round, and he lay facing us, spreadeagled on the sand, evidently quite unable to move. All the life in him seemed concentrated in his eyes, which glared at us furiously. Another shot put him out of his misery. The first shot, a very bad one, had grazed the spine just in front of the withers; another quarter of an inch higher and it would have missed altogether.

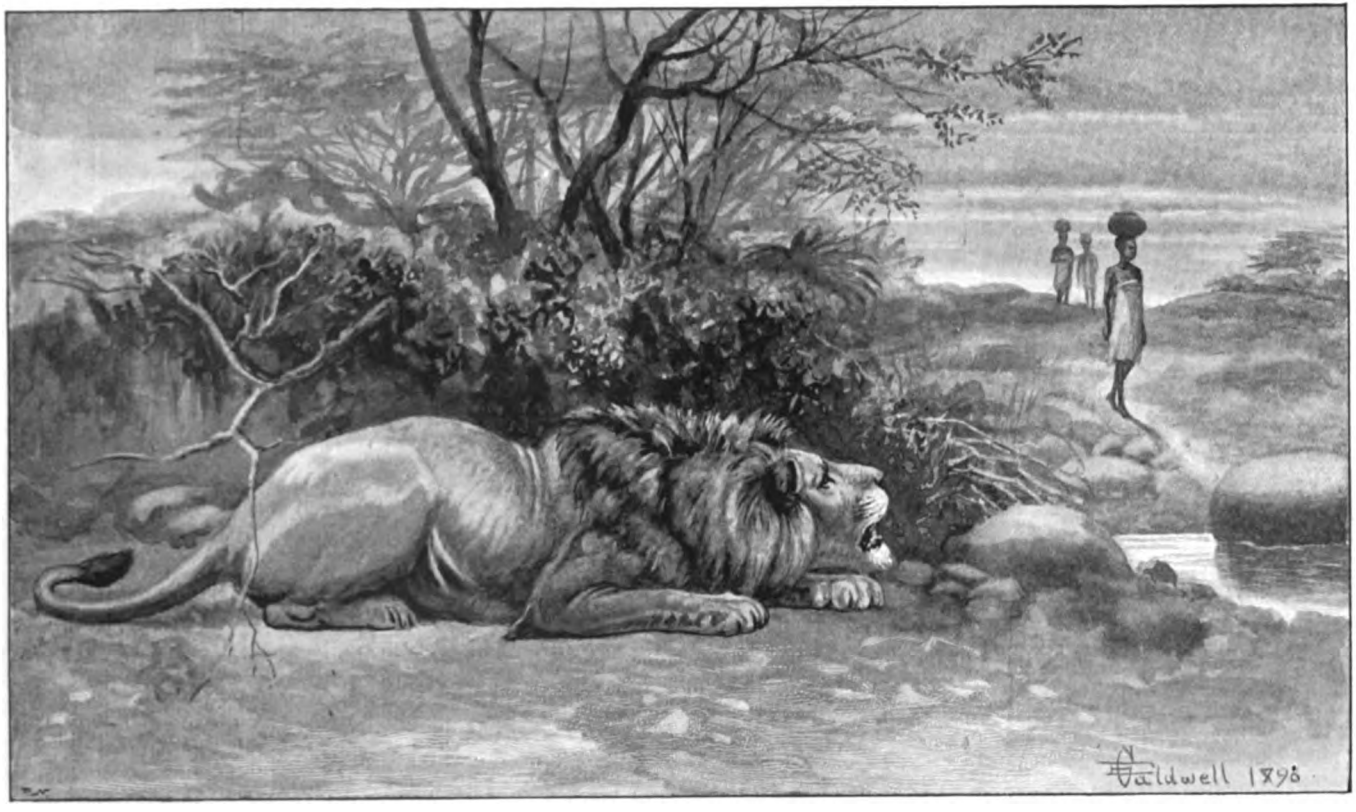
This lion was quite maneless, except for a few long hairs on each side of the neck, and his teeth were worn down quite short, so he was evidently very old. He was in very good condition notwithstanding, but his stomach was quite empty, which accounted for his going so far before lying up. We had to stop at the main camp for the night when we got there, and did not follow up our camels till the next day. I have described this track rather at length because it is a good example of many similar days.

My first experience in tracking lions was early in 1892, and

the night before was rather an exciting one. After hunting elephants unsuccessfully for about a month we were on our way south, when we arrived one day at some villages where the natives had been very much bothered by five lions which were said to be still in the neighbourhood. A girl had been killed two days before, and an enormous amount of damage had been done among the sheep and cattle. The first day we camped there M—— and H—— had shooting zerebas made at the village to which the lions generally came, and just before sunset they went off there.

V—— and I tied up our two donkeys just outside the camp, on the chance that the lions might come and look us up. Just after dark we were having dinner in the tent when there was a scuffle outside, and it was evident that something was attacking our donkeys. It was pitch dark, and we fired several shots in the direction of the sound before we discovered that the attacking beasts were hyenas. We did not mind having a donkey killed instantaneously by a lion, but we had not bargained for the poor beasts getting mauled by hyenas, so taking a lamp we went out to see what had happened. My donkey had got off with a nasty bite in the hollow of the hind leg above the hock, and we had him taken into the camp at once. The other was completely disembowelled and must have been killed instantly. We could not find any dead hyenas, but we were pretty sure that one or two must have been hit. Seeing that if the lions did come to the dead donkey there would not be much chance of hitting them on so dark a night, we pulled the carcase right under the fence round the camp, and, to prevent hyenas dragging it away, tied a rope to one of its legs, and, passing it over the fence, fastened it to a heavy water barrel inside the camp. We sat up for a bit and got a few shots at hyenas, and then we went to bed, telling the sentry to keep a sharp look out and to let us know if lions came to the carcase.

Some time after I awoke to find Abdullah bending over me, with my rifle in his hand. He was frightfully excited, and all I could get out of him was 'Libah, sahib, libah!' ('Lion, sir, lion!') Jumping up I rushed out just as V—— fired two shots into the darkness. The first thing I saw when I got to where he stood was that a great piece of the fence round the camp had disappeared, leaving a broad gap. I could not for a moment think what had happened, and then it struck me that when the carcase had been dragged away the water barrel must have got hitched against the inside of the interlaced mimosa boughs and the whole



A GIRL HAD BEEN KILLED TWO DAYS BEFORE

lot had gone together. It was frightfully dark outside, and we stood peering out for some time without being able to distinguish anything; but after a few minutes we could hear something tearing at the flesh quite close by. We had a shot or two at the sound, and the beasts, whatever they were, went away. As at that time we knew nothing about lions, we were not quite sure that they were not hyenas after all; but Abdullah stuck to it they were lions, so we got our beds out and lay down one on each side of the opening, just behind the fence, to watch, hoping that the brutes would come back. Nothing further happened however. At daybreak we sallied out to see if by any chance we had managed to hit a lion, but we only found two or three dead hyenas. One of these brutes had been partly eaten; we thought at the time by other hyenas, as it was still too dark to make out tracks. We came to the conclusion we had made idiots of ourselves, and had been shooting all night at hyenas, and we did not feel any the better when our friends came back from their night at the village, and told us we had probably frightened every lion out of the country by our bombardment.

Abdullah still insisted that there had been lions round the camp, and a little later we found the spoor of one big lion by the body of the half-eaten hyena. The ground was very stony and there were no other tracks to be seen, but one lion could hardly have dragged the donkey and heavy barrel away so quickly, so there were probably more. M—— and H—— had got hold of a man at the village who said he knew where the lions always lay, so they went with him. Soon after they left, Abdullah, who had been hunting about, came and told me that he had picked up the track of one lion on soft ground a little way from camp, and that we ought to follow it. At that time we none of us knew much about tracking, and we had had such bad luck after the elephants that we did not think much of our shikaries; so V—— said he would not come, and I did not think it was much good, but Abdullah persuaded me and I went. After we had followed the track for some distance I quite caught his enthusiasm, and when the single track was joined by three others, I was divided between delight at the prospect of having four lions all to myself and the thought that perhaps I had more on my hands than I could manage alone.

After a track of about an hour we came in sight of two or three big thickets of 'irgin' bushes surrounded by open mimosa scrub and intersected by narrow paths. My second shikari at that time was a very tall fellow, called Jama, with enormous

feet. Several times during the track Abdullah had turned round to pitch into him for making such a noise, and now he confided to me that 'Jama walk all same cow,' and that we had better leave him behind here with the pony and boy, as the lions were sure to be in the place in front of us. Knowing nothing about it, I agreed and went on with Abdullah. We were walking quietly along the outside of one of the thickets when Abdullah suddenly clutched me by the arm and pointed towards a tree standing on the edge of the bush a few yards off. The tree was divided into two towards the bottom, and the sun was throwing the shadow of a bush on the ground inside the hollow.

This was where Abdullah was pointing, getting more and more excited; but I could make out nothing at all, until a great yellow beast moved suddenly out of the shadow and slipped away on the far side. I fired from the hip, letting off both barrels into the tree. We rushed round to the other side of the thicket just in time to see a fine lioness come out. I could not get a clear shot at once, and when I did, after running some distance, I was shaking so that I could not get on her at all, and missed. She kept lobbing along just ahead, every now and then stopping to look round and show her teeth at us. Each time she stopped I shot, but so badly that I wasted seven bullets at different ranges without touching her. The first six did not seem to annoy her at all, but the last hit the ground just under her feet, and either the bullet striking so close frightened her or a stone hit her, for she sprang off with a snarl and a flourish of her tail and, putting on the pace, in a minute or two ran clean away from us. I was terribly disappointed and annoyed with myself, and I thought, of course, that everything was over for the day after all this shooting; but Abdullah, who was almost weeping, hardly gave me time to get my wind a little before he rushed me back again. As we ran round the place where we had first seen the lioness, a fine lion appeared walking slowly out of another thicket towards us. As I shot, he turned and plunged through an opening in the bushes to our right. We ran round an outstanding bush to head him if he broke out, and met a lion facing us. Just as I fired I heard a moan to the right, so I was sure it was not the same lion. This one staggered away at the shot and fell stone dead close by.

Abdullah called up Jama and the pony boy, and they soon had the hide off and tied on to the pony. I thought all the time that Abdullah knew all about the other one, but as he seemed to be going home, I asked him if we had not better go and look for it, and he replied that it was the same lion all the time, and that I had

missed it the first shot. I did not feel quite sure about it myself, but the moan in the bushes could only have come from a wounded beast, so I told him we had better go and look anyway. He evidently thought it was waste of time, but when we got back to where the lion had been hit we soon found some blood, and going quietly down a little path between the 'irgin' bushes we came round a corner almost on top of the lion. He was stone dead. I was very pleased at scoring off Abdullah, as he had shown such evident disgust at my shooting. I did not say anything about the moan I had heard, and he could not make out how I had made out that there were two lions. Both lions were full-grown males with fair manes, one rather darker than the other. The darker of the two was full of hyena flesh, so he was evidently one of those that had been to our camp the night before.

We found afterwards that the three tracks, which had joined the single one I had started to follow, also came from our camp; so there had been four lions there altogether. The villagers recognised the dark-maned lion as the one which had killed the girl, so he was well out of the way.

We met H—— on our way back to camp, and told him he might run across the lioness if he followed our track back to the place we had come from. An hour after we got back to camp he came galloping up, having seen two lions, curiously enough both males, and had shot one with a better mane than either of mine.

I do not know the proper name for the bushes mentioned above, so I have called them by the native name 'irgin;' they are light green, with numerous fleshy spikes, which when broken give out a milky sap. The first thing you notice on entering a patch of these bushes is the curious smell, very like that in the lion house at the Zoo, only not so strong. If you do not know this, you are sure to think that there are lions in the place, or that there have been quite lately.

Rather curious coincidences are sometimes brought to light by spoor. Not very long after the date of the story just related, M—— went to a place where two lions had been killing regularly, and sat up two nights for them with a donkey as bait. The lions must have left the district for a day or two while he was there, as there were no fresh tracks to be found anywhere about. The day after he came back to camp I happened to ride out in that direction. Soon after we started we came on the spoor of two lions, which led us along a path till we came to M——'s shooting zereba. The night after he had left, the lions had walked

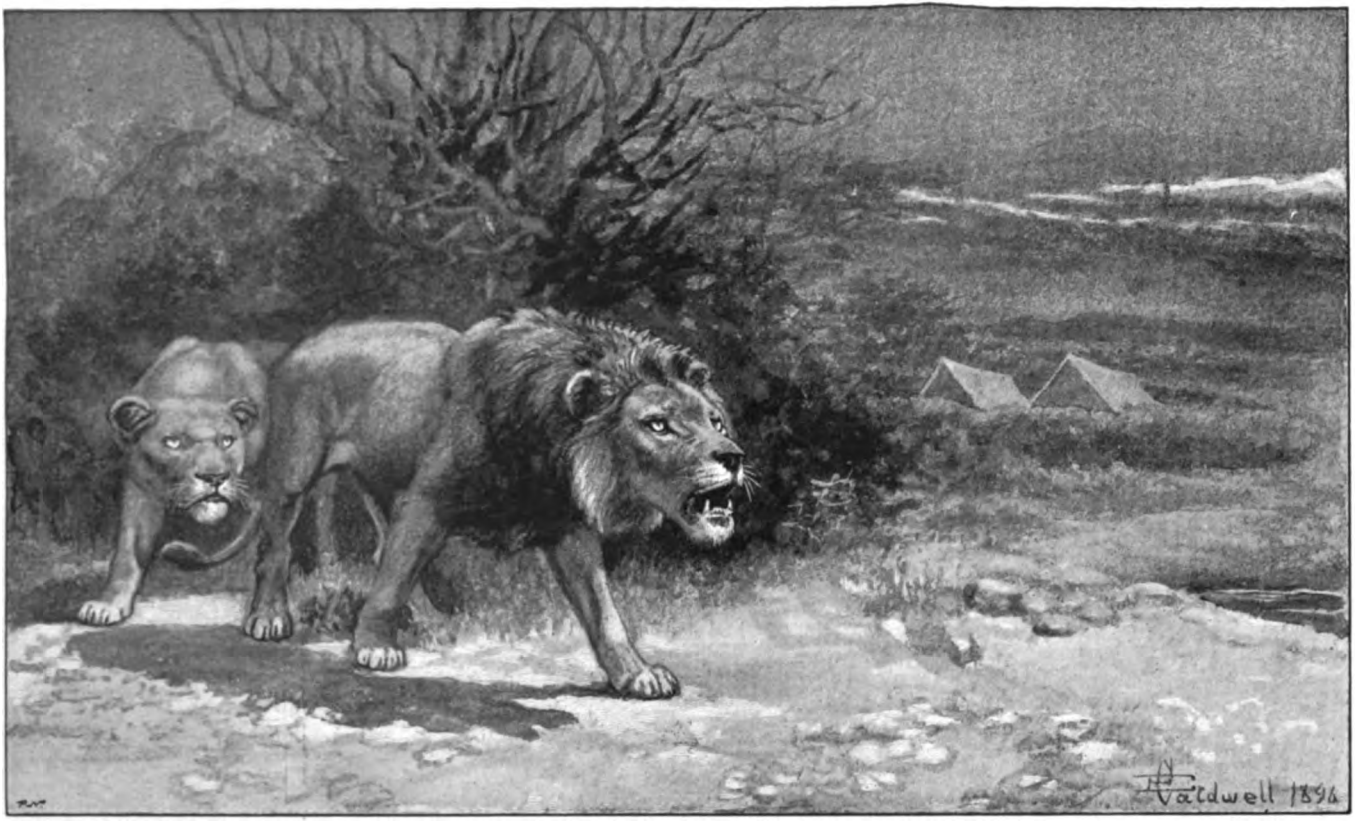
over the very spot where his donkey had been tied up in the middle of the path.

A little later, again, I happened to be at a place where V—— had camped a few days before. A lion roared near my camp several times in the night, and next morning I heard he had taken a sheep from a village close by. We picked up his spoor in a river-bed near the camp, and after following it for some distance came to some wells. The lion had drunk twice, and between the drinks had laid down under the fence of a shooting zereba which V—— had made to watch the water. After drinking the second time he had gone away.

Now and then when tracking you come across places where lions have killed, and if it is on sand or bare soil, you can tell everything that has happened almost as well as if you had seen it. We were camped once on the edge of a river-bed and thick covert ran right down to the back of the camp. One night there was a tremendous scuffling in these bushes, so in the morning I went out to see what had been going on, and found that two lions had been chasing a warthog, which had just saved its bacon by getting underground. It must have been a very near thing, as the lions had ploughed great furrows in the sand at the mouth of the hole, showing they had pulled up pretty sharp. Warthogs generally go to ground when pursued, and as there is no second opening to the burrows, and presumably no chamber at the end where they can turn, they always go in backwards. This has actually been seen by sportsmen who have been riding after them with a spear. I should think this pig can hardly have had the time to do this. Perhaps he got jammed in head first, as he refused to be smoked out when V—— and I tried it.

Warthogs are fairly common in Somaliland, especially in the hill country. I remember the first I got gave us a lot of trouble. One of the men came in one morning to say he had seen a fine boar feeding close to camp. I snatched up a rifle and two or three cartridges and ran to the place with Abdullah. When first I saw the pig he was cantering away through the bush. I shot and broke one of his legs, but he was out of sight before I could get another shot. We tracked him for some distance by the blood, and caught sight of him some way off, but I could not get a clear view of him, and missed with both barrels.

We then discovered we had no more cartridges, but went on tracking, hoping that my other shikari, who had stopped behind to get some, would come up. We soon saw the pig again, and when he started off with a leg swinging we determined to try to



A Lion roared near my Camp at Night

run him down. For a long way we could only just keep him in sight, or rather Abdullah could only just keep the pig in sight, and it took me all my time not to lose Abdullah, as I had lately started up-country after a sea voyage, and was frightfully out of condition. Just as I was seriously thinking of giving it up, Abdullah stopped and began beckoning to me to come on, and when I got to where he was, I found the boar had pulled up and was sitting on his haunches facing us. As we ran up he made a bit of a rush, but we each of us bolted for a tree, and he retreated again to his bush. Here we were with nothing but a hunting knife and an empty rifle between us. We found that the boar was very weak from

HE WAS SITTING ON HIS HAUNCHES FACING US

loss of blood, and never came more than a few yards in his rush, so we got some big stones, and coming up behind bushes we pelted him, aiming for his head. At last Abdullah made a splendid shot with an enormous stone and bowled him over, and I ran in and drove my knife up to the hilt between his ribs. That finished him, poor beast! but of course Abdullah would have nothing to do with a pig, so we had to leave the body untouched, and sent out a Midgan from camp to bring in the head. Midgans, being low-caste Mahommedans, have to do any jobs of this sort which the other Somalis would not think of doing. Poor beggars, they don't like it a bit, as they get so chaffed by the other men!

A RACE IN THE SOLENT

BY ADMIRAL THE HON. VICTOR MONTAGU

'I SAY, pilot! What's the weather to be to-morrow?'

'It's fine weather, sir; the glass is high, and it has all the appearance of a nice easterly breeze.'

Such was the question and answer that passed between the owner and pilot of a 40-rater a few minutes after sunset on one of the longest days of the summer, the evening before the —— regatta was to take place.

Two new 40-raters are out; the third, from on board of which vessel the voices rang, is a last season's boat.

Reader, we will imagine ourselves lounging on the deck of our 40-rater, having just finished dinner and come up, pipe in mouth, to have a look round. We are moored in Portsmouth Harbour, between the 'St. Vincent' and that grand, glorious, venerated old ship, the 'Victory.' Of its sort, I know of no more interesting harbour to lie in: there is always life, something passing to and fro, steam and sailing vessels of all descriptions constantly coming in or going out, varied occasionally by the magnificent deportment of a first-class cruiser winding her way slowly onward to her position alongside the jetty; every man is at his station, silence reigning supreme, and, save the Queen's pilot and the captain of the ship walking to and fro, not a soul is seen to stir.

Looking on, one wonders (but still there is the innate feeling it must be so) whether the discipline on board that fine cruiser is all it ought to be, and whether when in action, or called upon to give account of themselves, the captain, officers, and crew will maintain the same grand bearing and good discipline.

Yes, we will assume it, and so let her pass on, until that beautiful St. George's Cross, after giving one dignified but lazy blow out, is lost to view by the stern of the 'Victory' swinging to the first of the ebb tide.

'Is the skipper on board? If so, tell him to come up. I want to speak to him,' now exclaims the owner. 'I say, Z——, what about to-morrow? It looks like lovely weather.'

'Yes, sir,' rejoins the skipper, who has just returned on board, having obtained the sailing directions from the club in question, under whose auspices we are to race the following day.

'Do you think we shall do the trick? Mind you, two new boats to deal with.'

'Well, sir, of course we cannot tell how good they may be, but there is a lot in our favour; neither has got her sails properly stretched, to begin with; neither of them knows his boat; the gear is all stiff, and there will be a lot of stretching of canvas if the sun is anything like what it was to-day. Besides, sir, their crews have not been together long, they ain't got used to their places, and they won't know yet awhile how to carry their main-boom, nor yet how their boat likes to be trimmed. There's three minutes in all that lot, sir, anyhow.'

'Yes, that's true,' rejoins the owner; 'and if we can only get the start, I think myself we have got a good chance, though a new boat ought to be better; she is drier, and floats lighter. Then, what are her designers about if a new boat is not going to beat the old 'uns?'

'Well, sir, we will do our best, and it's always good to start feeling you are going to win, and let the "chaps" [crew] think so, too. I'll back our crew against theirs, anyhow; they are a pretty noisy lot in that further boat; no man opens his mouth here, and—you will bear me out in this, sir, I know—you can't work and make a noise too; that's impossible.'

Such-and-such conversations proceed; every idea of what is likely to take place on the morrow is well discussed; and as the dew is beginning to fall heavily, and a cold chill in the air is felt, after one good look at a glorious full moon we descend below to wash down dull care with the best brew of 'Scotch' that Harrod's Stores can produce.

Soon after six on the following morning there is a general stir. Decks have to be scrubbed, sails got ready, and all preparations made for the coming race. All hands are bent on winning, and it is curious to see our sailors casting their keen glances on their opponents, watching their every movement, and generally

taking stock of their preparations, as if bent on knowing all they do, and what dodges they are up to.

Our owner about this time, being also keen for the fray, is up and about in his light suit of flannels, and possibly enjoying his cup of cocoa and cigarette on deck, observing the weather, and interesting himself in all that is going on in his ship and outside it.

Portsmouth Harbour in the early morning is astir betimes: fishing boats are to be seen coming in, Pickford's cargo boats struggling out against a foul tide, the sails hanging loosely up and down the masts, and a couple of oars trying to stem the boat against the stream.

The 'St. Vincent' by this time is also all alive: the morning evolution has begun, and crowds of new-raised boys are scrambling up the rigging to loose sails; and so the time passes until eight o'clock, when a dead silence comes over everything, and on board our yacht the crew are gone down to breakfast and there is an hour of perfect repose.

'What time do we start?' exclaims the owner.

'Ten fifteen is the first gun, sir,' answers the skipper from behind the bulkheads in his cabin. 'Here are the directions, sir, and we go twice round the Warner and West Middle buoy.'

'Steward, come along, and bring my hot water; I must dress. Breakfast at a quarter to nine, sharp.'

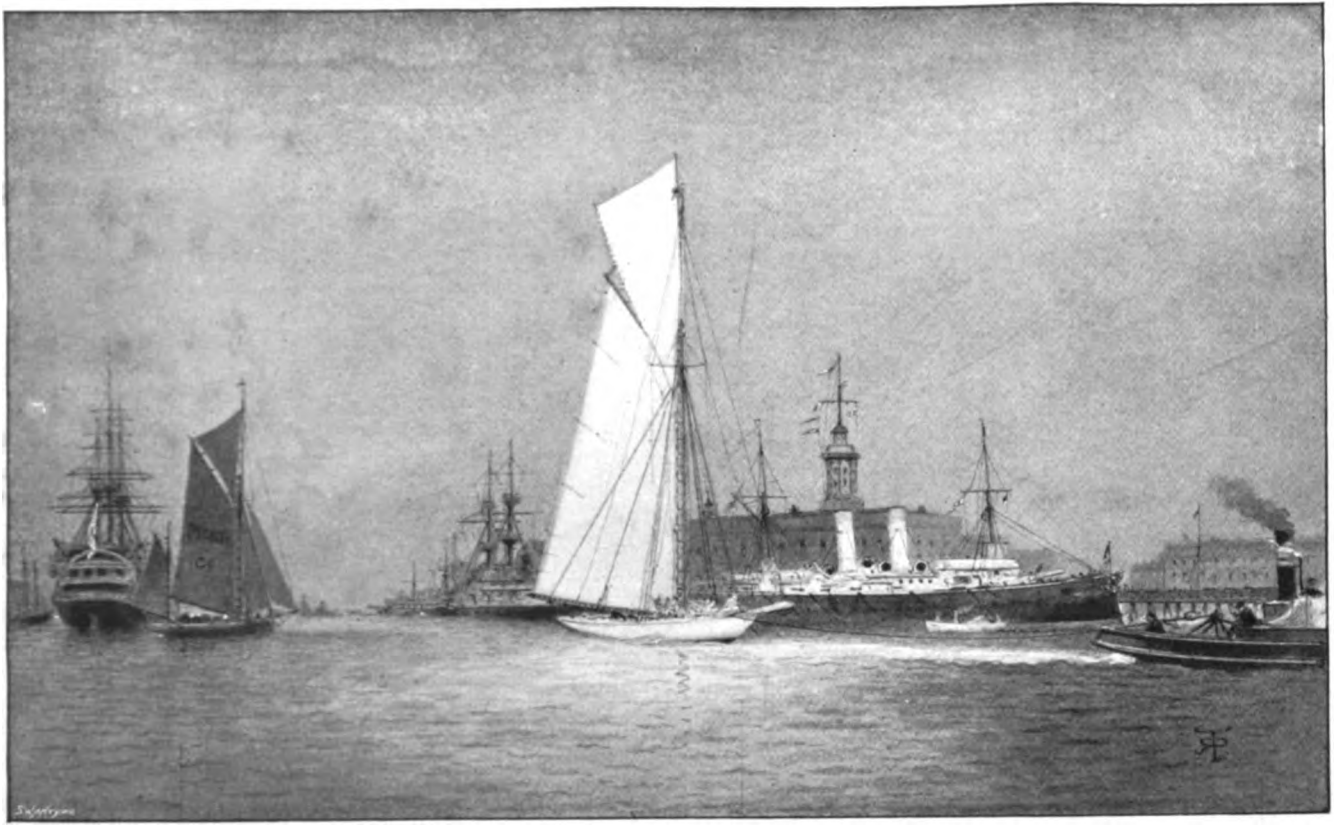
'All right, sir,' exclaims the steward; 'if the milk is off in time, you shall have it.'

Before nine the crew knock their pipes out, and begin again to work at the finishing touches; the vessel is unmoored, and forthwith the mainsail goes up. What a lot of canvas it looks, as fold after fold falls off the boom!

'Heigh-ho, hand over hand, boys.'

It seems as if we should never get it up; however, when within a few feet of its proper hoist it becomes a case of long, strong pulls together, to the tune of 'One, two, three, haul!' until the luff-rope is so taut that one would think the whole paraphernalia must burst with the strain brought to bear upon it; and it always seems marvellous why nothing carries away.

The skipper all this time is attempting to shake the luff of the sail and taps the canvas till it sounds like a drum; and then comes the happy relief of the order, 'Try that, make fast!' Billy and Sammy by this time are reeking with perspiration, the sun is pouring down on the decks, and as yet there is not the faintest of airs to blow a flag out.



'CARINA' (40-RATER) BEING TOWED OUT, 1895

'I say, pilot, I am afraid it will be a fluky day.'

'It looks like it, sir; but perhaps when the ebb makes outside, the easterly wind will freshen up.'

Now, on a fluky day it's an everybody's chance on, and it's curious how much see-sawing takes place on such days; and boats apparently hopelessly out of the hunt bring up a breeze, and go slashing by their opponents.

Reader, those are moments impossible to describe, and none but those who have been in the swim can possibly realise the excitement of them.

As soon as the mainsail is up, the tug-boat takes us in tow, and forthwith we weigh the remaining anchor and out we go, flying past the Block House Point, Southsea Pier, and are cast off just inside the fort at Spithead. We have got twenty minutes before the first gun, plenty of time to get all the sails properly set to a nice gentle breeze from the south-east, and take stock of the new 40's that are sailing about, also waiting for the gun.

'I say, Jim, what a topsail she has got!'

'Is that the Watson boat or the Fife you are talking about?' asks the second party.

'I don't know or care which she is, but she has got some canvas in that sail; and this is just the day for such like.' 'Never mind the topsail, Sammy, her mainsail ain't out by two feet, and that sail will be like a bag by 3 o'clock, if not before. Look at t'other boat's gaff! It bends like a cane even now—rotten stick that, anyhow; and, for the life of me, his jib-topsail halliard block is out of the strop, and nobody's seen it. Well, I'm jiggered!'

And so hundreds of comments are passed in the twenty minutes that elapse. We, the last year's boat, feeling all is in its place (in fact, everything goes into its place), dodge about in the proximity of the starting line, wondering, but very hopeful that we have six to four the best of it. By this time we arrive within a few minutes of the preparatory or five-minutes gun. We all three pass and repass each other over and over again; a faint 'Good-morning' or wave of the hand ensues. All eyes are bent on each other, resembling the glances of two prize-fighters about to commence operations.

The first gun goes! the heart begins to beat quicker as the half-minutes are first counted.

'How much more time?' exclaims the skipper, whose looks betray his anxiety, as *everything* depends upon the best position when the second or starting gun goes.

'Half-time gone!' cries the timekeeper. 'Now, boys, another

drag at the main sheet! For the *life* of you, Jim' (the mate), 'don't get those head sheets in too taut a day like this!'

'All right, sir; they are about right.'

'One minute to go!' the timekeeper whispers, in order that the 40 close to us, which is just coming up on our weather quarter, and feeling our back-wash under her lee bow, should not hear what is passing.

'*Gun!*' exclaim the crew generally.

'All right! *first* over the line, and not ten yards too late. Capital start. Sit down, sit down!' exclaims the skipper. 'We've done him!'

As all expected would happen, our nearest friend gets our wash under his lee bow, and gradually drops as we, carrying a better way, feel the extra force of the light but increasing breeze, and soon have a six-lengths lead.

The third boat made a bad start, but, nevertheless, she is holding No. 2 boat, and not dropping. At this moment the crew are lying down as flat as possible, constantly, however, looking round and watching our friends astern, with an occasional look up aloft to see if the sails are full.

'Hullo!' and suddenly we see No. 2 boat is pointing higher, having evidently struck into a more favourable vein of wind. 'Lee-ho!' Round we go on the other tack, cross poor No. 2's bows, and plant ourselves slap on her weather, in her wind's eye. She stands on for thirty seconds or so, and then, feeling she is dropping both astern and to leeward owing to our taking her wind, goes about also, and so we beat out to the 'Warner,' never losing the opportunity of winding her if there is the slightest chance of retarding her progress. No. 3 boat, when once clear of both our winds, seems to go grandly, and by a judicious tack picks up some forty-five seconds as we approach the 'Warner'; so much so, that on rounding she is only two lengths astern of No. 2 boat. The 'Warner' is now close at hand; the spinnaker-boom is got ready and lowered, and as we pass round, the lusty voices of the lightship's crew cheer us merrily on. We round two minutes fifteen seconds to the good, the spinnaker is up and set in a matter of a few seconds, and away we go before the wind.

'All hands aft!' is the order given to counteract the pressure of the sails as much as we can. On these occasions, as a rule, the stern boat generally picks up; and so it happens now, as we observe a divergence of course in the others, and a gradual luffing of No. 2.

'Hullo! they're at it; in come their spinnakers.' No. 3 boat is now rushing along on the weather quarter of No. 2. No. 2 still luffs, and it looks as if No. 3 was going to pass her; but no, they approach the shoal water, luffing is given up, and they straighten their course.

By this time we are well away with a clear five minutes lead, and if the wind holds true in force the race will be as good as over for us. But such are the chances of yacht-racing that a race is never lost or won until the winning gun goes; but that really makes its charms and adds to the sport, or else it would be monotonous to a degree. We with our five minutes lead suddenly see a white patch not very distant ahead, a too ominous sign of calm, which we are bound to run into before many minutes elapse; and sure enough the breeze dies gradually away, the speed slackens, and in less than seven or eight minutes both boats, so lately far astern, bring the breeze up, and are alongside within a few yards!

'Oh dear, oh dear,' we all feel, even if we don't say so. Faces grow long, but soon all are so eagerly employed in shifting sails and manœuvring the yacht to the faintest of airs that there is no time to think of bad luck. The pilot is now consulted, and no sooner does he suggest some scheme for making use of the tide than possibly a gentle air may spring up and upset all calculations.

All hands are now looking out for the direction in which steamers' smoke is blowing, or watching some cruising yachts in the distance and wondering how they have got the wind.

'I think we had better stand off on the starboard tack; the tide will soak us up; and really, skipper, I think I see a dark streak on the water coming off the island shore!' says the pilot. Sure enough it comes, but comes slowly. By this time our opponents have also spied this coming breeze, and being on the favourable side of us have the pull of getting it *first*; and so they do, and the boat that was last now becomes the leading one, followed by the original No. 2. Two or three minutes pass before we feel it, and meantime they are spanking away merrily, all sails clean full, and heeling gradually but surely to the freshening breeze. Our turn comes, and away we go; for a few moments the force of the breeze remains steady, but ere long it pipes up and we all fairly lay down to it.

'Hullo! what's that? jib-topsail gone!' Yes, it is our friend's, who never noticed that his halliard block had slipped through the strop, and now he suffers for it. The wind, luckily for us,

now draws right ahead of our course, and our well-stretched mainsail is bringing us up hand-over-hand, and we gain steadily in the short boards as we predicted. The new sails of our opponents are now stretched to such a degree that after-leaches are flopping, topsails shaking, and, in fact, the sails of both the boats are sitting like bags. A few tacks more bring the leading boat to the West Ryde Middle Buoy, which she rounds just ahead of No. 2 boat, and we some forty-five seconds later. Our spinnaker is out like a shot from a gun; not so our friends', one of whose blows up over the topmast stay, while the other does not get his set until we are almost on top of him. And so we run before the wind in Indian file, the two leaders making a steady gain, though not very much. But the baggy sails do not naturally affect them now running dead before the wind, and the 'Warner' is soon reached for the second time, although the wind lightens considerably on the run down; the two leaders are some fifty seconds apart, and *we* have lost two and a half minutes ere we round the lightship.

Both leaders now stand over to the Portsmouth shore, No. 2 never leaving the leader, according to custom. But our game, in order to pick up lost ground, is surely not to follow them, so we make a board into the island shore, hoping to get a slant of wind in our favour. Sure enough, when we go about we find the wind drawing off the land, and, to the untold joy of all on board, find we can lay up within two points of our course. Our friends seeing how the wind has favoured us, follow suit, and stand across to meet us, but too late! We pass clear ahead of both some three hundred yards or more before they tack in our wake.

The rest of the race becomes a mere procession, and we steadily gain in the long and short tacks to the westward; and in the run home get the winning gun just two minutes fifty-five seconds to the good, the other two passing the winning line some thirty seconds apart.

'Bravo!' we all exclaim. 'Well done, old ship!' as the members on board the Committee boat wave hat and handkerchief in our favour as we pass. Congratulations are freely passed round as we haul to the wind to get the flying kites in.

'Stand by, boys,' cries the owner; 'stand by for a cheer!' And as the second and third boats come within hail we get the customary cheer, first from one, then from the other. 'Well done, pilot, you were quite right to stand in to the island; I don't think we should have done it without that long board,' says the owner. 'Well, sir, it was the only thing to do as it turns out.'

'The old ship went well to-day,' exclaims the skipper. 'Yes, and that you steered her first-rate was the general opinion, my boy. Anyhow, we shall have a good look-in, and win in our turn, I expect.' 'Ah, I hope so!' echoes another, but still there is an innate feeling in us all that we shall play second fiddle to one or the other of the two boats when they are settled down; and the boat that got the bad start is selected for choice, for all saw how she picked up in the early part of the race, and seemed to have more life somehow than No. 2 boat.

'Up with that flag, Jimmy!' But Jimmy requires no telling; it was up as soon as the topsail was down, and long before we entered Portsmouth Harbour. Sails are now got down, the galley fire lit, a friendly yacht takes us in tow, and forthwith we proceed to our moorings, all feeling as proud as Punch at having got a first prize the first race of the season.

'Got any wires to go?'

'Yes, I must send the missus one; get the dinghey alongside. Pilot, jump in and send them off,' cries the owner.

Within a short hour after mooring the sails are unbent and stowed away, and our gallant yacht looks spick and span once more, and fit for anything, with the copper beautifully bright and polished, showing the pace had been good at some parts of the race.

Pipes are pulled out whilst the tea is got ready, and soon, after a hearty meal, one and all enjoy a quiet smoke and a yarn over the events of the day.

CYCLING IN THE HIGH ALPS

BY CHAS. F. SIMOND

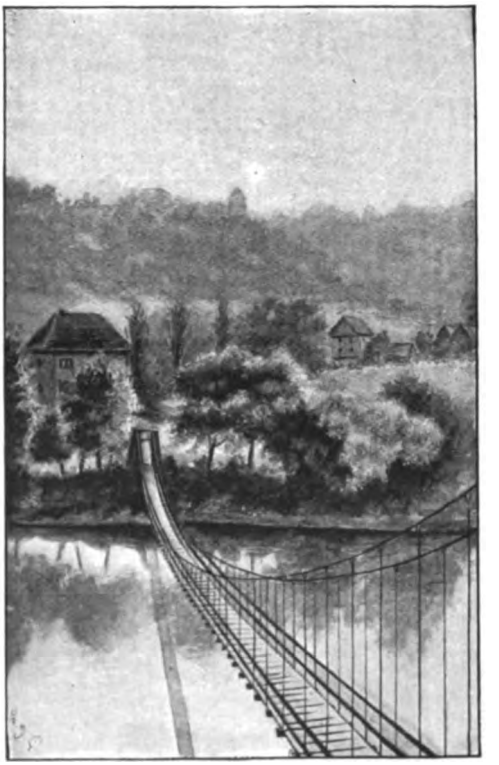
LAST July (by way of change from the commonplaces of cycling), my friend B—— and myself arrived at Berne with roadster safeties, to spend three weeks in touring amongst the High Alps. We passed a day in that delightful old town, chiefly on account of the weather, which certainly did not open propitiously for our tour. However, between the showers we managed a preliminary spin on the Fribourg road, and, being satisfied with the gear (which should not exceed 60) and the general working of our machines, spent the rest of the day admiring the sights of Berne (1,765 feet).

We left at six next morning in delightful though somewhat oppressive weather by the Nydeck Bridge, high across the Aare, and followed up the stream's course through several small villages to Münsingen, about halfway to Thun, from where we had a fine view of several of the giants of the Bernese Oberland. Right through to Thun (1,844 feet) the road is excellent and almost level, so that our first twenty miles were rattled off in good style. Leaving this pretty and quaint old town we soon came to the Lake of Thun, and decided to keep on the north side, where (although the road is not so level) one has several grand views of the snowy peaks which we were fast approaching. The lake is about eleven miles long, but by road it is fourteen miles to Interlaken, where we arrived just in time for the mid-day meal.

The going was still very good, and we rode through several tunnels made in the rock; having, however, to dismount at one rather stiff ascent. As the clouds now completely obscured the view of the Jungfrau, we decided to press on to Brienz along the lake of that name; another twelve miles, which, owing to our desire not to be caught in the approaching thunderstorm, we covered in just the hour. The road here skirts the lake for the

most part, and once or twice we were obliged to dismount owing to the herds of goats which were being driven into the neighbouring villages. The lovely Giessbach waterfall we saw very well across the lake just before entering Brienz, where we retired to bed as usual soon after nine o'clock, after covering some forty-six miles.

A severe thunderstorm during the night made the roads somewhat heavy when we started our second day's ride, but greatly cooled the atmosphere, and after riding two or three miles along the Meiringen road, we began the ascent of the Brünig Pass. The gradients in this pass are not too steep for riding; but as we had plenty of time, we pushed our machines quietly up to its summit, in order to enjoy the lovely scenery that stretched itself at our feet.

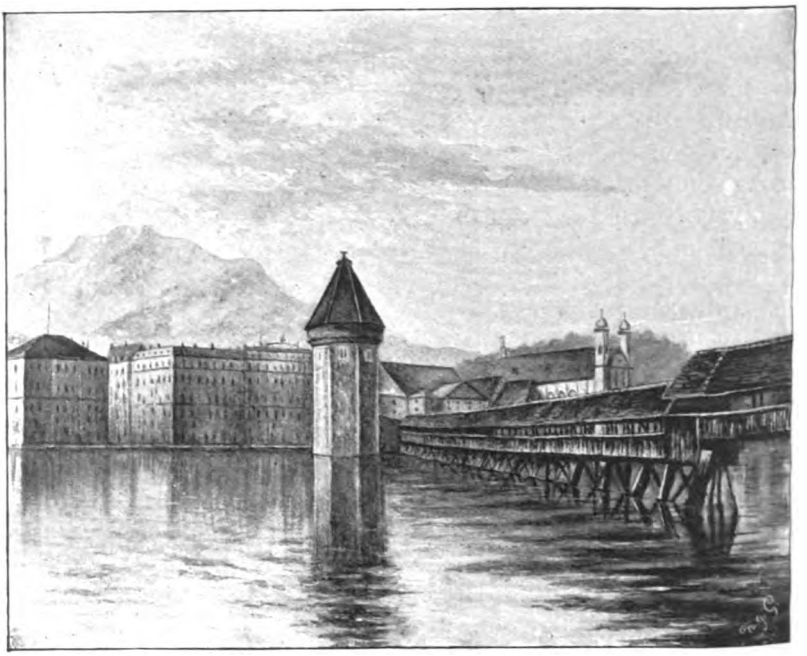


FOOT SUSPENSION BRIDGE, FRIBOURG

From the summit of the Brünig (3,295 feet) we had a glorious spin down the Lucerne side, the road to the small Lake of Lungern (2,475 feet) being exactly similar to a cinder path; and rushing down the gradual descent at twenty miles an hour was most exhilarating after the push up the pass. We rode merrily along the valley of Sarnen, past the pretty little 'Sarnen See' to the town of that name (1,545 feet); but soon after resuming our journey, in riding over one of the wooden bridges, B—— punctured his front tyre, which we naturally had to mend there and then, much to the amusement and evident astonishment of the score of natives who were looking on. They offered us numerous suggestions (I imagine they were suggestions), but as

neither of us understood the *patois*, their observations were entirely lost on us. At Alpnach, which is the starting-point for the Pilatus Railway, we came to a branch of the Lake of Lucerne, which we skirted to Horw, and thence to Lucerne itself, where we arrived fit but dusty. We had decided not to stay there, but put up at Emmenbrücke, a hamlet two miles further on, where we remained two nights. From Brienz we had ridden nearly fifty miles.

Down the lake we took the steamer, and enjoyed the lovely view of the town, with the Rigi and Pilatus rising on either side.



THE BRIDGE AT LUCERNE

On we went past the Küssnacht arm on the left, and the Bay of Stansstad to the right, and soon after could see Pilatus's rugged peaks—luckily enough, quite free from cloud. On past Gersau to Brunnen, where the St. Gothard Railway joins the lake, as it branches off to the south, to take the fresh name of Uri. Here the mountains rise precipitously from its edge, and we pass the Axenstrasse, which is the fine diligence road high up in the rock, consisting of tunnels and galleries driven through the crags, the St. Gothard Railway running now above and now beneath it.

At Flüelen we resumed our bicycles *en route* for Goeschenen, the northern station of the St. Gothard Tunnel, and a good spin along a magnificent road through fruit orchards brought us to Erstfeld (1,503 feet), where the ascent becomes steeper, and soon after to Amsteg (1,760 feet). We continued up stream, though somewhat above the river Reuss, which we crossed three times before coming to the first of the circular tunnels of the railway, and some little time elapsed before we reached Wasen (3,055 feet), where we rested, and soon afterwards pushed on to Goeschenen (3,640 feet), over twenty-six miles from Flüelen. Here, completely enveloped in cloud, we decided to take the train through the St. Gothard Tunnel to Airolo, where everything was brightness and sunshine, contrasting vastly with the clouds and murkiness of the northern end.

Early next morning we left Airolo, having a magnificent ride on a perfect road through superb Alpine scenery and wild rugged gorges to the valley of Faido, which struck me as one of the most beautiful we passed. From Faido we proceeded through richly wooded scenery, composed chiefly of chestnut and walnut woods and abundant vineyards, the whole making a very picturesque effect, numerous cascades on either side of the valley adding to the charm of the landscape. Between Faido and Giornico (1,480 feet) we forded seventeen streams of water without dismounting. The greatest depth was from a foot to fifteen inches, and we were nicely drenched more than once in fording them at rather too high a speed. However, the cool water was refreshing enough, and we rode cheerily on to Biasca (970 feet), and later to Bellinzona (760 feet). Here, thirty-five miles from the start, we had our second breakfast at 9 A.M. From this point we had great difficulty in the smaller towns and villages in making our wants understood, pantomime playing a prominent part in the conversation.

From Bellinzona we again ascended steadily, through walnut trees and vineyards galore, getting from Monte Cenere a grand retrospective view of the Ticino Valley, and then began the descent by long windings to Lugano (932 feet).

It was a hot day in August, and we were glad to lunch under an awning over which ice-cold water was trickling and to leave the 'scorching' to the sun for awhile. Previous to embarking on the small steamer which was to convey us to Porlezza we had to pass the Swiss Customs, and after answering innumerable questions, luckily in French, and having small leaden labels attached to our bicycles, and a bundle

of papers thrust in our hands, we boarded the rather cranky steamer, where our knapsacks, tool-bags, &c., were carefully examined by a very dirty official. Arrived at Porlezza, we again went through the *douane*, but unfortunately the official could only understand his native tongue, Italian. However, after assuring himself that we were not robbers, he allowed us to depart with another packet of papers each, and another leaden label attached to the poor, inoffensive machines. We had to pay eighty-four francs duty in French gold. They would accept nothing else, and a German cyclist who was essaying to pass through by offering an English sovereign had to remain in the

THE LAKE OF LUGANO

douane until the official in charge had ascertained that it was genuine.

From Porlezza to Menaggio the roads were excellent, but as one has to ascend very gradually for eight miles and then descend very abruptly for two, the back-pedalling was as tiring as the up-hill riding. After dinner we took the boat by moonlight northwards to Colico, and a charming night it was. There was a brilliant moon and stars innumerable, not a ripple on the water, and we lolled back in deck-chairs quite contented with things in general and ourselves in particular, enjoying the feeling of tired happiness after a long day's ride. We had that day covered over

seventy miles, and glad indeed we were to fall asleep in a stone-floored, somewhat evil-smelling inn at Colico (722 feet),[1] where we spent our first and last night in Italy.

About six o'clock next morning we left it, without much regret, owing to the discomfort of our so-called hotel. It was here that I was asked eight francs for a small double-bedded room for the night, but on my remonstrating in very bad Anglo-Italian, mine host said, 'Well, what do you say to four francs, attendance included?' I mildly hinted at three francs as being ample, and he immediately closed with the suggestion.

From Colico to Chiavenna (1,090 feet) the way is nearly level, and we had a very pleasant eighteen-mile spin on a perfect road, through several tunnels, past the Lago di Mezzola, and along the banks of the Mera River. From Chiavenna to Casaccia (4,790 feet), at the foot of the Maloja Pass, there is an ascent of 3,700 feet in eighteen miles, and at least half of this distance we performed on foot. The roads were the worst we had yet traversed, but the scenery was most luxuriant in the Val Bregaglia, watered by the Mera. From the beautiful flora of Italy, with cascades on either side of the valley, the change to the exceedingly scanty vegetation of the higher Alps is very abrupt, and nowhere else is the transition so marked.

At Castasegna (2,235 feet) we reached the Italo-Swiss frontier, where our eighty-four francs were returned to us after much ceremony, but not in French gold—only sixty francs in gold, and the rest composed chiefly of fifty-centime pieces. However, they relieved us of the packets of papers and of the two leaden labels, so we had to be satisfied with small mercies. Here we rested during the heat of the day, pushing on (literally) about 5 P.M. to Promontogno (2,685 feet).

From here to Casaccia the road (a good one) ascended in long windings, and glad enough we were to accept the hospitality of a very comfortable inn at the foot of the Maloja Pass. No warm bath was here provided, but I remember that we had an ice-cold plunge at the back of the inn in a huge washing-tub before sitting down to the excellent meal put before us.

In spite of very slight knowledge of the German-Italian *patois* spoken here, we were made exceedingly comfortable; but try as we would, neither of us could make the landlord understand we wanted two glasses of milk, so at last, after putting two mugs on the table and giving vent to a very expressive 'moo' of a cow, I proceeded to imitate the action of milking in so successful a

[1] Our lowest point reached.

manner that very soon, amid much laughter on his part, our host placed the required beverage before us, and wished us *buono notte*. That day's ride and walk was nearly forty miles. After supper, while it was already dusk in the valley where we sat, we were fortunate enough to witness very clearly that many-tinted 'Alpenglühen,' or Alpine Glow, softly spread over the peaks of the snow-capped mountains, bathing them in *couleur de rose*, and then fading slowly away, to leave their outlines plainly defined against the starlit, cloudless sky. About an hour later the moon rose suddenly from behind the range of mountains on our left, directly above that grand waterfall the Cascata dell'Albigna, which seems to burst out from the very rock, but really flows over an intervening range and descends in a fine fall into a wild ravine. The changing effects of the brilliant moonlight on the water as it fell can more easily be imagined than my pen describe the enchanting picture.

On the eighth morning we pushed our bicycles up the long windings of the Maloja Pass, and entered the Engadine, which looked very bare and rugged, with the pale green Lake of Sils to the east, which we left upon our right. We soon reeled off the five miles to the end of the lake, where Sils (5,895 feet) is situated. From here the road, which was excellent, skirted the Piz Pulaschin, and following the left bank of the Lake of Silvaplana, soon led to the place of that name (5,958 feet).

Thence we ran to St. Moritz, soon after leaving which the road descended in a long curve through a shady wood. Luckily the descent was not over-rapid, or B—— might have had a bad accident. His brake had not been in order for some time, and we were riding along merrily side by side, when suddenly the chain of his bicycle flew off, luckily without breaking, but leaving him, of course, no control over the working of the machine. We each caught hold of the other's handle-bar, and, back-pedalling slowly, I brought the bicycles safely to a standstill, and we fitted on the chain without much difficulty.

Now on through Celerina at a brisk pace, and, turning sharp to the right, we soon rode into Pontresina (5,915 feet), with the superb Roseg Glacier to the right. Here, after a twenty-five mile ride in the morning, we reached our resting-point, having ridden and walked our bicycles from Berne, roughly 260 miles. We remained here four nights, but as this narrative deals with the cycle ride, I shall refrain from describing our stay in the village, which we left very early the twelfth morning of our trip.

A thick white mist hung over the valley, but directly the

sun's rays began to make themselves felt it cleared off, and the result was a scorchingly hot day and one of the hardest rides we had. Retracing our steps towards Celerina we branched off to the right, and soon after struck Samaden, whence there is a fine spin along a perfectly straight road through Bevers to Ponte in the Engadine Valley, which is the beginning of the Albula Pass. From here (5,548 feet) we had to push our bicycles right to the summit (7,595 feet).

We considered this the most bleak and dreary pass we traversed, for not a tree was to be seen; in fact, there was practically no vegetation. A flat piece of road at the top gave us a chance of a fair spin, and then began the long and tiring descent. After going about three miles, back-pedalling hard all the time (we dare not use the brakes except in emergency, as the rubber was completely worn out), we stopped to rest and refresh ourselves at the Weissenstein (6,660 feet). There we thought of a plan which effectually rid us of the jar and strain of back-pedalling for another twelve miles or so; and as the idea may be of use to other cyclists in like predicament, I give it for what it may be worth—at present it has not been patented.

BERNESE COSTUME

Purchasing for a few sous two logs of pinewood about four feet long and eight to ten inches thick, we drove a couple of long nails into each, to which we affixed nine feet of string. With these tow-lines attached to our saddles, the logs acted perfectly as drags some three yards behind the machines, and we were thus enabled to pedal along merrily, causing clouds of dust to rise in our wake, which of course did not affect us. This method of descending the long passes caused considerable amusement to the various parties coming up in carriages, but, strangely enough, several diligence horses seemed to object most strongly, which

brought forth from their drivers language not altogether polite, as I concluded (we understood it not) from the fierce expression on their faces. At the same time, we found it most saving to the legs, and made use of like logs twice afterwards in descending the Oberalp and Furka Passes.

Still descending the Albula in long windings through some of the grandest scenery we saw on our trip, we passed safely to Tiefenkasten (2,790 feet), where I punctured my tyre badly on a piece of sharp iron. This delayed us nearly two hours, but the third attempt to mend it succeeded, much to the delight of our audience and ourselves.

Later on we started for Thusis by the Schyn Pass, and the construction of the superb roads in this pass, together with the magnificent and ever-changing scenery at each turn, could not fail to impress the most casual observer of the wonders of engineering skill and the beauties of nature. Some say the Via Mala is more picturesque, but we thought the Schyn road (which, by the way, was constructed in 1868 or 1869) could not be surpassed for beauty. The view is superb from the bridge across the Muttner Tobel, soon after which comes the end of the Pass Mal by way of cuttings, tunnels, and galleries of formidable masonry, and Thusis (2,450 feet) is reached. From Thusis to Bonaduz the road seemed most uninteresting, and at this latter place (2,145 feet) we remained the night, sleeping well after a hard ride of nearly fifty miles.

One of the severest thunderstorms I have ever witnessed broke over Bonaduz early next morning, with rain in torrents, and at first we thought we should be obliged to remain at a very uncomfortable inn all day; but during a break in the clouds, about eleven o'clock, we started, in waterproof capes, through liquid mud—a great contrast to the previous day's dusty, though enjoyable, ride. However, we had not gone many miles before down came the rain again, and by the time we arrived at Versam, about six miles from Bonaduz, we were wet through—so put up there for three or four hours. Whilst our clothes were being dried we did our utmost to get some sort of a warm bath, but even a wash-tub was unobtainable, and ultimately this luxury was provided in an ordinary pig-bucket. The state of the room when we had finished our ablutions is best left to the imagination. Only fifteen miles had been accomplished that day when we stopped at the prettily situated Ilanz (2,345 feet).

A glorious sunrise next morning in a cloudless sky came as a welcome change from the yesterday's soaking, and 5.30 A.M. found

us in the saddle following the Rhine up stream. Once through Truns and Somvix, we soon crossed the Russeiner Tobel, and rode into Disentis (3,773 feet). Just before entering this town a dog rushed at me as we were wheeling through a village, biting me in the calf, but luckily not breaking the skin. However, he managed to retain a nice pattern of my stocking, together with a severe thrashing. After this episode we carried small whips, which we found most effective in removing dogs, goats, and other animals from our path.

From Disentis the road rises continually through Sedrun (4,587 feet) to Chiamut or Tschamut (5,380 feet), which is supposed to be the highest village in Europe where rye is grown, and there are very curious wooden constructions here for drying it, which remind one of huge towel-horses. After lunch and a halt we began to climb the Val Supalix to the summit of the Oberalp Pass, where there is the usual mountain lake. This one, called the Oberalpsee (6,654 feet), is supposed to contain quantities of trout.

It was snowing here for some time, but we had a nice flat road of two miles before descending (with logs) to Andermatt

(4,738 feet). Owing to the snowstorm and clouds, the superb view one should have in this descent was almost entirely lost. From Andermatt there is a perfect road along the Urseren Thal to Réalp (5,060 feet), where we arrived just in time to get shelter for the night before another thunderstorm broke over the valley. To-day's ride, fifty miles exactly.

Although the fifteenth day's ride consisted of over seventy miles and contained two passes (the Furka and the Grimsel), the weather had been so cooled by the previous evening's thunderstorm that we arrived at its end about as fit as we could wish. Leaving Réalp in good time, we had exactly two and a half hours' pushing up the Furka, and soon had a splendid view of the valley with the Oberalp Pass and Andermatt in the distance. It is over eight miles by the road to the summit of the Furka from Réalp, and by the time we arrived there, what with the pushing uphill and the rarity of the atmosphere at nearly 8,000 feet above sea-level, we were short of breath, and glad to have a second breakfast.[1] We now again saw the imposing Bernese Alps, with the Finsteraarhorn especially in evidence, and had a grand view of the Valais and Matterhorn. Fixing on our drags of wood, we began the descent of the Furka in long zigzags, and admired the immense Rhone Glacier with its deep blue masses of ice.

The hotels at the base looked very tiny from the Galen Hutten (7,900 feet), but they gradually grew larger and larger as we neared the last of the windings, and rode triumphantly with our logs of wood up to the hotel door. After lunch we started on the newly built Grimsel road, over which, as we were told, we were the first cyclists to pass. As it is a new road, the gradients are very slight, and, except where it was not quite finished, we could ride almost the whole way. From the summit of the pass (7,103 feet), descending easily, and at a good pace on a perfect road that runs through huge slabs of dark green rock, we soon reached the Grimsel Hospice (6,160 feet), and ran on through the bleak and rocky valley, where one observes very little vegetation and absolutely no habitation but a couple of chalets for miles and miles, till we reached the Handegg Fall. A magnificent waterfall, or rather two waterfalls, descend into a yawning abyss of 250 feet amidst a cloud of spray, and remain unbroken more than half-way down.

From here, on a perfectly smooth road, we descended without a break, or brake, to Im-hof (2,054 feet)—which remark I made at the time owing to a skidding wheel—and on remounting we ascended the Kirchet (2,313 feet), which is a mere wooded and shady hill, and soon found ourselves at Meiringen (1,968 feet), whence we started our last seventeen miles of the day to Interlaken. About five miles out from Meiringen we met the Brünig

[1] Here was the highest point reached on our ride.

Pass road, over which we had ridden about a fortnight previously, so there is no need to describe the rest of the run.

We remained here and in the neighbourhood four nights, making sundry excursions on foot and on our bicycles. Besides climbing the Faulhorn, where we slept the night at the summit in order to see the sun rise (I suppose it did, although all that we saw was mist and cloud), we had also a couple of short rides to Grindelwald (twelve miles) to see the glaciers, and to Lauterbrunnen (about ten miles).

PASSING LAC NOIR HOTEL, FULL SPEED

We finally left for Thun, but this time on the opposite side of the lake to that on which we had come. They seemed to have a predilection for mending the roads on this side, but, nevertheless, we had a good ride to that quaint old military town. From it we had a most fatiguing ride across country, as it were, along rough and narrow lanes through Blumenstein to Plaffeyen, where we arrived about 5 P.M. This was the first place where we could get anything eatable, and naturally we set to with a will. The part we had passed through is entirely without the range of tourists, and the peasants had evidently never seen such a thing as a bicycle in their lives, as, throwing down their scythes,

rakes, &c., they came rushing down to see us pass, gesticulating like so many lunatics, and talking some incomprehensible kind of guttural *patois*.

From Plaffeyen, a steady ascent on a good road brought us to a small lake called Schwarze See (3,365 feet), where we stayed with friends for two nights; and left it for the last day of our trip in splendid weather (since leaving Réalp we had had no rain at all). We rode at a grand pace along a perfect road back to Plaffeyen, where we branched off to the left, and, without dismounting, rode over the two large suspension bridges into Fribourg (2,100 feet), nineteen miles from Lac Noir, in exactly an hour and a quarter. Then, for the last time, we remounted, and rode by easy stages the remaining thirty-five miles. On leaving Fribourg we took a wrong turning, which made our ride three miles longer, and, passing through Avenches, we struck the Lac de Neuchatel, and soon arrived at our last destination, Yverdon. We finished just outside the town with a bad puncture to B——'s back tyre, but as we had little farther to ride it was of no consequence. That last day we covered fifty-four miles without having to push our bicycles at all, and so ended our three weeks' ride of nearly 600 miles, with only three punctures to B——'s account and one to mine, and, I am glad to add, without any serious mishap of any sort.

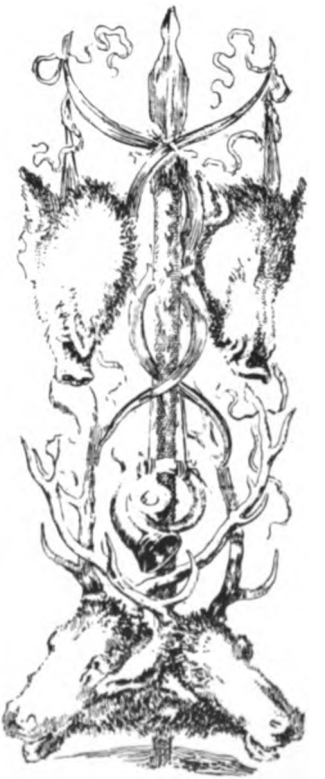
STARTING ON THE LAST DAY'S RIDE

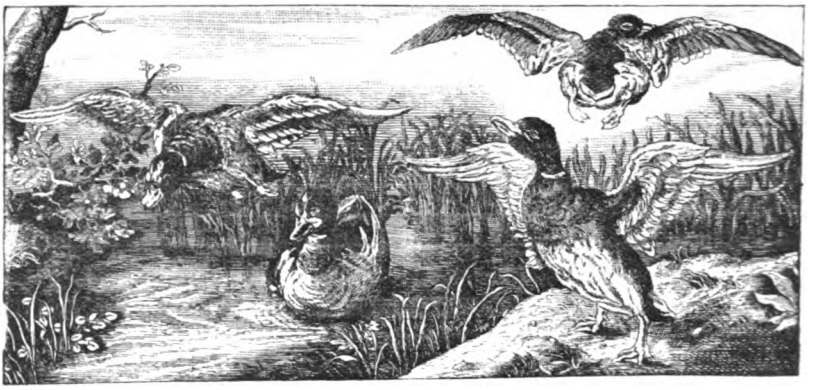
I can most conscientiously recommend such a ride as I have attempted to describe to any enthusiastic cyclists who do not mind hard work and roughing it considerably. In three weeks we went from Berne in the north to Lugano in the south, and from Pontresina, our most eastern point, to Yverdon, the westernmost; and I think I may say it was the most enjoyable three weeks' holiday I ever spent. Our knowledge of Italian and

German was limited to very scanty proportions, but with these smatterings and a fair knowledge of French, together with a good deal of pantomime, we got on admirably, and any little controversy came in the day's work.

We had good, strong, fairly heavy bicycles, hired in Switzerland—a proceeding I do not recommend—carried a knapsack (which contained the necessities for travelling and a change of underclothing) across the handle-bar, and sent on our other luggage (which consisted of a Gladstone bag each) by post from Berne to Lucerne, thence to Pontresina, and lastly to Yverdon.

With the cycling we combined several mountain climbs and walks, returning home to London as hard as nails and thoroughly delighted with our trip.





THE ETHICS OF MODERN GUNNERY:
THE OLD SCHOOL AND THE NEW

BY ABEL CHAPMAN

THE conditions and circumstances of British field-sports have so changed during the last thirty years that little short of a revolution has occurred within the short space of a generation. The main causes—such as changed agriculture, the introduction of the breechloader, and the modern multiplication of game—are well known, and do not here concern us. But it is perhaps worth passing remark that while in the case of pheasants and partridges the multiplication is purely artificial—the result of hand-rearing—in the case of grouse (which cannot be reared) the increase actually arises directly from the new and more deadly system of shooting them. Thus we have the apparent paradox that, the more grouse you kill (in reason), the more you may expect next year!

It is not, however, with causes, but with effects, that I propose to deal. As with revolutions of other kinds, there remain behind sentiments and prepossessions which it is hardly desirable should be wholly absorbed in the new order; while details may require adjustment, and possibly small frictions deserve consideration.

My impression—though it may not be correct—is, that till within the last dozen or fifteen years the pioneers of the 'new school,' that is, the inaugurators of the change from hunting to driving or walking-up, were content to enjoy their sport and say nothing about it, even when their systems were aspersed and ridiculed (as they often were) by indignant critics in the press.

No one seriously undertook to defend 'driving' on the new and larger scale, though the practice was the favourite butt of innumerable scribes, whose scathing invective and transparent ignorance were laughable enough, and no doubt at that time commanded the popular ear. Some part of this sharpshooting was of the nature of that deep-set antipathy to all things new, merely as such; but the great bulk of the diatribes were penned by professional writers, who may be acquitted of any malice prepense, and who wrote in simple ignorance on a text which they knew would 'take.' To others it was clear that the old days of 'Ponto' and the rest were gone, whatever might come to take their place.

Years have passed, and no one now ventures to assail the new system or to air silly theories about hand-reared game, massacres, and so forth. The turning-point, I imagine, was the publication of the Badminton Shooting volumes, which first went boldly to the root of the disputed questions, with a moderation and an authority that carried conviction, even to those who refused to admit it. Nowadays we have quite a host of excellent books, all following on the same line, and preaching the new doctrine. But action and reaction are equal, and the pendulum is apt to swing too far. The pristine apathy which endured unfair attacks in silence, followed by an apologetic period, is rapidly giving place to a phase of active aggression. But surely some of the blows are aimed at the wrong men?

It is not unnatural that those who have long been subjected to abuse should, when they find themselves 'well-set,' indulge in a little free hitting all round the wicket. But, with due deference, I would suggest that some discretion in placing the strokes would be prudent and advisable, or a catch in the 'long-field' may mar the fun. It is the old-fashioned sportsman who is now getting all the hard knocks; and this is hardly fair; for, apart altogether from his merits or demerits, he was not the original aggressor. The real offender, as we have seen, was the professional writer, who has long ago, in all probability, forgotten all about it, and the splendid scorn of his anathemas of a decade ago. He now is clearly beyond reach of metaphorical boot or blow, even were it ever possible to penetrate the armour of anonymity. While time and daily papers last there will never lack men ready to discourse at large on matters of which they know nothing, and quite capable of sandwiching an article on sport between two dealing with, say, foreign policy or fair trade, or other subjects with which, we may charitably presume, they are more conversant.

But if the real transgressor be out of reach, that is no logical

reason to hit somebody else. I think it was an Irishman who, in answer to a charge of assault and battery, pleaded that, 'Sure, he never spake a wor'rd—*so* I sthruck him!' In a recent article in this magazine, by one of the most brilliant of modern sportsmen, occurs a passage in which those who do not implicitly follow the fashion of the day are referred to generally as 'out-of-date pothunters.' Now a man is not necessarily a pothunter because he is out of date, and if the old title of sportsman is not wide enough to cover both classes—the old and the new—(and admittedly modern tongues are lamentably weak in that connection), then surely it is the latter who should seek out some new nomenclature, since theirs is the novelty. Pothunter—it isn't a nice word—is it fair? is it even logical? Might it not be plausibly argued that the 'pot' reasonably benefits more in a country where game so greatly abounds that there is a partridge under every third turnip, with the survivors of the hares and rabbits' Act wedging themselves into the intervals; where shooting rapid as file-firing demoralises the best retrievers of the day, than in the case of a single gunner hunting scarce game in a big country?

The pendulum swings too far. When, in an age to come, the inquiring New Zealander shall have unearthed the archives of the British Museum, he will gather from contemporary literature some curious and some rather false impressions of *fin-de-siècle* sport in this nineteenth century. He will learn that if a man wished to shoot over dogs—say to make a young setter, or to enter his boys—he should possess a separate manor for the purpose; a third would be required should he affect 'walking-up' his game; but in no case must the sacred precincts of the 'driving-ground' be invaded—that is, if he has any intention of afterwards assembling his most skilful friends behind butt or hedgerow. Let me here say that I feel it almost ungracious to criticise writings of which I have greatly enjoyed the perusal, and which, in many cases, form splendidly lucid and masterly expositions of the latest developments in up-to-date shooting. Still, it is possible to enjoy a book, even to agree with it, without endorsing all it contains or accepting its tenets as gospel. I will not be suspected of the desire, latent or overt, to discredit any branch of sport, for my tastes are thoroughly catholic in this connection. Would that opportunities were commensurate. But I do venture to assert that the tendency of modern sporting literature is to give a somewhat one-sided picture. In cases where the sportsman's main objects are—(1) To accumulate the maximum head of game on a given area, and (2) to secure the greatest possible proportion of

that game in a single day, or at most in two or three, then our latest authorities are unrivalled exponents, whether with pen or gun. But the point to which I take exception is, that these writers make it appear that this is the *only* form of modern sport, to the prejudice of other and older systems.

There exist geographical obstacles to the general application of the thesis impugned. The British Islands are of fixed and limited area. There is no space for each of us to own a first-class sporting manor—much less *three*—in a crack game-county, unless our boundaries were largely extended, say by filling in the Irish Channel—subject, of course, to the sanction of the United States. There are financial considerations which might be thought to have some bearing; but these I pass over as quite too sordid for the serene atmosphere that breathes o'er Badmintonia. I submit, nevertheless, that a man constrained to work his 'tenth-time-over' on some small, rough beat, is not necessarily a pothunter, nor inferior in sportsmanship to the most brilliant of modern meteors.

The modern style has developed marksmanship and manual skill in gunnery to a degree that is well-nigh incredible. It has produced the finest shots the world has ever seen, men whose performances compare with the best of two decades back, as Grace compares with some cricket hero of a village-green. Some recorded feats with the gun remind one rather of legerdemain than of former ideals. They are marvellous, even in view of the enormous practice by which alone they have been rendered possible.

But I will hark back to my text, and repeat the opinion that marksmanship, however brilliant, is not the sole element in sport—that the best shot is not *ipso facto* the best sportsman. There are other constituents of co-equal importance, and, in the true interests of sport, these should never be ignored, much less derided.

First, I would put in a word for my dear old friend, the hunting-dog. In modern shooting-fields he has no place, and one hardly needs to read between the lines to see that even the retriever must shortly be superseded by something more mechanical. Will the entire disappearance of the dog be a matter for congratulation? It must, of course, be frankly admitted that the value of the dog decreases in inverse ratio with the increase of game. On ground where, say, a hundred brace can be secured by one gun in a day there is no scope for the hunting-dog fully to develop his powers. He will be seen to best advantage where

ten, twenty, or perhaps thirty, brace represent the maximum possible result. Again, I doubt whether, even in the palmy days of 'Ponto,' more than a moderate proportion of sportsmen ever quite appreciated the dog at its full value, or realised the best possible results from their canine auxiliaries. That higher standard would demand as a condition precedent a measure of living sympathy and of mutual confidence between man and beast that is certainly not universal, and perhaps almost rare. These things are questions of degree; and individual aptitude, be it added, varies as much between dog and dog as between man and man. I have known a man who, though he habitually shot over dogs, talked dog and thought dog, yet could never induce his own dogs to hunt for him unless accompanied by the keeper! My own case (with apologies for citing it) is the reverse; for I have seldom owned a dog—never for long—that would look at a keeper while I was there, even though months might have elapsed since my last visit. Now, without some degree of that mutual sympathy and interdependence it is impossible that the science of dog-hunting can be appreciated, or the full beauties and efficacy of canine powers and instincts be realised and enjoyed. And it seems incredible that anyone who has so enjoyed it should ever absolutely abandon dogs for 'incoming shooting' *alone*, though it were the best in the land.

Is the disappearance of the hunting-dog a subject for congratulation? I think not, and believe that even the extreme enthusiasts of the new school, on mature reflection, will hardly disagree. The present generation is old enough to have matriculated in the old school, and most up-to-date writers are careful to insist on the fact, even though they no longer profess any sympathy with its systems; while their writings, in some cases, seem to show that, however carefully they may have mastered the art in bygone days, they retain but little recollection of its practice now. Much that of late has been written about dogs and dog-hunting is very inaccurate, very ignorant, and displays, moreover, a regrettable spice of prejudice. The art of shooting game to dogs is not one of those things that can be acquired (like a new pair of guns) in a day, nor does a man necessarily understand even its rudiments merely in virtue of the fact that as a boy he used, perhaps twenty years ago, to shoot partridge over pointers in September. That there is an art in the making and working of sporting-dogs it seems almost absurd to have to assert while the fact remains attested by such books as Colonel Hutchinson's and many more; amongst them specially to be mentioned an anonymous work,

'The Scientific Education of Dogs for the Gun,' by H. H. (1890). But it often appears convenient nowadays to overlook or ignore the fact, and some recent writings are no whit less extravagant or more ludicrous than the worst of the silly effusions (in the opposite sense) of the later 'seventies.

While accepting without the slightest reserve the authority of our modern writers on sport in everything that appertains to the latest style and to 'driving' on the larger scale, yet I venture absolutely to disagree with them and to reject their dicta when they seek to deal with other questions, such as that of the hunting-dog. None, I trust, will find offence in my thus expressing straight what I feel, and I dare say many another has felt, in this connection. In the 'Fur and Feather Series,' it is admitted that, while 'we have infinitely more game, we have infinitely worse dogs.' The one fact is the natural result of the other, and was bound to follow, as is now being dimly perceived, and as will presently be clearly seen. Meanwhile it is proposed as a remedy to institute a 'dog-man,' or official whose function it would be to make dogs for others. (I dislike the word 'break.') Well, there would obviously be no great sympathy or mutual confidence here between dog and man, and, personally, I do not hesitate to class the suggestion as utterly impracticable as regards the hunting-dog. Something mechanical would, perhaps, be more in harmony with the surroundings. Could the powers of electricity or of galvanism not be applied to the capture of cripples, or animal magnetism to retrieving? Mr. Edison might help. In the same volumes the sportsman is recommended to hasten up to his points as fast as he can go—even by running. I can quite believe that, with steady dogs, the plan, for a chance day, might possibly increase the bag. But, in my humble opinion, it is eminently calculated to ruin the staunchest of setters in rather less than a week.

Another protest. It has become customary to write of men who shoot to dogs in quite contemptuous terms. The natural inference from many such screeds would be, that 'dogging' is confined to mobbing stray pheasants in hedgerows or blowing game to smithereens in covert. Again, the hunting-shooter is generally referred to as 'pottering about after an old dog.' But why pottering? And again, why old? All dogs are not old. They are not born old; and as to 'pottering' dogs, I personally will have none of them. I would as soon shoot over a ferret or a guinea-pig as over a pottering dog in a big country.

No; the dog to my mind is the resolute, tearing two-year old, with free shoulders and swinging stride, who covers the hill like a

racehorse—the sort that sends the modern keeper's heart into his mouth, and paralyses his five wits for fear that 'the brute' will run up all his swarming game. No danger of that, though game be thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. Our ideal may be a bit headstrong. That is not necessarily a drawback, since it simply means that he knows—or thinks he knows—as much as you do; and very likely he is right. The man has not mastered his *métier* who is too proud to learn from a dog. For choice give me a second-year setter that in his first season ran regular riot, snapped at the young grey-fowl, barked at grouse, and ran 'fur' as far as he could see. *There* you have material that may be worth the making—or it may not. I guarantee nothing. You will have to judge for yourself, since nowadays nine keepers out of ten hardly know a dog from a dingo. Why should they? It is no longer an integral part of their profession. Most of them have ceased to take any pride in their dogs; they scarce recollect the remedies for red mange, much less how to breed, select, and 'make' a dog for the gun. A dozen years ago this subject inspired me to indite a paper which I recollect 'The Field' at that time thought worthy of the dignity of a leading article. In it I deprecated the treatment of dogs as mere mechanical automata. But dogs have been largely so treated, and continue in that parlous state; with the dual result that the bulk of the rising generation know practically nothing of a form of sport which is no whit inferior to anything that modern ingenuity and wealth have invented, or ever will invent, while the extinction of one of the finest and most sporting breeds of dogs is seriously menaced.

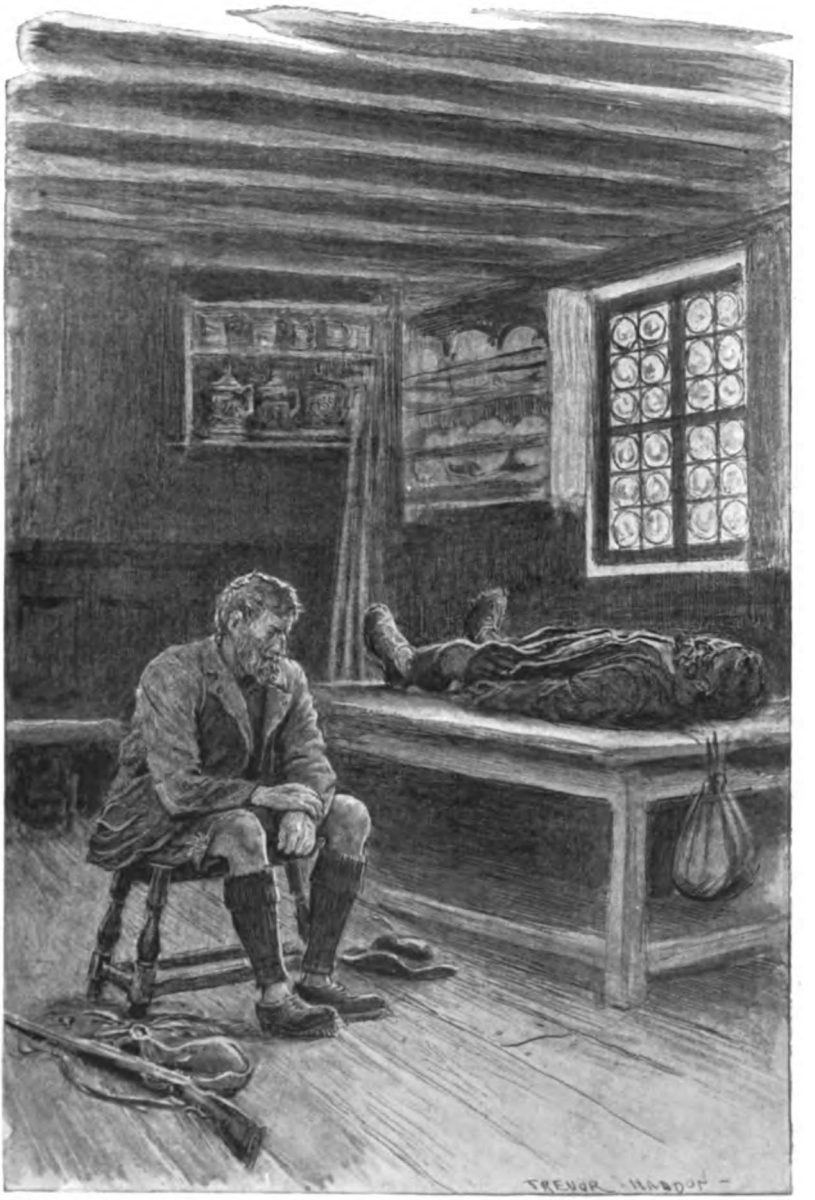
I will mention a single instance. Quite recently an old friend, whose name stands high in the shooting-world, came to spend a week with me. This was in October. Adjoining the moor lay some large fields—anything from 20 to 100 acres apiece—all rough grass and fern, likely enough holding for a chance covey of hill-partridge or a few scattered young blackcocks. Each of these in turn was worked by a speedy setter within a few minutes, while we stood smoking a matutinal pipe by the gateway. My friend remained silent till it was over; then he frankly told me he had never before seen dog-work of the kind, nor realised its possibility. This is my excuse for mentioning what would otherwise have been regarded as but an everyday incident in sport. To have hunted out those fields with the 'pottering dog' of the scribes would have occupied hours, and left no time that day to reach the moors beyond. Yet I would gladly lay 5 to 2 that not a covey, not even two scattered birds, were left behind.

Now I have had my say, and will pull up sharp. I trust I have not, in the heat of argument, written one unfair word; and I trust also that the BADMINTON, which has already done one good service in exploding popular fallacies, will assist in eradicating, ere germination takes place, what threatens to be a new and equally silly crop of errors.

was a comrade of his, and who knew quite well that the man he shot was his friend. On the night after the murder he kept watch over the corpse of his victim in a lonely 'Gasthaus,' to avoid suspicion, probably. What cheerful hours he must have spent before the morning light relieved him! The crime was eventually brought home to him; he was sentenced to death, but re-sentenced to penal servitude for life, and died in the Graz prison after seven years' imprisonment. An even worse case happened in Bohemia, where two jäger, father and son, were overpowered by a gang of poachers, suspended head downwards from the branch of a tree, and a huge fire lighted underneath them. The son died, and after three days of agony the father escaped. In revenge he secretly shot the murderers one by one.

Our jäger are as fine a body of men as are connected with sport in any country. Brave, skilful, and inured to all forms of hardship, they are invaluable to their masters and a credit to the land that produces them. As I have said, their dress is a very quaint one, but it is also very appropriate for the work—a green hat, ornamented with the 'beard' of the chamois or a feather of the capercailzie; a coat of strong, dark-green cloth, and many pockets, with buttons of stag's horn; short breeches, scarcely reaching the knee, made of chamois hide, and tastefully ornamented; green stockings and huge mountain boots complete the dress. The jäger prefers his knees bare, as it aids him in climbing; in consequence, his skin there becomes tanned to russet hue, and more honourably scarred than the faces of our students. They carry a long, horn-handled hunting-knife bayonet-wise on the left side, for despatching and gralloching, called by us a *Hirsch-fänger*, or 'stag-despatcher.' This knife also comes handy for clearing away branches or brushwood when necessary. On his back, suspended by shoulder-straps, he carries a stout canvas bag, called a *buckel-sack*, capable of holding food, schnapps, cartridges, rope, and all such necessaries.

The jäger here have a very quaint old custom, which, as it generally strikes strangers who visit us, I shall mention here. When the sportsman has shot a stag—or a chamois, as the case may be—the jäger breaks off a sprig of pine from a neighbouring tree. This sprig must not be cut with the knife, but broken off with the hand. The jäger then smears the pine sprig in the blood of the wound, doing so in the form of the cross. Then, making a salver of the crown of his hat, he presents the sprig with the *Grandeln*, or dental trophies, to the gentleman, bowing very low, and wishing him 'Waidmansheil,' or 'hunter's fortune.'



UNTIL THE MORNING LIGHT RELIEVED HIM

This pine sprig is called the *Bruch*, and is a highly prized trophy of the chase. The sportsman puts it in the band of his hat on returning from shooting, so that one can see instantly if he has been successful or not.

Sportsmen in this country hunt the stag in four different ways, and similar methods are resorted to for the chamois and roebuck. These four ways are called by us the *Anstand*, the *Pirsch*, the *Rigeln*, and the *Treibjagd*, and the jäger have to pass an examination before receiving their licences to show that they are thoroughly conversant with all four plans, and with other

PRESENTING THE 'BRUCH'

matters, such as forest and wood lore, that pertain to the huntsman's craft.

The *Anstand*, or 'waiting' method, consists in the huntsman discovering what part of the *Wechsel*, or feeding-ground, the stag is frequenting at morning or evening. The sportsman then conceals himself, probably with a screen of boughs, and waits patiently for the appearance of the quarry. But this lacks interest, inasmuch as it is devoid of the true sport of first having to find your game and then outwit him by superior caution. The second, or *Pirsch*, is the one generally in vogue, and consists in stalking the quarry. The approximate whereabouts of the stag is easily discovered in the rutting season—here from September 25 to October 15—by his roaring. The methods which

we call *Rigeln* and *Treibjagd* both consist in driving the game towards the sportsman. The former is used when the game are in a small or confined piece of cover, and the driving is done very quietly, without dogs, the deer being startled by gently snapping twigs. The *Treibjagd* is used when the game are in a very extensive ground, and as many drivers, dogs, and as much noise are employed as possible. In the roebuck's rutting season the jäger can imitate the cry of the female, and consequently draw the buck towards them, by means of a little instrument called the *Rehruf*. They can also make the cry with a beech leaf, and for this reason the time when the roebuck answers this cry—early in August—is called the *Blattzeit*, or 'leafy time.' In the stag's rutting season the jäger carry an ordinary lamp-glass in a strong cylindrical leather case, and with this simple instrument they can so successfully imitate the roaring of a stag as to draw others to them, eager for a fight in the cause of love.

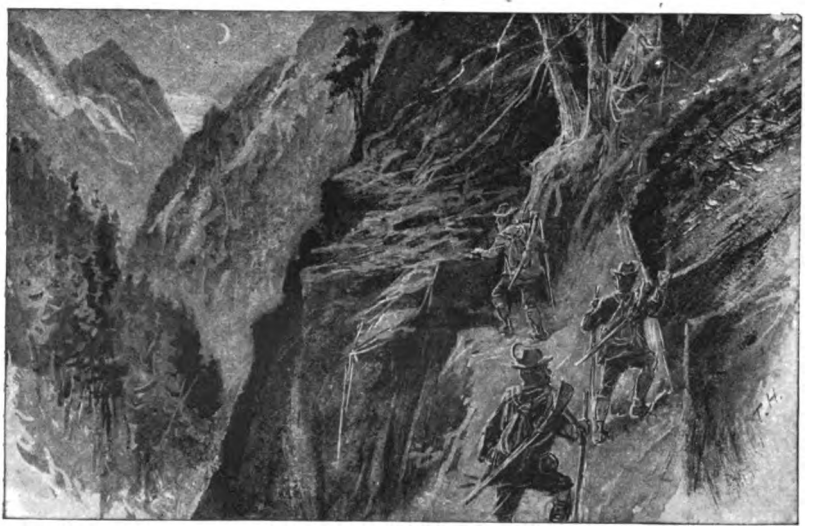
It is many years now since, as a young lieutenant of dragoons, I shot my first stag at a driving party on my brother's estate in Carinthia, and after close upon twenty years of the sport I may safely consider myself an old hand. In that time I have shot over 130 stags, to say nothing of a great number of hinds, sufficient to improve the look of my walls. My 'century' was shot in a gorge on the borders of Carinthia and Styria on October 10, 1892—a red-letter day in my career as a sportsman.

The sport of stag-stalking, as anybody who has undertaken it knows, requires great powers of endurance and perseverance on the part of the sportsman, and of unflagging zeal on the part of the jäger, but it surely brings its own reward. The breakfast some hours before the dawn, followed by a quiet smoke; the silent climbing of the mountain forest path, perhaps lantern in hand; the gradual stealing away of the shadows of the night, and the glory of the autumn morning slowly breaking over the sky; the last twinkling of the stars and the waning of the crescent moon; and then, as one reaches the top, the morn breaking over the eternal Alps. And what panoramas spread before one on all sides! Range after range, peak after peak, glowing with the rosy glow of morning. As one treads the heather on such hills, the huntsman's health coursing through one's veins, rifle across one's arms, and the roaring of the forest king in one's ears, it comes to us that life is good.

But if following the stag is work requiring powers of endurance, following the chamois is much more so. This marvellous little animal prefers the highest Alps, keeping to the

topmost heights in summer, and only descending to lower ground when compelled to by want of food in the deepest snows of winter. Chamois shooting is with us the sport of princes, from our Kaiser down, and well it may be, as it demands no small share of all the qualities requisite in a true sportsman. I have some forty trophies of this animal, but that is nothing to the trophies of his Majesty the Emperor, who on one memorable day—August 31, 1871—shot twenty-seven chamois, of which eighteen were bucks! That was in Eisenerz, in Upper Styria.

The chamois is nearly always hunted by being gently driven, but without dogs. Stalking can only be accomplished successfully



THE SILENT CLIMBING OF THE MOUNTAIN FOREST PATH

in summer, and even then is very difficult work. There is a great difference in hunting the stag and chamois, owing to the difference in their individual habits. The stag is always on the move, stopping only to feed, and will cover a great tract of land in one day. When he pauses, however, he remains fairly quiet, and offers a reasonable target if one can get within range. The chamois, on the contrary, although he may keep for several days to an area of ground equal to that of an average garden, is always on the move, taking little quick jumps between his nibblings, and never still for two minutes consecutively. This naturally increases his chances of safety, and lessens the sportsman's chances of success.

My last trip among the chamois on my ground among the high Alps in Salzburg was made early in December, in company with a friend. The snow was knee-deep in the valleys, and up to one's middle on the higher ground, which made the work both difficult and dangerous. A mistake on the part of the jäger, or a false step, might prove fatal in the more dangerous places, but the men know every inch of the ground. The greatest source of uneasiness is the wind, which rises suddenly in the deep mountain gorges, and causes sudden avalanches, called by us *Lavinen*. With such fury will the wind and snow whirl around one that the only chance of safety is to throw oneself face downwards on the ground, to avoid being hurled over some precipice or blown bodily down the mountain-side. On such expeditions it is necessary to wear heavy climbing-irons upon the feet, with strong, sharp spikes to grip the ice; and the *Berg-stock*, or mountain stick, must be of proved strength, with a strong iron spike in the end, for this item of the equipment is as necessary and indispensable as one's own legs. To give an example of the sport for the benefit of those who have not experienced the pleasures of a chamois hunt, I will give a brief description of our most interesting day on my last trip.

We rose at half-past five, and made a hearty breakfast, cooked by an innkeeper's *frau*, whom we had brought up from the valleys. Then came the important operation of equipping ourselves for the day, an operation of which not one item must ever be forgotten without inconvenience or disappointment. Cartridges must be strapped round one's waist, and a few dispersed in the pockets for the sake of despatch if necessary; the pocket flask filled with the huntsman's drink *par excellence*, a kind of schnapps called *slivovitz*; the lunch, consisting of sausage, bread, and an apple, packed in the buckel-sack; pipe, tobacco, and matches must all be in their places; fur coat, snow-boots, and a coil of rope in the buckel-sack of the träger, the two former for sitting in, the latter in case of accidents. Thus equipped, with our jäger carrying the rifles, our feet iron-shod, and our mountain-stick in hand, we started climbing in the light of the snow, following the run of a wild deep gorge, while the drivers, with their alarm pistols in hand, took a different route. The driving was so conducted and carried out that the chamois *must* come down the gorge we were ascending. My companion was posted where they would take to the inaccessible rocks at his side, and there I left him, sitting behind a snow hummock with his express across his knees, each of us wishing the other 'Waidmansheil!' When I had posted

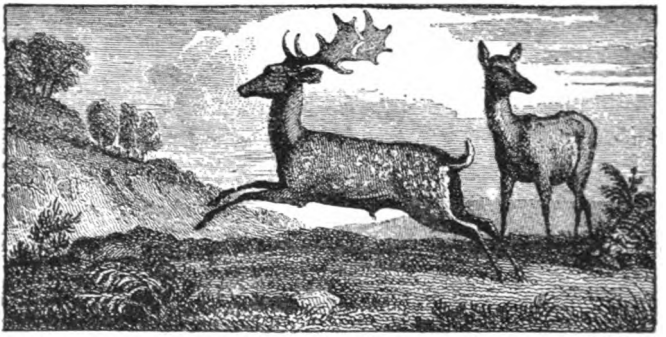
myself higher up, I lunched, and the time dragged slowly on. The awful stillness of the Alps around was only broken occasionally by the report of one of the drivers' pistols, which echoed and rumbled away among the rocks on the opposite heights, like artillery reports or the roar of a falling avalanche.

THEY CAME BUCKING ALONG TOWARDS ME

The waiting came to an end at last, and there they came, a long line of little dark objects, bucking along down towards me, and pausing now and then in their curious, inquisitive manner. Waiting till they were close enough, I dropped two bucks with

two cartridges, and then the chase swept down to my companion. A pause. Bang! bang! . . . bang! When I and the men descended to him we found that with his three shots he had had similar good luck to mine, dropping two capital bucks, one an exceptionally fine head. The actual shooting had only lasted about five minutes, and in that time we had four trophies. Such is an example of the sport. I may mention that it is very difficult to pick out the bucks from a herd, as the only difference consists in the horns being set a little wider apart in the buck than in the *Geis*.

Should any English sportsman who may read these notes be induced to come and give the chamois a trial, I shall not regret having written them, and wish him, whoever and whatever he may be, heartily and sincerely, 'Waidmansheil!'

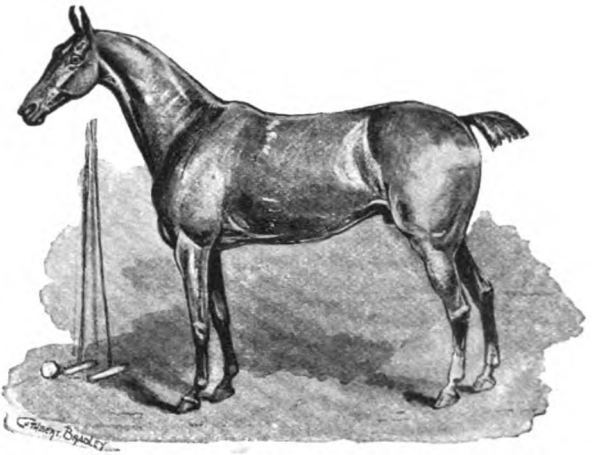


POLO PROSPECTS, 1896

BY CUTHBERT BRADLEY

SPORT rules our seasons, and we take as naturally to polo, shooting, and hunting when they come round as we do to spring chickens, peaches, partridges, or plum pudding. The moment Melton Spinney is a mass of blackthorn bloom, thoughts begin to wander from fox-hunting to the green swards of Hurlingham and Ranelagh, which at once become the scenes of action. The first waltz over the boards of a well-polished floor before the ball-room fills is always the most inviting, and no wonder the wealth of fresh verdure and elastic turf tempts poloists to start the ball rolling or ever hounds have hopped on to their benches for the summer. Perhaps Mr. Tattersall may be said to feel the polo pulse when he opens the season with sales of ponies at Albert Gate, finding out the depth of the pocket and the public demand for the *petits chevaux*. Directly the month of April is well established, and the equine race are getting their coats, we find the sale lists of the horse repositories full of ponies, and then we know that the polo fever is spreading. Signs are not wanting that in the provinces, polo each successive season takes firmer root and a stronger hold on public favour. A very few years ago the name of the game was hardly known away from its various centres; now it is a household word, and finds aspirants in remote corners of our rural sporting districts. With so many provincial and Continental clubs springing up on all sides, ponies that can pass the standard of polo height and know the rudiments of the game meet with a ready sale. Polo has done for the pony what racing did for his bigger brother; for he has undergone considerable improvement during the present century, through the infusion of thoroughbred blood.

In the reign of George III. we are told every man wore a pig-tail and every pony a crupper, and our forefathers were compelled to have this appendage to the saddle, for the ostensible reason that, if they did not, owing to the straightness of the animal's shoulders, they would be seated between his ears. Till quite



BANIEL, AN EGYPTIAN BARB

recently ponies were the perquisites of old ladies and little children, and pony panniers became very popular in 1866 after a charming photograph appeared of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales at Abergeldie, taking the infant princess out for an airing.

It was in 1870 that some officers of the 10th Hussars quartered at Aldershot originated the idea of playing polo on their return from service in India. Ever since then ponies have gone up in public estimation, and care, with attention to their breeding, has enlarged their sphere of usefulness, given them good looks, and trebled their value. Fashion has marked the pony for her favourite, and we meet him now in the drive, the Row, the hunting field, or the polo ground, and as often as not, by his good looks, manners, and nippiness he is hard to beat, whatever the game may be. Those who have witnessed the fair scene on Hurlingham's polo lawns, which is the Elysium of pony-flesh, holding as it does the same position that Newmarket does to the racing world, can appreciate the leading position he holds, and so ably fills, in the world of sport and pastime. The ponies of all nations are pressed into the service of polo ; for we find that, besides the breeds of our own islands, there are high-caste Arabs, Barbs, Egyptians, Indian country-breds, and Americans who all have their respective merits.

Pæans of praise might be sung about pony-flesh without exhausting the subject, and to-day he has to thank his polo friends for the high position he takes in the equine world. Although he is a product of the nineteenth century, the possibility of getting a polo pony true to a type is an interesting and still unsolved problem of breeding. Last season polo ponies averaged the prices of hunters, and more changed hands at high figures than in any previous year. At the Messrs. Peat sale, eleven ponies averaged 235 guineas, and of these the famous Dynamite, a thoroughbred bay, made the highest price on record, 460 guineas, being purchased by Mr. Willy H. Walker, the owner of this year's Grand National winner. Amongst others of the same team, Nimble made 400 guineas, Gay Lad 360 guineas, Sister Sue 310 guineas, the total of the sale being 2,575 guineas. The crowd at Albert Gate on that memorable Monday before Derby Day, when these ponies were sold, was large and representative of the best known exponents of the game,

MR. WILLIE WALKER ON DYNAMITE

men who knew what a polo pony ought to be; they came anxious to buy not only the make and shape of a well-chosen stud, but to get the rare training which the Messrs. Peat always gave to their ponies. If these ponies had been hurriedly hustled into a

game, or frightened or worried into vice, they would not have been so eagerly sought after; for many animals no worse are sold every day for only a fraction of the sums which these made. Those entering to the game should lay to heart these substantial facts; for the ordinary player is always in a hurry with his training, and he often spoils and almost always takes from the possible perfection of his new mount. Golden precepts and practical hints are laid down in the writings of the late Mr. J. Moray Brown, the high-priest of polo, who did so much to establish the success and popularity of the game, putting it on a footing it had never before attained. We also note Mr. E. D. Miller's new book, 'Modern Polo,' which should be studied and digested by all those who are entering the lists this season, for it is the outcome of much experience.

'Education of every description, if it is to bear weight, must be gradual, and cramming is neither good for man nor beast,' are the words of Mr. J. Moray Brown, which come most acceptable on the eve of another polo season, when all is activity in the pony world. Education must not be done by harsh means or you will connect the game with punishment in your pony's mind. Here is the great master's receipt for breaking a pony to stick and ball, so as to make him enjoy the sport just as much as his rider:—'Have a couple of sticks hung up in his loose box, and place a ball in his manger. If you watch him you will probably note that he will sniff at them, push them about with his nose, and play with them; in fact, they will eventually become to him as toys, and he will disconnect them with all ideas of harm. When you go into his box to give him an apple or a carrot, take a stick with you, let him see it in your hand, and move it about in front of his head; repeat this when you get on his back, swinging the stick on each side of his head until he takes no notice of it. Then begin to hit the ball off his back.' This may be done with great success; and another good idea is to throw a soft white indiarubber ball, the size of a polo ball, at ponies when in a grass field. They become so accustomed to it, and will not shy away from it when they find that it does not hurt them. A player who has been amusing himself all the winter by training young ponies used to

BROKEN BY KINDNESS TO THE STICK

send them every market day into the neighbouring town and make his men ride them gently about amongst the crowd, so that they got accustomed to meeting objects, always a trying ordeal for novices. The old market women little imagined that they were being used as substitutes for high-class ponies in a game; and the idea answered admirably, for shy ponies gradually learned confidence before being asked to take their part in the *mêlée* of a tight game.

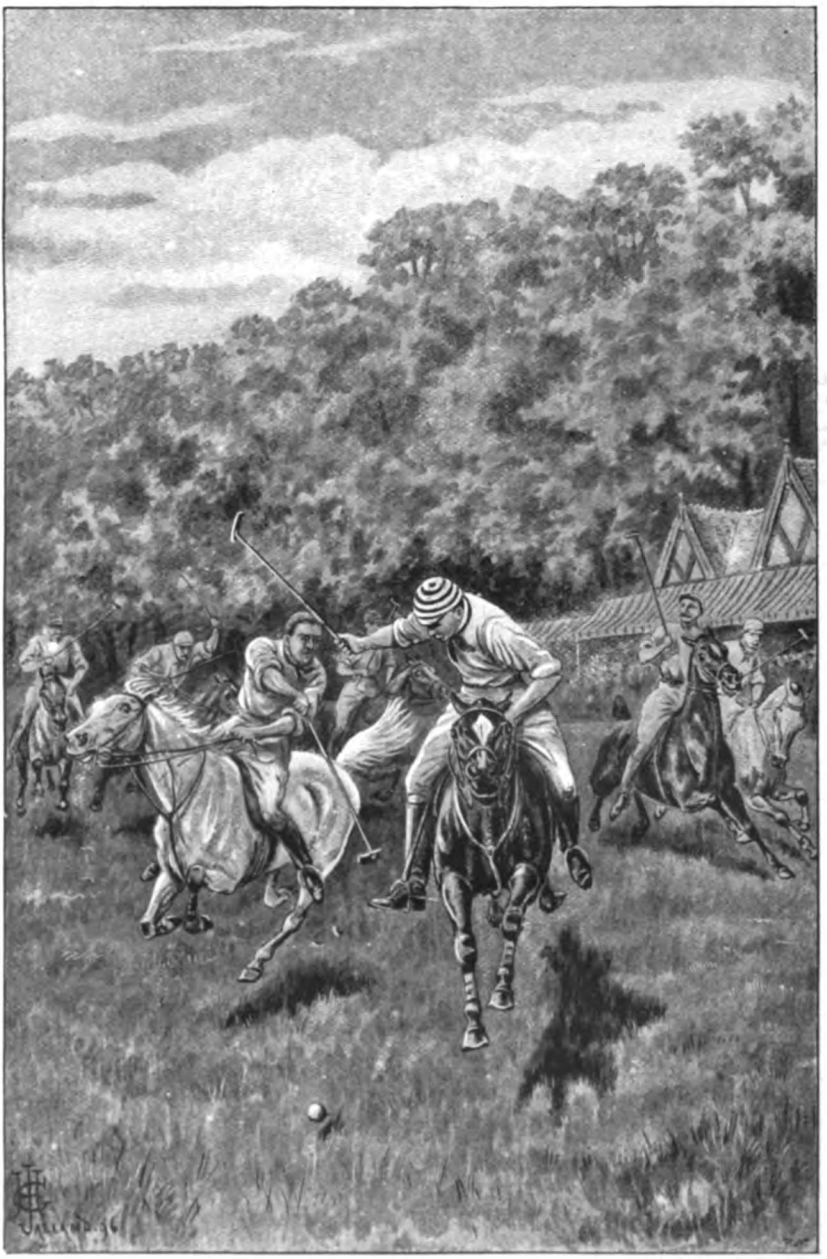
The condition of the ground is a matter of the greatest importance for the enjoyment of the game, besides the safety of men and ponies being dependent on it. Years ago, before artificial

RIDE HIM OFF!

watering appliances were ever thought of, the destruction to ponies' feet and legs was very severe; now the management of the grounds at Hurlingham and Ranelagh has been reduced to a science, and no matter what the weather may be treating us to, it rides as springy as a good ballroom floor, and plays as true as a billiard table. The Hurlingham players have to thank the management and experience of Captain Walter Smythe, who has grown grey in the service of polo; whilst at Ranelagh the 'two new brooms,' Mr. E. D. Miller and Lord Ava, have grounds which are second to none. In looking through the programme of polo events we find every promise of a most interesting season's play. Hurlingham Club opened on May 4 by playing a team repre-

sentative of Buenos Ayres, and ends the season with a tournament of foreign teams in which France, Spain, Argentine, and America have already notified their intention to enter the lists. Before the time closes for entries to be made, it may be hoped that Asia, Africa, and India will all send teams, for polo flourishes all over the globe. The Inter-regimental Tournament is fixed to commence Monday, June 29, and is always productive of the most interesting play in the season's programme. The occasion of the Military Cup at Hurlingham is perhaps the only one on which the aristocratic gallery breaks forth into cheering. Party spirit rules high, though it is that feeling which animates a school or college when pitted against one another on the playing field. The large crowd of onlookers catch something of the *esprit de corps* that exists amongst the members of a regimental team, and follow every stroke and turn of the game with the keenest interest. For the soldier's tournament of 1895 there were eleven entries, and the 13th Hussars and the 9th Lancers shared the favouritism for the cup. After a very keenly contested tournament, the 13th Hussars proved the winners for the second year in succession, and it is interesting to note in these days, when one hears so much of the extravagant prices given for polo ponies, that, of the eight ponies played, five out of the team cost 45*l.* apiece. In Captain Maclaren the regiment possesses one of the acknowledged best 'backs' in England, besides being an exceptional 'coach,' as the discipline and combination of the team show, and this is where their strength lies. The presentation of the large gold cup, valued at 70*l.*, to the winning regimental team by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge was one of the last acts of the retiring Commander-in-Chief. Next in importance is the play for the County Cup Tournament, which commences on Tuesday, July 14. Last year the hard ground and the General Election robbed the tournament of much interest, and prevented several strong teams—Edinburgh and Liverpool—from contesting. The cup was eventually won by the Rugby team, playing Mr. E. D. and G. Miller, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and Captain D. Daly.

Glancing through the attractive Ranelagh programme, it is found that they wisely started their season with a handicap tournament, a system of play much to be commended, encouraging and bringing out as it does young players. The future of polo depends on the new infusions of blood each season, quite as much as a foxhound kennel does, for there are few who play the dashing game after the meridian of life has been crossed. The soldiers and the foreign teams are also well provided for, in



A KEENLY CONTESTED TOURNAMENT

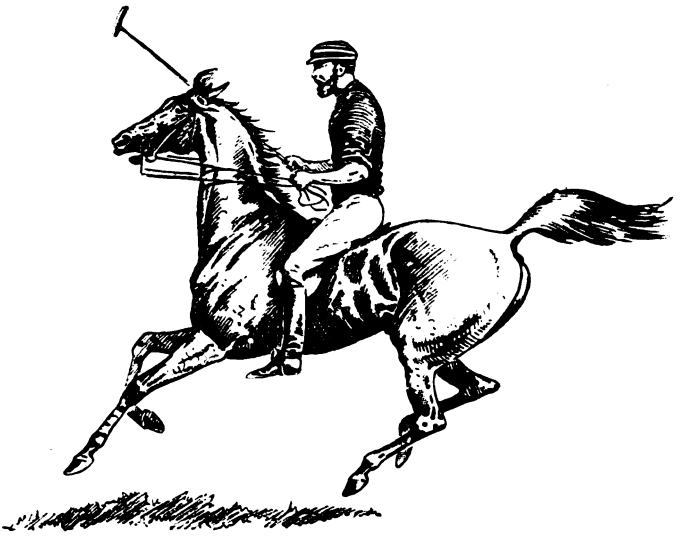
addition to the side shows, such as gymkhana, coaching competitions, horse and pony shows, which have proved such attractive features at Ranelagh during the last two seasons when the late Mr. J. Moray Brown and the Rev. T. F. Dale had the management.

As soon as the bell sounds its summons to the playing fields at Hurlingham, we look to see who answers the muster roll. A variety of causes shuffle the figures on the board as each season comes round: a few have joined the great majority, others have married wives and cannot come, influenza in the pocket is the

THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY ON SUNSHINE

excuse for a third, Anno Domini some of the rest. A ready welcome awaits the new faces who come to fill up the gaps in the ranks made by departed favourites, although old friends, whether players or ponies, have a warm corner in our heart. The majority of the names most familiar on the polo field are equally familiar with hounds. Perhaps the best known player of to-day amongst a nestor of shining lights is the Earl of Harrington, the popular Master of the South Notts Hounds. Beginning to play at Malta in 1875, no one as a patron of polo ranks higher than Lord Harrington. Not content to be only an ardent votary of the game, he has done almost more than anyone to further the

interests of provincial and county polo, by encouraging the breeds of ponies, so that Derbyshire forms one of the most important centres of the game. No one understands better how to handle and make a hunter or a polo pony than does Lord Harrington, who has owned some of the very best during his long career in the saddle. Formerly his lordship used to play No. 1 in the game; but a serious fracture of the left shoulder compelled him latterly to take the position of No. 3 and back, in both of which places



THE EARL OF HARRINGTON ON HIS ARAB, UMPIRE

he is a tower of strength to his side, for he rides and hits hard and has an intimate tactical knowledge of the game. All through the season, from May to the end of July, Lord Harrington is a prominent figure amongst those who play at Hurlingham, enjoying the game he loves so well, besides inspiring a rising generation of players with his keenness and knowledge. After considering the prospects of the polo season, 1896, from many points of view, it is evident the game is going ahead, and will flourish wherever sportsmen are to be found.

AMUSEMENTS UNDER COVER

BY WILLIAM PIGOTT

I SUPPOSE that everyone, at one time or another, has experienced that most insipid of all things, a game of cards which is played for love. The word 'love' in this sense is perhaps not a happy one, for in my experience such a game is more often productive of acrimony. It is an astonishment to me that one is able to extract an emotion of any kind from so barren a source. For I conceive that, without being accused of a spirit of gambling, one may express the opinion that 'nap' at threepence a dozen is a pleasanter game than 'nap' which is only limited by the length of the counter bag. Yet one of the sexes is able, incomprehensible as it may appear, to find, upon occasion, material in the latter for much bitterness and backbiting. The game chosen is not so often 'nap' as one which used to be called 'Pope Joan,' but which is now played in a slightly altered form under the name of 'Newmarket.' In 'Pope Joan' there was placed in the centre of the table a circular board provided with cavities for counters, and one was required after each deal to 'dress the board.' The most valuable card that a player could hold was the ten of diamonds. A person who possessed the ten of diamonds could afford to regard with equanimity those who had merely kings and aces, inasmuch as he was exempted from distributing any of his red and white discs at the conclusion of the round.

In 'Newmarket' the circular board is replaced by four cards from another pack, which require to be similarly 'dressed.'

Both games proceed upon much the same lines. One says: 'Nine of hearts and that's a stop, eight of clubs and that's a stop.' This useful flow is then interrupted by a lady across the table: 'I beg your pardon, nine of clubs. That seems like a stop. Five of spades.' A pause. 'Is that a stop also?' 'Six of spades,' says a gentleman who was thinking of something else. 'Seven of spades,' comes at once from the original lady, 'and that's a stop, two of hearts and that's a stop, queen of clubs and *I'm* out.' She looks round with a bland smile, and everyone seeks to explain his particular misfortune. 'And all the time I had the queen of hearts!' says one. 'Just look what *I* had!' cries another. Little notice is taken of these exclamations, the cards are re-dealt, and the same procedure is again gone through. Surely it is a blessed thing to be able to rear amusement on so arid a soil.

When the game which is played for love takes the form of 'nap,' there never fails to be present a gentleman who can only fix his attention on the cards by 'declaring' every time. He does so without regard to the nature of his hand, and thereby establishes for himself a reputation for intrepid daring. He usually finds it convenient to keep the counter box by his side; thus obviating the necessity for continually rising from his seat. The wealth which he takes from the common stock passes, as a rule, into the possession of a lady, who never ventures to declare more than three, and only that when she holds ace, king, queen. She glances over her pile of many coloured discs with conscious pride, and would not for the world follow the example of her neighbour—who makes patterns of her counters—because that is unlucky.

Indubitably, you cannot play 'nap' with any enjoyment without a stake, neither 'loo' nor 'solo whist.' They are none of them sound enough games. If you desire to test the value of a game, you cannot have a better criterion than this: Is a stake a *sine quâ non*? The lasting popularity of cricket is a splendid example. It is played for itself. So it has continued for generations, and seems likely to 'go on for ever.' The history of games in the past makes this a certainty, that those which are merely a carriage for gambling will, sooner or later, die, but the others will endure. Of the indoor games there are only three which are so intrinsically good that they require no outside incentive to enjoyment. They are whist, chess, and billiards. That I have included the last may perhaps be a matter for surprise. It has come to be connected with drinking and

gambling, and has got thereby into somewhat ill odour. Nevertheless, it is perfectly sound, and there is no excuse for the man who plays it for a stake. It is a thousand pities that so good a game should have become corroded by vices in which it has no part. In this respect it shows conclusively its superiority over any variety of the game of 'pool.' To play 'pool' for nothing would certainly be a wearisome task.

I fear, however, that there is one indictment which may with some justice be brought against billiards. It appears to share with fishing the distinction of offering to mankind the greatest inducement to mendacity. So well is this known that it has come to be tacitly understood, when a man relates his past achievements, that a certain amount of discount must be placed on his remarks. This method, however, seems likely to defeat its own ends; for the narrator, being aware of the custom, not infrequently allows for the discount before arranging his statement. If the hearers make a corresponding further deduction, and that also is provided against, it seems probable that before long the whole system will collapse through mathematical difficulties. Everyone is asked from time to time what has been his highest break, and no one was ever known, I think—or at any rate conclusively proved—to have answered the question with absolute accuracy. As a rule, a man adds to the figure in the proportion in which a lady usually feels justified in detracting from her age. I do not believe the man breathes who, having once made forty-five, can resist the temptation of declaring afterwards that his greatest break is fifty. Mendacity in connection with billiards also takes another form. It occurs when an occasional devotee of the game is asked to become an opponent. 'I will do my best,' he invariably answers, 'but I haven't had a cue in my hand for five years.' Sometimes a man who has become unusually hardened will make the time as much as ten years; rarely it falls as low as one. Others, who are fond of variety, will alter the figure from time to time. It is all a question of habit.

On the other hand, in a billiard room you generally find a man at his best. If there are winning shots at one end of a cue, there are usually plenty of witticisms at the other. I was an interested spectator once at a game which was played in a country hotel. One of the players was short and fat, with ginger beard and whiskers, whom I always think of as 'Tommy,' because that is what his friend called him. 'Tommy' was not a brilliant exponent of the game, which was perhaps the reason that they

decided to test their capabilities no further than fifty. Even this was a longer score than the marking board was prepared to do duty for, since, after a promising beginning, it brought its figures to a premature close at twenty-five. Seeing this, 'Tommy's' opponent explained to him in some detail how he was to proceed when his score should have exceeded that number. It was kind of him, and so 'Tommy' thought, although at the time he had only succeeded in notching seven. 'I fear,' he remarked modestly, 'I shall never see twenty-five.' It was an obvious opening. 'Not again,' said his companion drily. I was sorry for 'Tommy,' because, after all, he could not have been much over forty. He had a distressing habit—which is not an uncommon one among inferior players—of bringing up his cue with a jerk at the end of a stroke, thereby threatening destruction to the green shades which covered the gas jets. The fourth time he did so was the worst of all, and there was such a rattling about the chandelier that it seemed a marvel it did not altogether collapse upon the table. His adversary, who had watched these achievements with growing concern, thought that a timely quotation might put a period to his exploits. 'It seems to me,' he said, 'that "the shades of night are falling fast."'

Of the other two games which I have declared to be too good for gambling, I will say something first about whist. I mean, of course, whist proper. I am aware that a game is played under that name, at which the topics of the day and the tittle-tattle of the neighbourhood are pleasantly discussed, and which proceeds something in this fashion: 'Spades led? Thank you. And so, you see, she has never got a husband at all. Whose king is that? *Your* king, partner? Of course I don't know that he proposed to her, I only——. What do you say? Oh, I beg your pardon, I thought hearts were trumps.' That, no doubt, is an agreeable occupation, and so, I suppose, in its way is an afternoon tea party. At present, however, we are concerned with whist, and it will probably be said at the outset that my argument falls to the ground, inasmuch as it is almost invariably played with pecuniary points. Such a system is unnecessary, I reply, because the game is good enough without, and it is a pity, as being likely to enhance the intolerance with which some players—I hope not many—treat their partners. Among the worst trials which a man may be called upon to undergo is to be deputed to play whist with an intolerant partner. It is not that he descends to vulgar abuse, or even to open correction; such proceeding would not be permitted. It is the covert sneer, the sarcastic remark, the 'I thought I gave

clubs,' sometimes spoken, but often insinuated by a raising of the eyebrows and a pursing of the lips, as is always the remainder of the sentence—'but I must be mistaken; I must have led hearts, since you have returned that suit.' The bitterness comes from the fact that the person who thought he gave clubs is generally a young man and, save in his own estimation, invariably an incapable player.

Occasions there are, I am free to admit, when the provocation is very great. I knew an old man, kind, bland, courteous, in every way a charming old man, and one who would have been very content to play whist for ever. His failing was an inordinate affection for trumps. He stored them carefully and gloated over them. You might lead up to his void suit until you were weary, but you would never induce him to part with his precious trumps while he held another piece of pasteboard. At the end of the round he would drop his sixes and sevens beneath his partner's honours merrily enough, and afterwards look up with a smile, as though expecting approbation from the fact that he had held so many. Almost, in such case, might one have been excused even for thinking that one had given clubs.

But of all indoor games, I suppose it is generally conceded that the greatest is chess. I may take it, I think, that no one will desire to break a lance with me when I assert that chess does not readily lend itself to gambling. The most inveterate gamester would turn against the tedium of the thing. Having laid his money upon one of two masters, his hair would become grey in the endeavour to decide from the moves whether he were likely to be richer or poorer at the end of the match. For a man may know the rules, and be able to handle a game moderately well, and yet be at a loss to determine whether Dr. Lasker or Mr. Pillsbury holds an advantage, until one of them amazes him by resigning. Therein lies the greatness of the game. The master mind has foreseen the certainty of catastrophe at some future stage and in some particular manner, of which not even the possibility had presented itself to the ordinary observer. Indubitably, chess is too firmly fixed on a basis of intrinsic worth to be in danger from the gambler. You may play for your cup of coffee or your shilling at Simpson's Divan, but you will never degrade it, like some games, to the level of pitch and toss. It would be as easy to imagine Euclid offering long odds to his wife against her crossing the *pons asinorum*, or even against her following the complicated process by which he achieved that feat himself.

Still, I would not be thought to advance the proposition that chess is entirely free from reproach. I have suggested already that billiards yields only to fishing as an inducement to mendacity; I now have the temerity to add, in regard to chess, that no game, save croquet, so readily stirs up animosity. We shall doubtless all be prepared to yield the palm in this respect to croquet, for I suppose the man is not born—I say nothing, of course, of the woman—who can see his ball ruthlessly knocked to the far end of the lawn and fail to look forward with pleasant exhilaration to the coming of his next turn. People used to flirt over croquet: they now get angry over it. I don't know that chess ever offered a particularly useful field for love-making—though Ferdinand and Miranda, it is true, did what little they might—but it certainly raises the choler most efficaciously. Even in the case of the Shakespearean lovers, if we examine the matter closely, it was not all honey. 'Sweet lord,' said Miranda, indignantly, 'you play me false.' 'No, my dearest love,' said Ferdinand, lamely—he was obviously hard put to it for an excuse—'I would not for the world.' A man has a poor case, surely, when he meets a serious charge of that kind with a simple denial.

But we have not to deal with such base measures as that of which this ancient was apparently guilty. The ordinary game fairly played is sufficient to ruffle the equanimity of the modern player. When the tide has once strongly turned against you, it is the hopelessness of trying to stem it, it is the long drawn out triumph of your adversary, the necessity to go on struggling against the all but certainty of ultimate defeat—it is this that galls. There is something unspeakably irritating in the easy complacent manner an opponent—having left you in a position admitting of no escape—will drop comfortably back in his chair, look carelessly round in a way to invite spectators, light his pipe, and fall to observing the flies upon the ceiling. And then there is that sigh—that soft and low, but very deep sigh—by which he subtly contrives to convey that—though he endeavours to emulate Job, and with praiseworthy and really remarkable success—still there are limits even with him. If you can observe those signs of smug satisfaction, if you can listen to that stifled sigh, and can find your heart overflowing with brotherly love for your adversary, then, I say, you deserve to have lived upon a better earth.

The position is aggravated by the fact that under no circumstances must you give way to irritation, especially when it is remembered how simple a matter it is to turn the chess-board into an earthquake. But if you wish to do this, you must find

some other ostensible cause. I have known a man with the worst of a game get up a political argument in order to furnish himself with a reasonable excuse for losing his temper and upsetting the board. You see, a man may forgiveably, and even justifiably in the eyes of his supporters, show a little effervescence on a question of politics; but he is outside the pale if he gets angry over chess.

Sometimes, indeed, a player is tried beyond the ordinary lot. I remember watching a game between two young men in a public chess room. They seemed neither of them of exceptionable calibre, but they played doggedly on without remark. Finally, one of them was mated. He stared at the position for some time, as a man will, then grunted, and rose to put on his hat and coat. His opponent watched him apparently with surprise. 'Are you going?' he remarked. 'Yes, I think so,' said the other. 'But,' observed the victor mildly, 'er—won't you stay and finish the game?' We have most of us heard of the worthy pugilist, who, having been reduced to pulp by his antagonist, required to know who had won; but the hero of the occasion who remains sublimely ignorant of the fact of his victory is, I hope, a novelty.

OF A FLINTLOCK AND ITS OWNER

BY NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS

BABA SPIRO is a believer in that form of sport which fills the pot. As a Grecian peasant he does not care a nibble of his finger-nail for a rare bird unless it be an edible one. When he sees a *Frank* bringing down some bird worthy of a case in a museum, he thinks that the *Frank* (like all *Franks*) is made of gold, and a terribly wasteful fellow. 'Bah!' he ejaculates in astonishment, as he shakes his powder-flask to himself and makes sure that the precious grains are all there.

Yet he is a very keen sportsman is Baba of Eubœa, with some sixty and five years of experience to bring him up to date. The essence of his keenness lies in a determination to kill the bird of his desire; and, however volatile he may be in politics, his worst enemy cannot say of him that he is a 'muff' after a wild boar, or a 'weakling' when confronted with an uphill stalk over the mountains and far away. As to a foreigner's sneer, when he 'pots' a bird sitting, he does not care a little bit for that! Why should he when he has killed yet another to his bag?

He is a fine old man is Baba Spiro, though he does not own a breechloader and has not heard of Piccadilly. When he shoots he shoots in a white petticoat that has been fathered or mothered by local sartorial talent. Whereby it is not insinuated that he has not an immaculate and Sunday go-to-meeting ditto; but only that he finds his ordinary and workaday one good

SPIRO IS AFOOT, WITH HIS LONG GUN RESTING ON HIS SHOULDER

enough for the combination of work, politics, and sport that he calls life. Holding these views, he does not trouble his head about a grease or a blood stain upon his capacious petticoat; but firmly ties his black garters to his white-hosed legs, cocks his fez at the right angle, allows his blue jacket to fly loose, and calls himself a Roman and a sportsman, which he is.

Baba Spiro is a gentleman of the old school in his courteous and dignified bearing. He himself holds no opinion upon the subject; but can it be possible that his 'polish' is born of the guns and knives around him? It may be so; anyway, he too carries a gun and a knife, and from these he scarcely ever parts. This gun of his has shot faithfully for his father and grandfather before him. It is a flintlock, and its old-world 'action' puts you in mind of feudal times; but the word of Spiro must be taken for it—the gun is *not* several hundred years old. To describe it is no easy task, it is such a brazen piece. It has a brass-bound stock, whose butt has been liberally cut away to receive the shoulder. This portion of it bears a strong resemblance to an earwig's nippers. For a barrel it has a long brass-clamped pipe of metal, whose big bore and powder-burning capacity are no more amenable to decimal measurement than is an English duck gun. As to its lock, flint, and pan, it requires a Grecian peasant or an authority on armour to understand their sequence of click, snap, flash. Yet it shoots straight when it rests against the right shoulder, and will carry a small hailstorm of shot.

Such is the hereditary weapon of the Grecian peasant. With this he shoots where his fancy leads him, asking permission of no man, but ready, if called upon so to do, to produce his 'permit to carry arms.' Now, of the game that falls to this gun in Eubœa, there is none more numerous in its season than the woodcock. In November, December, January, and February this bird gives a large 'at home,' at which the peasant appears as the uninvited guest. Here is the word-picture of the open-air fête, when Baba first invites himself to it, in the month of November and in the island of Eubœa.

The rising sun is clearing the grey mountains of the night gloom, and staining them with a pink blush of colour. There is a freshness in the air, born of the early hour; there is a growing tide of light sweeping over the fields to the green forest, that climbs with the hills towards the brightening azure of the heavens. Spiro is afoot, with his long gun resting upon his shoulder. He has left the last cottage of a straggling village behind him, and is now following the bold curves and spurs of the forest just where

it meets the level fields of a rich-soiled valley. This forest is of stone pine and fir; its trees have sufficient branch-room to assume a bosky growth, and to admit the free passage of light and air. It has a cheerful aspect, and in the morning sunshine it offers no suggestion of the woodland melancholy born of a foliage-filtered light. Spiro tramps on into a muddy field, dotted with the withered stalks of a gathered crop of maize. The ground grows more boggy under his feet, and there comes rippling towards him out of the forest a sparkling stream. The noise that he makes in approaching this brook disturbs into flight a thirsty carrion crow, which, causing disgust, flies sulkily away to the neighbouring mountain. Spiro turns sharply to his left, and follows the stream for a hundred paces or so. With a quick movement he brings his gun to the 'ready,' and just in time, for within the next four or five paces he puts up a *kotyufos* or blackbird. An easy shot, but a very pleasant one, for Spiro is of the opinion that a blackbird cooked with eggs is a dish of merit, and worth any man's powder and shot. He does not grudge the trouble of reloading, and by the time his wooden ramrod has done its work he feels pounds happier. '*Empros!*' (forward!) he mutters to himself as he quits the stream and begins to climb the forest-clad hill nearest to him. Through an undergrowth of ilex, arbutus, and woody heather, he forces his way upwards. A rotten bough snaps with a loud detonation beneath his impatient feet; it startles him, and he fires wildly at a woodcock as it leaves a fir with a bold flight. If he had but waited it would have been his, for the woodcock's decisive flight is not of long duration; it zigzags at another fir, and offers to him a cheap bargain of feathers and long bill. As it is, he must fumble again with shot and powder flasks, while he watches with eager eye woodcock after woodcock making tracks for the higher forest. A pretty sight, but a painful one; and he longs, in spite of his blackbird, for the mottled plumage of chestnut and amber brown, black, ashy grey, buff and glistening white.

Seconds fly away from the present to the past, and Spiro is ready again, and climbing upwards. But this time his progress is slower, for the undergrowth is more dense. The arbutus and the ilex reach above his head, so he follows a sheep track on its roundabout course. Very soon he quits this for yet another equally erratic, and similarly garnished with strips of dirty wool torn from hungry bellies in search of the young and succulent shoot. The forest becomes permeated with a network of these paths: it is easy for him, by taking advantage of here a one and

PIGGY'S TROUBLE IS BABA'S OPPORTUNITY

there a one, to keep to his upward course. He does so, and is rewarded by seeing woodcock, though out of range, flying betwixt the tree trunks on his right and left. A little further, and a sudden choice of many birds is offered to him—which shall it be? Ah! that one. Good! he has shot it below the wing, and it comes hurtling to his feet, with a fleshy thump that brightens his eye like a tumbler of *raki* on a hot day. He picks it up. The cock's great eyes are glazing fast—they will hunt no more by night. It is as it should be, thinks Spiro to himself. He reloads, and continues the game of hide-and-seek with renewed ardour. He will not tire of it till the evening shadows creep out to spoil the sport, when he will return to his village with a full bag and a thirsty throat.

Such is a peasant's 'shoot' in Eubœa. Of other game that falls to his gun, there is the woodcock's cousin, Jack Snipe; there is the quail in April and May, and again at the end of summer; there is the red-legged partridge in September and October; and last, but not least, there is the wild boar (or is it strayed pig?) that in the winter-time, when the white snows lie deep upon the mountains, comes down for a good 'long drink' at the village stream. Piggy's trouble is Baba's opportunity, who, wishful to show him every attention, is upon such occasions *sometimes* tempted to lay aside the brass-bound gun for the military rifle and persuasive bullet.

Of birds of prey Baba will shoot the eagle, for he bears him an evergreen grudge on account of his lambs; and sometimes a hawk (be his family what it may) when it flutters his dovecote. But of the vulture he takes no notice, nor of the many bright-feathered birds that flit voiceless over Eubœan field and forest. He makes an exception, however, in favour of the gold-streaked *siko pouli* (fig-bird), that, nourished upon ripe figs, falls to his crafty gun so often as it comes within range upon a luscious robbery bent.

At the hare Baba Spiro shoots straight, and also at the fox—when the fox will let him do so.

SPORTING PRINTS

BY HEDLEY PEEK

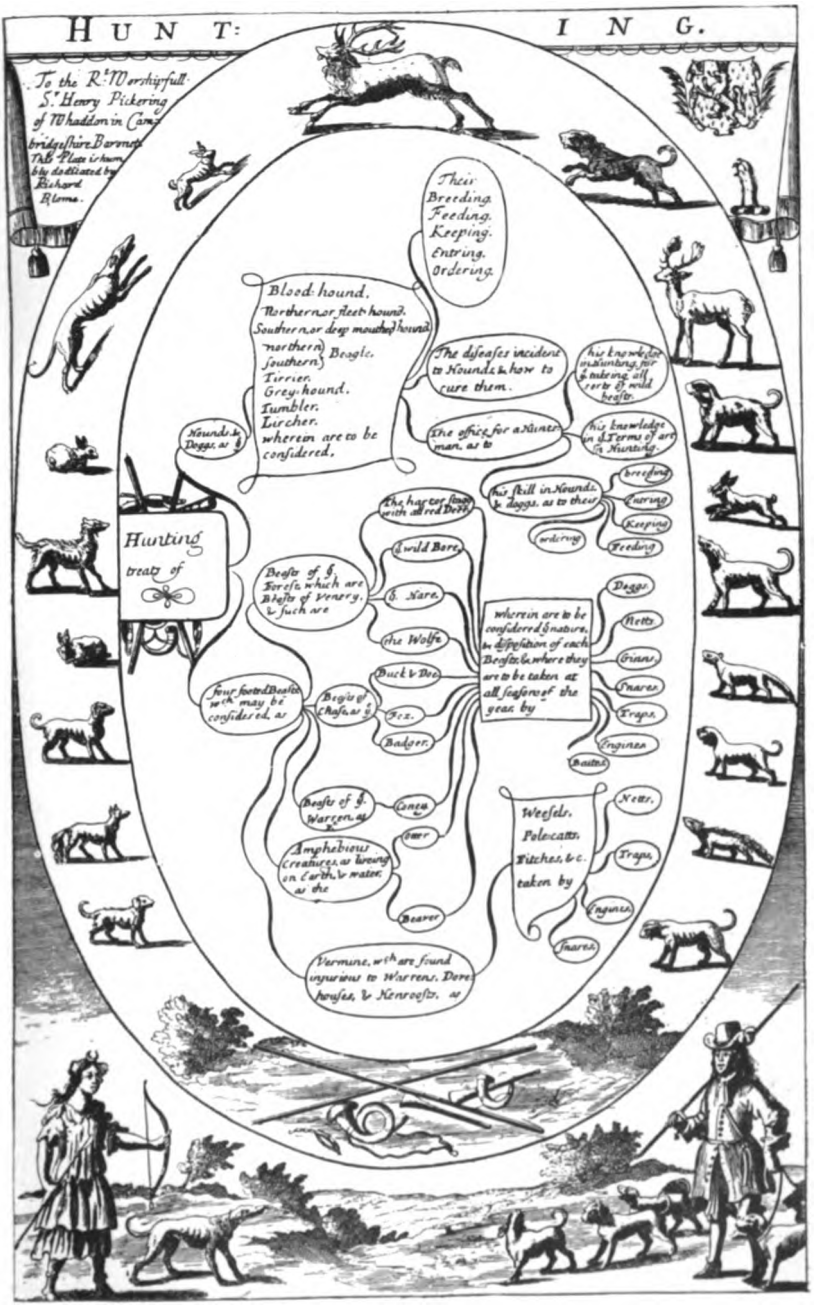
No. VI.

HAVING dealt with some of the earliest prints on stag-hunting, boar-hunting, and what may be called the curiosities of the chase, it will be well now to turn our attention to a more serious subject — the various chases recognised in Britain during the seventeenth century.

The boar had by this time become extinct; foxes were no longer treated with such contemptuous expressions as may be found in Turbervile, who, coupling them with 'the badger and suchlike vermin,' devotes a few pages to a very unsportsmanlike method of training terriers to kill them underground.

About the end of the sixteenth century a great change took place in the hunting world, and as an illustrated text nothing can be better than those engravings on the subject which are to be found in that much-prized book, the 'Gentlemen's Recreation,' the first edition of which was published in 1686. In fact, so important are the illustrations throughout this work that it will be necessary to devote at least one article entirely to them.

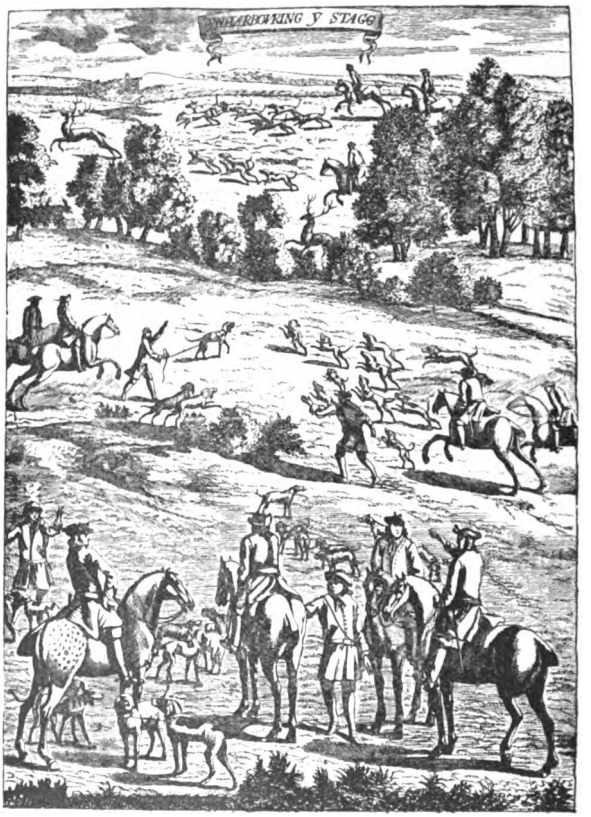
Richard Blome, whose name appears on the title-page as author of this massive volume, was a publisher, and, unless history has greatly maligned him, one of the very worst examples that we can find of those who adopted this much-abused profession. Had he lived two hundred and fifty years later, the Authors' Society, headed by its titled master, might have gained


HUNT: ING.
To the Rt. Worshipfull Sr. Henry Pickering of Whaddon in Cambridgeshire Baronet
This Plate is humbly dedicated by Richard Blome.
Their Breeding. Feeding. Keeping. Entring. Ordering.
Blood-hound. Northern or fleet-hound. Southern or deep mouthed hound.
northern } Beagle.
southern }
Tirrier. Grey-hound. Tumbler. Lircher. wherein are to be considered.
The diseases incident to Hounds & how to cure them.
his knowledge in Hunting, for & taking all sorts of wild beasts.
The office for a Huntsman, as to
his knowledge in & Terms of art in Hunting.
Hounds & Doggs, as &
his skill in Hounds & doggs, as to their
breeding
Entring
Keeping
Feeding
ordering
Hunting treats of
the harter stage with all red Deer.
& wild Bore.
Beasts of & Forest, which are Beasts of Venery, & such are
& Hare.
the Wolfe
Buck & Doe.
Fox.
Badger.
four footed Beasts wch may be considered, as
Beasts of Chase, as &
wherein are to be considered & nature, & disposition of each Beasts, & where they are to be taken at all seasons of the year, by
Doggs.
Netts.
Gians.
Snares.
Traps.
Engines.
Baites.
Beasts of & Warren, as &
Coney
Otter
Amphibious Creatures, as living on Earth, & water, as the
Beaver
Weesels. Polecatts. Fitches, &c. taken by
Netts.
Traps.
Engines.
Snares.
Vermine, wch are found injurious to Warrens, Dove-houses, & Henroosts, as

No. 1

no little recreation in hunting him down. He seems to have grown wealthy by a system of employing authors and artists without even the formality of a stamped agreement, and of sweating them unmercifully, robbing his victims not only of their fair wage, but of whatsoever fame might attach to the labours they accomplished.

The writer, however, who was entrusted with the hunting



No. 2

portion of the book in question appears to have been his match in diplomacy, and, probably knowing that his master was too ignorant to detect him, he hit upon the following not altogether original idea. Having written a puffing introduction, in which all the earlier works on his subject are abused, he then, to save further trouble, copied from such works word for word. Now and again, it is true, we notice some slight change in expression to meet modern requirements—as, for instance, when writing of

the hart at bay, he changes the words, 'it is a thing easie ynough to kill him with your sword,' to 'put a bullet into him from a rifle.' These amendments or additions may often be detected through the faulty grammar to be found in them. This barefaced cribbing goes on through the whole of the portion devoted to stag-hunting, and, as we find there absolutely nothing that is new, it will be unnecessary to refer to this part of the work, the subject

No. 3

having already been dealt with at some length in the second article, when Turbervile was reviewed.

When, however, our author came to fox-hunting, he was reluctantly obliged to become more or less original, and, unfortunately, he knew absolutely nothing about the subject. I am quite aware that in making this sweeping assertion I lay myself open to attack. Has not this work been quoted and re-quoted as a classic on fox-hunting in every book, magazine, and paper for

over two hundred years? A little careful attention will, nevertheless, prove that my statement is correct.

The writer begins well. 'I shall,' he says, 'in a brief, clear method give you a modern account of fox-hunting as it is at this day used.' Then, apparently, he referred as before to Turbervile and other early works, but to his surprise could find nothing on the subject in any way corresponding to the illustrations which he had before him, and which it was his business to elucidate.

No. 4

His literary authorities spoke of a terrier as the proper animal to be employed. The illustrations showed him something quite different; so he worked it this way: 'Such terriers that are bred out of the beagle and the mastiff prove good.' A few lines further down we are told to send this remarkable cross, when about twelve months old, 'two or three at a time into a fox-earth,' and then the writer gently slides off into a quotation from Turbervile upon

drawing a badger. But this would not do for long, as it obviously had no connection with the pictures, which represent men on horseback; so, in despair, he seems to have adopted the following way out of his difficulty. He copied a bit out of stag-hunting and then a bit out of fox- or badger-baiting, and the result is comical in the extreme.

It will not be necessary for me to multiply examples; anyone acquainted with the earlier works will be able to piece the entire

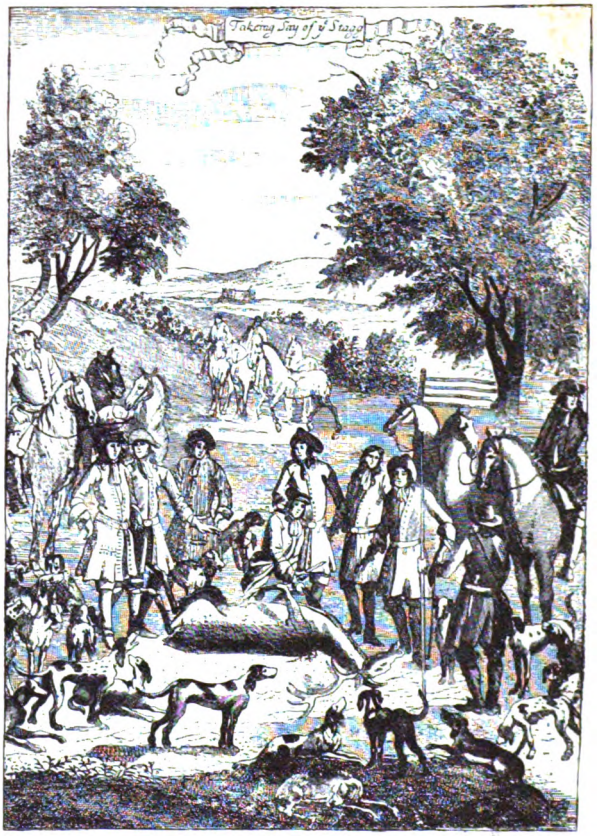
No. 5

chapter together for himself after the manner of a child's puzzle. and the occupation will prove fairly amusing on a dull day. There are, however, three often-quoted statements made, which will be seen to be misleading when reference is made to their source.

Firstly, that relays of hounds were used for fox-hunting. This seems very improbable, and in the original only refers to stag-hunting or to fox-hunting on foot.

Secondly, that greyhounds were used for coursing foxes. This passage comes indirectly from an Italian work, and has no reference to British sport.

Thirdly, we are warned not to reward the pack with the dead fox, 'as being not good for them.' This is taken from a translation by Turbervile which runs thus : 'When he (the fox) is dead you shall hang him up on ye end of a strong picked staffe, then



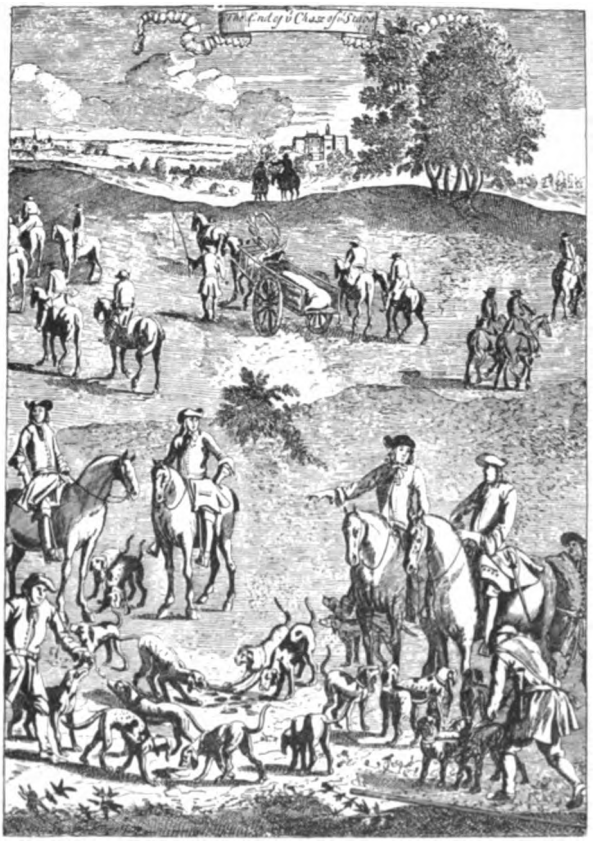
No. 6

make the hounds reward with such things as you can get, for ye flesh of a fox they will not eate it.' But this is in reference to coursing in Italy with greyhounds, and has nothing whatever to do with the genuine fox-hound, who must have been far more delicate and fanciful then than now, if he would not break up his prey, or having done so, found it disagree with him.

But what is lacking in the text may, fortunately, be discovered in the pictures. They were probably all designed by F. Barlow,

a Lincolnshire man, who was born about 1626 and died in 1702. He was an artist who not only understood his subject, but was a painstaking and truthful draughtsman. If his perspective and anatomy are rather shaky, we can at least understand what he wishes to show us, and we know that his details are fairly correct.

The first thing that strikes our attention in looking at these pictures after studying the earlier work, is the improved stamp of

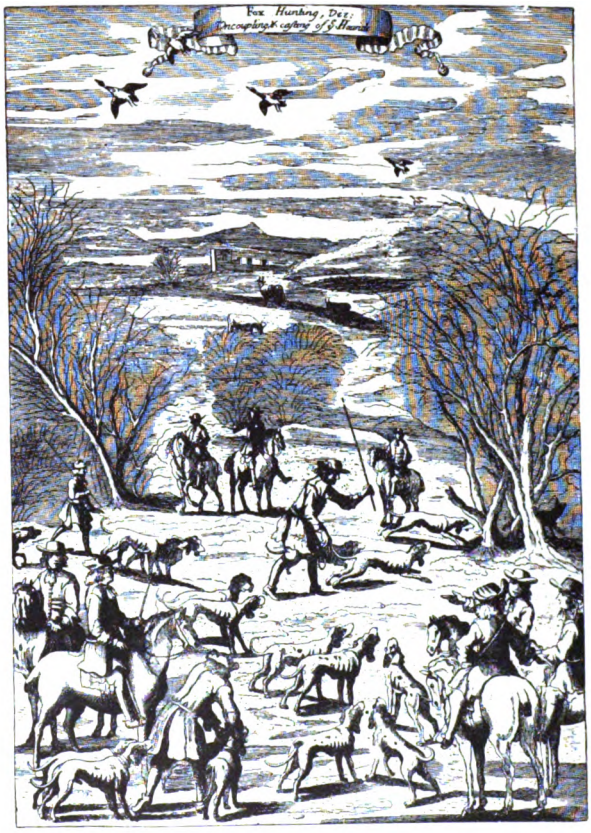


No. 7

horse. The cart-horse has been still more melted down by unnatural selection and by the recent introduction of Arab blood. It now more nearly resembles Shakespeare's hunter:

> Round hooft, short joynted, fetlocks shag, and long,
> Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostrill wide,
> High crest, short eares, straight legs, and passing strong,
> Thin mane, thicke taile, broad buttock, tender hide.

The riders were not only able to get over the ground fairly quickly, but also, if they so wished it, to take their mounts over formidable obstacles. In illustration No. 3 we see the first example of a horse endeavouring to climb a six-barred gate. It does not look very safe, but we must remember that the artist, as well as the hunter, had at this time no precedent to follow, and the former may not have done the latter justice. Even the



No. 8

artists of to-day seem unable to get the correct action, judging by the contortions displayed to the more observant eye of the camera.

In turning to the pack we notice that its elements are no longer mixed as heretofore, though it differed considerably from the modern example. The hounds had far more of what we should now call the bloodhound strain in them, and resemble those described by Theseus in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.'

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With eares that sweepe away the morning dew;
Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt like Thessalian Buls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bels,
Each under each.

These illustrations also show us for the first time the long straight horn which came into fashion about this date, though it was not in general use until some years later. Each horseman

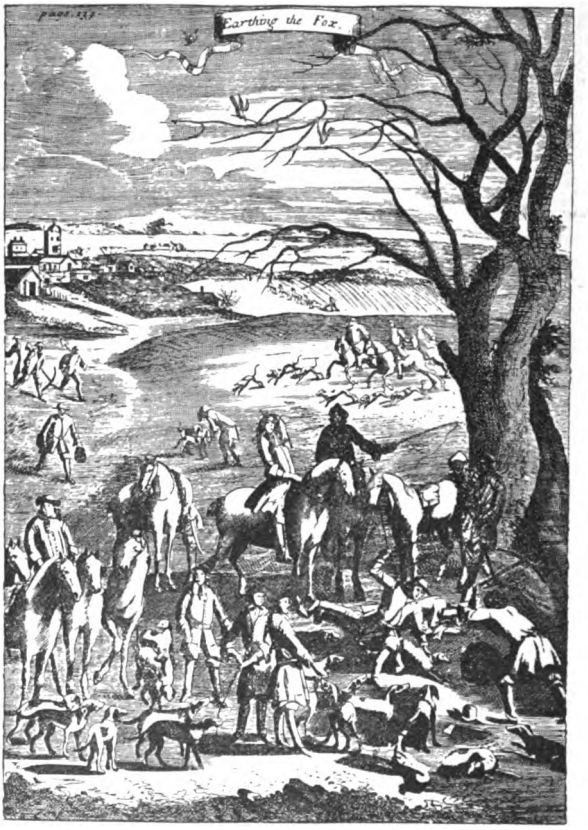
No. 9

carried one of these musical instruments tucked in his belt under the left arm, and whenever the huntsman blew the required measure the rest of the party were expected to join in. The various calls were well known by every member of the hunt, and the music is printed in this work as well as in Turbervile, both being copies from the French.

It will be noticed that in all the prints referring to stag-hunting the trees are in full leaf, but that the foliage is wanting

in the fox-hunting ones. There is little doubt that the fox was only hunted when the hart was out of season; by this means and by the help of the hare our ancestors kept the sport going all the year round.

Want of space will prevent me from dealing with harriers this month, but I propose to devote my next article to the subject; for during the seventeenth century the hare was much respected as



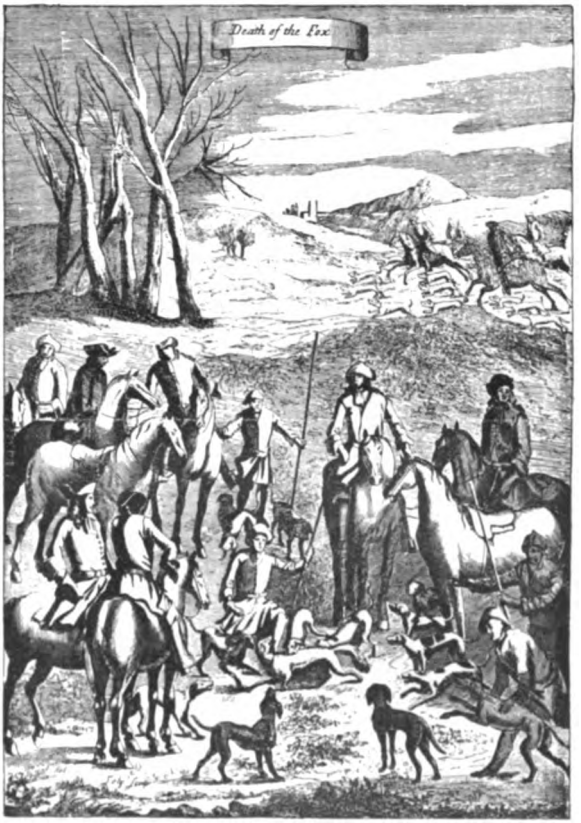
No. 10

a beast of chase, Blome being the first authority who did not give it precedence over the fox.

The order of hunting is thus given by a writer of the sixteenth century:

No, no, the minds of men,
Which will be vainly bent,
Must have their change of venery
As first the hare in Lent,
The hart in Sommers heat,
And the poore fox in cold.

Hunting the fox above ground, as it was called, to distinguish it from fox-baiting with terriers, was undoubtedly very little practised in England before the close of the seventeenth century, though it was a favourite sport in France. I am not acquainted with a single English work on the subject which I have been unable to trace to this foreign source, while the references to fox-hunting to be found in verse before this time are meagre in the extreme.



No. 11

It must also be remembered that the word 'hunting,' and sometimes even the word 'venery,' may refer to any kind of destruction, such as baiting or snaring with iron traps, so that it is difficult to know from a short reference to which method the writer is referring.

These illustrations are, therefore, the more valuable, as they give us practically the first information we have on the subject. From them and from those executed a few years later, which will be reproduced in due course, we may gather that the fox was hunted much as he is at the present day; that the hounds used

were either of the same breed as those employed for stag-hunting, or they were a cross between these and the badger-hound or beagle. The sport, however, differed considerably in various parts of the country. In some places the fox was always sought in its earth, and killed on the spot if possible, the chase only taking place if it escaped. In other parts the earths were stopped during the night, the hounds being placed on the scent at sunrise, when the fox, having returned from his nightly visit to the farmyard, and finding his own front door closed, would be looking about for a temporary lodging in the deserted family mansion of some neighbouring badger. The great number of badgers then to be found in England made the digging business an important part of the work, for the fox would go to ground when pressed in any forsaken earth.

As these holes were often among the roots of trees or under rocks, three or four terriers accompanied the pack on all occasions, while the only relays that I am inclined to believe were used in fox-hunting were the relays of picks and spades which it was customary to place about at convenient stations in case of need.

In many parts of England the hounds were only rewarded now and again, for the fat and several parts of the fox were much prized for their medicinal qualities. The universal and widespread belief in fox's fat as a most valuable ointment has caused me to look upon the statement with some respect. Scientists have of late years so frequently corroborated the truth of many of these so-called superstitions that it might be wise to give such beliefs more attention than they are apt to receive at present.

It is important to bear in mind that during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries all meets of hounds took place as soon as it was light; an announcement for eleven o'clock being a degenerate custom which has grown up of recent years, and is responsible for many of our bloated and unsatisfactory fields and for not a few disappointing days.

There are some masters of hounds still left who are not dependent on subscribers, and who prefer a small field of the right sort to a mob of the mixed element. If they would go back to the ways of their ancestors and have their fixtures for eight sharp, they would draw the keen huntsmen to them and drive away that curse of all true sport, the dilettante idler, who, loving his comfort first, his appearance second, and the hounds not at all, takes his fashionable exercise in the way which interferes as little with his own and as much with his companions' pleasure as possible.

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

WHAT I said last month about the difficulty of discussing races and runners far in advance was speedily exemplified. I wrote about Regret, inspired by a friend who had just been to Kingsclere to see some gallops, but before the trial from which the son of Sheen and Farewell emerged ingloriously; and by the time these Notes are in my readers' hands very much may have happened. If the ground keeps hard, for instance, the hopes of St. Frusquin's friends may not improbably be dashed. More, too, will be known of Regret's chances for the great event which will be close at hand when this number is published. John Porter was neither very despondent nor very sanguine when I saw him at Newmarket. 'It may not be as bad as you think,' he replied to my expression of condolence over the result of the now famous Kingsclere trial – the first: I expect there will have been a second by this time. But it may not be out of date, whatever happens, to mention just exactly what the excellent trainer has thought of Regret all along. The colt has never been esteemed a wonder, and after he had won the Houghton Stakes last October, John Porter observed to the Duke of Westminster: 'I am sorry your Grace ran him, for he has lost the 7 lb. maiden allowance that would have been very useful to him in some of his engagements next year.' The Duke, however, entertained such a high opinion of the horse that he considered this immaterial.

One of the most amazing things I ever saw I came across not long since in the Bedford Cottage Stable at Newmarket. Whilst I was going round to see the horses, it happened that Mr. Loeffler, the 'horse dentist' as he is called—but, indeed, he is a vast deal more than this—was operating on and examining some of the animals, amongst others a chestnut mare that had lately arrived from Ireland, whom Loeffler saw for the first time. Her head collar was taken off, she was turned loose in the box, and Loeffler going up to her, soon had his hand in her mouth. 'She is a nice mare,' he said quietly as he felt her teeth. 'She ought to win races at about a mile or so, but you must tell her jockeys not to punish her. She will run her races out gamely enough if they ride her home with their hands, and she'll do far better that way than if they use whip or spur.' This he ascertained simply by feeling her mouth! It seems so marvellous, that if anyone had told me the story I should have wanted strong evidence of the narrator's credibility; but I saw it myself. 'Is there anything in all that?' I asked Captain Machell aside. 'I have never known him wrong in close on twenty years' experience,' the Captain replied. 'Often he has told me similar things of horses whose dispositions I knew well, and I never remember him to have made a mistake.' How *can* any human being tell, by merely putting his hand in a horse's mouth, what the disposition and capacity of the animal are, which is its best course, in what way its efforts can be most certainly assured, and how it ought not to be ridden? I can suggest no explanation, but I give the simple account of what I saw and what I heard on such authority as that of Captain Machell.

A correspondent kindly sends me some photographs of a little fox-terrier he owns which catches fish. The pictures show the little creature eagerly waiting on the bank while his master is playing a trout, darting into the water after it—I hope it always avoids the hook—landing the prize, standing over it, and so forth. I am sorry I cannot reproduce these photographs, but, as many readers doubtless know, fishing dogs are not by any means unknown. I well remember one in particular that did this duty daily throughout a portion of the year at a weir near Colwyn, in North Wales. The fish swam up and were left in the weir when the tide receded; the dog would then look for them, and when he saw one, leap into the water, and catching hold of it, bring it

to land; moreover, he was so expert and delicate in his proceedings—I was about to write manipulation, but that would not do, and the word 'dentipulation' is not recognised—that he never injured a scale. Many visitors to Llandudno used to go and see the performance.

A well-known member of the Jockey Club has compiled a species of Examination Paper including a number of questions on racing matters, which devotees of the sport are, of course, supposed to be able to answer at once; and yet I venture to think that if the reader tries them on any experienced friend who is supposed to know all about it, there will be both hesitation and blunders.

1. What are the Turf authorities of the United Kingdom? [It is almost inevitable that the examinee will omit the rulers of racing in the Channel Islands.]

2. What is the difference between a Plate, a Cup, and a Sweepstake? What is the definition of a Race?

3. What is the Heath tax, and by whom is it paid?

4. What are the lengths of the following Courses, and where is each situated?

Ancaster Mile.
Swinley Course.
Criterion Course.
Peel Course.
Sandall Mile.
Granby Course
Jubilee Course.
Audley End Course.

5. Explain the following terms—The Knavesmire, The Carholm, The Rays, Mandale Bottoms, The Roodee?

6. What is the length of a Distance?

7. If the colour of a jockey's cap is not stated, what cap is it understood that he wears?

8. Where are the following stakes run for? and state the ages &c. of horses qualified for each—also distance of each.

Nassau Stakes.
Gimcrack Stakes.
Champagne Stakes—how many of these are there?
Fernhill Stakes.
Payne Stakes.

Molecomb Stakes.
Wokingham Stakes.
Dewhurst Plate.
Featherweight Plate.
Princess of Wales' Stakes.
Soltykoff Stakes.

I have tried these on a number of friends without finding one who did not make a slip.

I am learning a great deal which was hitherto quite unsuspected about the carnivorous tastes of animals that most people have supposed to be exclusively graminivorous. From Ontario, Canada, Dr. G. Archie Stockwell kindly sends me the following very interesting note:—'On p. 425 of the March number of the BADMINTON I observe remarks about "salmon-eating cows." From some experiences I have had I am inclined to believe that a great many graminivorous animals have what our American cousins call "a hankering" after fish—that there is a tendency to a carnivorous habit, in fact. At certain points on the shores of Lake Huron the soil is quite sterile—that is, very sandy—and those who attempt to cultivate frequently use as compost fish caught in seines from the lake. These fish are chiefly suckers (*Catastomidæ*), dogfish (*Amiidæ*), herrings, and lesser Mackinaw trout (*Coregonus Artedi*—Le Sueur—and *Salvelinus*, both of the Salmonidæ). Frequently the maize which is planted in hills along with fish fails to exhibit a vigorous growth, when cattle are turned in to graze thereon. Often cattle break in when the fish upon the ground are still comparatively fresh.'

'The result is, in either case, that if these beeves are shortly after served up by the butcher they have a very strong fishy taste. On one occasion two oxen broke into a field overnight and were sold to the butcher a week later. In both instances, greatly to the surprise of the "flesher," they were so fishy as to be almost unfit for food. I do not see that there is anything particularly strange about this, since it has been well known for years that Icelandic cattle, and sometimes even the cattle of the Hebrides, Orkneys, and Shetlands, are through necessity obliged to be fed on fish during the winter; also the horses from these islands are fed in like manner. Some twenty years

since a gentleman in the States imported a herd of 180 horses from the Shetlands, and was obliged to keep them for some time close to tide water, where they could get salt sedge grass and a diet of fish, such as they had been accustomed to. Gradually they were weaned to feed upon hay and grain. I have repeatedly seen horses from this herd, or their descendants, if offered a piece of raw fish devour it with the greatest gusto. The bones appear to be no bother either to them or to beef cattle.'

Some time since a correspondent wrote to me asking some questions as to the employment of setters. Some interesting information on the subject is kindly supplied here by Mr. Cyril Browne: 'Though most men are generally agreed as to the broad rules of the rearing and training of setters,' he writes, 'there are many important points whereon sportsmen differ considerably, and I should like to put down the opinions I have formed from my own experience, not as hard-and-fast rules, but merely as opinions which I should like to see discussed.

'First, as to the question of retrieving setters which your correspondent of the March Number brings up. In the West, I think, setters are seldom, if ever, trained to retrieve, and I have only come across one case within my immediate knowledge; here results were excellent on solitary days where no other dogs were used; but he seemed to disorganise the field if hunted with other dogs and to disturb the steadiness of the rest. That setters have retrieving instincts which could easily be brought out I feel quite certain. I remember one very pretty instance where a very steady intelligent old dog, after hesitating for a moment as if to make quite sure that we really intended a breach of rules for this once, was persuaded to swim out and retrieve a wounded grouse which was fluttering some thirty or forty yards from the shore of a mountain lake. Under ordinary circumstances, nothing would induce him to touch a fallen bird; his education had taught him that retrieving was no business of his.

'Many men hunt their puppies in their first adult season, but I think the young 'un will turn out better if, during this first

season, or at any rate the greater part of it, he is not himself allowed to hunt, but taken out on leash to watch his elders and betters; this, I think, is important. If a puppy is at once allowed to make his own game and follow his natural instincts, he will contract many wild habits, which are hard to eradicate, such as running in, running hares, &c., whereas an intelligent puppy will pick up the etiquette of the mountains wonderfully quickly, by watching well-trained workers. Whenever the old dogs are steady on birds, he should be brought up on leash and made to "back" and follow the setting dogs throughout the set till birds rise. On birds falling, it is a good plan to let him rub his nose in the fallen game. This will help him to discriminate between allowable and forbidden game, and tend to prevent the setting of larks, landrails and such undesirable fowl. Though when game is scarce, and dogs are tired out at finding nothing, I have known even good dogs set all manner of queer creatures, such as geese, owls, and even sheep!

'Perhaps the most common fault of a young setter and the hardest cured, if once allowed to take root, is that of running shot. Have any of your correspondents a really good way of curing or preventing this? A long check-string, bringing up the dog with a sharp jerk on running in, is fairly effectual, though clumsy, and has the advantage of sparing the rod, too much of which has often broken the spirit of a young dog.' Here let me interpolate that I knew a dog who betrayed this fault and was checked by his master, who went out equipped with a salmon reel, fastened to his waist. The dog ran out the line, his master stood firmly to resist the final shock, and then quietly reeled in his dog for correction. It was a quaint spectacle.

'One of the keenest delights of a sport which is fascinating for the hard work it involves, for the perfect mountain scenery in which it is carried on, as well as for the straight powder which makes any form of shooting delightful, is the hunting of one's own dogs; if you intend as a rule to hunt your own dog, it is well, if possible, to do your own training and early work. One often meets dogs who, trained to hunt for a keeper, will, in the field, persistently refuse to obey or hunt for any gun whatever.

'On mountain beats, where small tenants and many sheep dogs prevent a large head of game, close and steady quartering is essential; the sportsman, moreover, should hunt his dogs in silence, seldom or never speaking, save for an occasional word of encouragement. A wave of the hand and the blast of a dog-whistle are all that should be needed for keeping a ranger in hand. Often have I seen a clumsy hunter spring a good pack by shouting at his dogs. By the way, in the West we talk of a "pack" of grouse, where I believe in England "covey" is the only word used, before packing proper has begun. The Irish watchers and cartridge-carriers will talk of a pack *at* eight birds, and even a "pack at one," where a solitary old cock goes off crowing with exultation at having circumvented you.

'The first dog to find should always be allowed to finish out the set; a headstrong dog will always try to cut in and get the fun and the glory of another find; then the first will either resent the interference by rushing ahead and springing, or else will be discouraged and sulk. To ensure steadiness, all dogs should be made to back the first setter and follow throughout—though well behind. Dogs, like cartridge-carriers, always try to hurry on in front, the latter, in their eagerness, being very fond of placing themselves in front of the muzzle of one's gun.

'On the first sign of dogs roding or feathering, the guns ought to come up quietly and quickly, taking care not to get between the dogs and the lie of the birds—quietly, for obvious reasons; quickly, for even though the setters be steady as a rock, birds will often, especially in wet weather, refuse to stand a set: in rain grouse will sit with their heads up—I suppose to prevent the water getting into their feathers, as it would do in their natural crouching position. But on no account hurry your dogs; many young and timid dogs, and, I fancy, bitches more than dogs, will refuse to advance when the shooters are up; a pat on the head or a quiet word of encouragement will often set them right; otherwise, the bitch must be quietly pushed on from behind; blustering and scolding will frighten her, and probably spoil sport by prematurely springing the birds. Guns ought never to get in front of the dogs, even if they can see birds running ahead. And

thus advance, always a yard or two behind, until the birds rise; then nothing more is wanted but straight powder. The dogs should drop when birds fall, and remain till told to "seek dead"; when found, the birds should be lifted by hand—at least, so we always do in the West, and the plan seems good.

'Men differ much as to the number of dogs to be taken out. I think, for full days, two for each gun is a satisfactory number. For more than two men cannot shoot over the same set of dogs, and where the party consists of more, it should be split up into parties of two, who should each have four dogs, two for the morning and two for the afternoon; for I think that half a day, especially in rough ground and over a wide moor, is quite enough for even the strongest dog. With quiet "hedgerow" days, however, a single shooter will probably find one dog enough.'

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